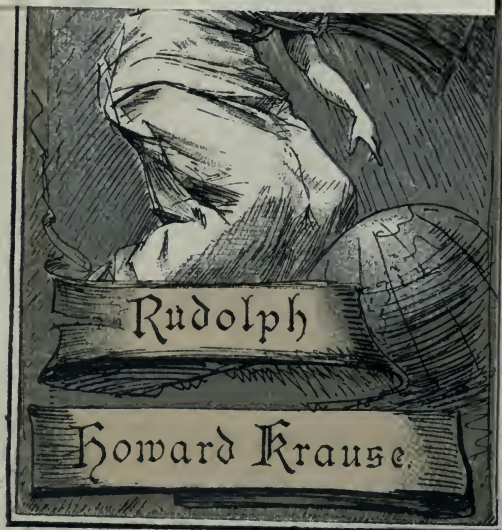


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HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE



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HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

“'TWIXT OLD TIMES AND NEW”

BY

BARON DE MALORTIE

LONDON

WARD & DOWNEY LTD.

12 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.

£ 1895

EDINBURGH
COLSTON AND COMPANY
PRINTERS

D352
.8
M2A3

P R E F A C E

THE kind and indulgent reception vouchsafed by both the Public and the Press to *'Twixt Old Times and New*, encourages the Author to publish a further series of personal recollections and sketches, with the addition of some autograph letters from His late Majesty, King Ernestus Augustus of Hanover, to the "Iron Duke," forming a valuable contribution to contemporary history by the graphic light these prophetic lines throw on the Austro-Prussian struggle for supremacy, and the fate awaiting the Minor German States at the hands of Prussia.

In a third volume, the Author hopes to give his reminiscences of a twelve years' stay in the East, with biographical sketches of the leading men with whom it has been his good fortune to come in contact.

To conclude, the Author can only repeat what he said in the preface to the first volume—that he has not the ambition to writing history or memoirs, but simply offers a medley of things seen and heard during long years of intercourse with some of the chief actors of our time, and others conversant with the ins and outs of modern politics.

MALORTIE.

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Here There and Everywhere

HIS MAJESTY KING ERNESTUS AUGUSTUS OF HANOVER AND THE IRON DUKE.

HAVING asked the late Duke of Wellington to kindly give me a copy of his illustrious father's flattering address to the surviving Hanoverian members of the German Legion, on the somewhat tardy reception of the Peninsular Medal* by the heroes of so many glorious battles, the Duke wrote to me as follows, enclosing, instead of the coveted testimonial, two letters of King Ernestus Augustus, with the request to present them to His Majesty, King George V., at that time living in exile at Paris.

[*Copy.*]

“LONDON, 4th March, 1876.

“MY DEAR BARON,—I have had the archives of the War Office, etc., examined, and cannot find what

* The Duke, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, had caused the medals to be forwarded at the end of May 1849, so that they might be distributed on June 5th, the King of Hanover's birthday, justly thinking that thus additional pleasure would be given to both H. M. and the gallant recipients.

you desire, and I suppose my father wrote a private letter and kept no copy, and that the letters stolen by are kept by them as honourable to the army, now part of the Prussian Army. I hope, in publishing, you will state roundly the fact that they have been stolen by *

“I have found, in my search for the papers you wanted, two original letters from the late King of Hanover, which the present King may like to have, and which are interesting as regards Prussia and Germany. Pray do with them as you please (publish or not); I have taken copies of them, and intend you to place them amongst the King’s papers. I hope the Baroness is better.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) “WELLINGTON.”

In accordance with the Duke’s request, I had the honour of submitting the letters to His Majesty, who was highly interested by the contents; in fact, I had to read them several times to the King, who thanked the Duke warmly, in an autograph letter, for this precious contribution to the history of Germany, and specially of Hanover, during his late father’s reign.

They certainly throw a graphic light on the Austro-Prussian rivalry at the “*Bund*,” and on Prussia’s aim, not only to attain supremacy, but even to contest Austria’s right to form part of Germany, and,

* Though repeatedly asked by the late Duke to publish every word of his letter, the author does not feel justified in giving the name mentioned by His Grace, not being desirous of wounding susceptibilities, nor of re-opening a polemic on this painful subject.

once the uncontested master, to absorb the minor powers in the military realm of the Hohenzollern.

“But the letters also prove, on King Ernestus Augustus’s own showing, that there were circumstances more powerful than the will, wish, or ambition of Prussia’s rulers, and that the doings of Prussia in 1849, with their sad sequel in 1866, were but the logical continuance of the policy of 1801, 1805 and 1810, when Prussia had managed to obtain Hanover by the good pleasure of Napoleon I., in exchange for some of her oldest provinces, until when retaken by Bernadotte, the omnipotent French Cæsar restored the country in 1813 to its lawful and legitimate sovereign, King George III. of England.

The following are the letters ; they speak for themselves, and require no comment :—

[*Copy.*]

“HANOVER, *June 7th*, 1849.

“DEAR DUKE,—Major Benne brought me your official letter respecting the medals for the army,* and which I have handed over, with the medals, to General Halkett,† with a direction to distribute them according to the decision of the Board fixed for the examination of claims in London, and with a General Order in which is translated, into German, your expressions of approbation for the services of the German Legion, which had

* The very letter I wanted his son to find for me.

† General Sir Hugh Halkett, Commander-in-Chief of the Hanoverian Army, the same whose heroic feat at Waterloo is related in *Twixt Old Times and New*, p. 103.

the honour and satisfaction of serving under your command.

“Having heard that you did not possess a print of the Princess Royal here, I take the liberty of sending you one, and one also of her children, who, though I say it, are most beautiful and delicious children, and, thank God! till now most healthy and promising, just as I could wish them.

“Would to God I could give you satisfactory accounts of our state in Germany, but, alas! this I cannot do, and, according to my humble opinion, there are faults both on the part of Austria and Prussia. I, at least, have a clean conscience, and have exerted every means in my power to bring these two powers to a fair, mutual understanding; however, till now, it has been out of my power, as both mistrust each other. When saying this, God forbid that I should suspect the sovereigns of either not to mean honestly and fairly by each other. But, unfortunately, there seems to be an evil genius hanging over Prussia, and the king employs men who do not possess either the confidence of the country itself and certainly not that of the Cabinets of other countries. And when I, who have passed twenty-seven years in the capital, and, consequently, have a predilection for it, say this, you may conceive that I must have reasons for arriving at this opinion. His Majesty unfortunately fixed upon Major-General Radowitz, previously employed for some years in the military commission at Frankfurt, during the time

the Diet existed, but who, from his *intriguing** and Jesuitical spirit, brought it to a point that none of the former Ministers there would act with him, and, after the Parliament was assembled last year at Frankfurt, he completely joined the party of Gagern Camphausen, and that of violent demagogues. Consequently you will agree with me that no one Cabinet can place the smallest confidence in anything he advances or proposes. I need only add that he and the Chevalier Bunsen act together, and what is most extraordinary is, that the King is so infatuated with these two men that, though warned on all sides of the mistrust placed in them, and the real state of things properly expounded to him, when either approach him, they manage so to represent everything, that he returns again to their opinions. In short, I look upon it as hopeless to expect that we should derive any special benefit from all that has been suggested and deliberated upon at Berlin during the last four weeks. To me it is as clear as daylight that there is a party in Prussia whose whole object is to increase the power of *Prussia* by mediatising the other sovereigns, and, this being *my* sincere conviction, I have exerted every means in my power to withstand it. I am certain you, as a statesman, will agree with me that Germany cannot exist without *Austria* being a member of it, and this it is which this party is moving Heaven and earth to prevent. Austria,

* The words in italics are underlined in H. M.'s original letter by the King's special order.

on her part, is highly blameable in not speaking out. When refusing to accept or listen to the proposals made by Prussia, instead of merely refusing, she ought to come forward and present to us her opinion and views, which I cannot by any means bring her to do.

“I can assure you the *worry* and *plague* I am going through now is almost more than I can find strength either of *mind* or *body* to go through, and it appears to me that all now being done at Berlin is perfectly superfluous and only loss of time, for, in my opinion, the first and main object we have is to put down the revolutionary and anarchical spirit more or less raging everywhere; and until this is completely effected, all idea of forming a *Constitution* is, in *my* eyes, not only ludicrous, but, what is worse, holding out hopes which probably never can be realised, and thus binding our hands. I have tried here to explain to you as briefly as I can, our present unfortunate state. Great military preparations and augmentations are taking place in Prussia, and I have been summoned to send a military commissioner there to take a part in these arrangements, but I am determined *never* to allow my army to be incorporated in that of Prussia, as, little by little, those of the minor powers have been. But having, according to the new plan when completed, an army of nearly 80,000 men, I certainly have not only a *right*, but even the means of preserving that right. I fear that I have already detained you too long with this letter and therefore conclude by adding that, as long as I can maintain my position here, I will

not flinch, but my difficulties are very great—that I can assure you.—Ever yours faithfully,

(Signed) “ERNEST.”

[Copy.]

“HANOVER, *June 12th*, 1849.

“DEAR DUKE,—Kielmannsegge* delivered me your message, in a letter I received from him yesterday morning, and I hope, ere you receive this, that you will have read a statement I made in my letter to my brother† on the 11th, and which Kielmannsegge was to give you, Aberdeen and Lyndhurst to read. I plainly see that false impressions have taken place, not only in England, but even in Germany, on account of the Ministry at Berlin having, in my opinion, unfairly, published what originally could never have been intended for the public eye, but merely as an exchange of proposals issuing from the Commissioners, but in no way authorised or commanded, at least as far as I am concerned.

“I hope I have made myself in that letter understood by all, but if ever you have any questions to put, and will either write to me yourself, or give directions to Kielmannsegge, I will give you every information that lies in my power, for certainly England, as far as Hanover goes, has a great interest in the questions, and therefore it was that I urged on my friends in England to consider whether it would not be prudent

* Hanoverian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St James.

† The late Duke of Cambridge.

to get up a debate in Parliament, in order that the public here should not only see that England took an interest, but might know her sentiments thereon. This, believe me, appears highly necessary; for, apart from England's interest as to Hanover, it seems to me a very great question whether the great Powers can quietly consent to what is clearly the object of a certain set at Berlin—the dividing Germany into two parts—North and South Germany—and even perhaps a *third* part, which would be a Republic.

“Unfortunately, the geographical position of Hanover is such that I must act with great prudence and caution with Prussia, whose politics I by no means approve of, or can blindly concede to, for it is evident to me that there is a party at Berlin who have no other object than to increase the power of Prussia at the expense of her neighbours. When I say this, I beg distinctly not to be misunderstood, and believe that both the King and Count Brandenburg* are too honourable men to entertain such a plan. But unfortunately the King is so completely in the hands of two men, whom I look upon as the most worthless, unprincipled men that exist, and I have never disguised either from the King himself, or those about him, this opinion—I mean Major-General Radowitz and Bunsen.† The former's

* President of the Prussian Ministry.

† How right H. M. was in his opinion is confirmed by a footnote in *Unser Reichskanzler* by M. Busch, Vol. I. p. 228, which says,—“That Josia Bunsen was not particular as to telling the truth, is proved by his endeavours, during the Crimean War, to deceive both the Prussian and English F. O. by the lying statements made in Berlin that England would procure Schleswig-Holstein for Prussia on the latter joining the

character is publicly and notoriously known for falsehood and duplicity, not only by all the Cabinets here on the Continent, but even by many of the most respectable persons in Berlin itself, so that it is very difficult to treat in any way business where he is concerned, and it surprises everybody that Radowitz has got so complete a hold of His Majesty's mind.

“But so it is, and unfortunately the knowledge of this has been in great part the cause of the failure of a good understanding existing between Austria and Prussia, which it has been for the last month my most anxious wish to bring about, not only officially by my ministers, but privately in my personal correspondence with the King himself, to whom I have never disguised my honest opinion, namely, that Germany never can exist without *Austria* taking a share in it. Consequently, in the last contract respecting our joining in our exertions to put down anarchy and confusion whenever we can, I have always added that Austria has a right to join and take a part whenever she finds herself in a state to join us. Thus, at least, I have, as far as it lay in my power, declared myself on this subject ;

Allies against Russia, whilst he gave assurances in Downing Street to the effect that the King intended doing so, on England undertaking to guarantee the incorporation of the Elb-Duchies into the Prussian Monarchy. Found out, Bunsen had to leave the service, when his Royal friend and patron, Frederic William IV., remarked to General von Roon, ‘How could he do such a thing after enjoying twenty years of my friendship?’ The General replying, ‘May it please Your Majesty, during twenty years of lying and betrayal’ (*Zwanzig Jahre hat er, Eure Majestät, belogen und betrogen*).” And the old soldier only re-echoed the opinion of all honourable men at the Prussian Court, coinciding in every point with that of King Ernestus Augustus, whose devotion to his nephew, King Frederic William IV., cannot well be doubted.

that a man, who certainly is a clever man, can allow himself thus to be blinded by such a miserable politician as Radowitz is to me inconceivable, for, as I have said, he is mistrusted by every one.

“Prince William of Prussia* passed through here by railway yesterday for Coblenz, there to take the command of all the troops now assembling on the Rhine and the frontiers. He was in such a hurry that I could not see him, which I am very sorry for, as I should have liked it much. He might have seen me, but, between ourselves, I believe he had not the courage to do it, knowing that he had acted last year diametrically contrary to the advice I had given him, and which he had solemnly promised me he would follow, namely, not to put his foot into the then sitting National Assembly. What I then prophesied took place, namely, that he would be insulted.

“Excuse my having broken in upon your valuable time, but thinking the contents of this letter might interest you, I have written, begging you to continue your old friendship for,—Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) “ERNEST.”

* The late Emperor William I.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE GUELPHS.

IN publishing the foregoing two autograph letters of H. M. King Ernestus of Hanover, at a time when the high-minded and chivalrous personal initiative of the Emperor—King William II.—has made the first step towards a reconciliation, by returning the Guelphic funds and property to their lawful owner, thus doing all that is in His Majesty's power to rectify, as far as he is personally concerned, the wrongs of 1866, the author hopes to show how, as far back as 1849, the august grandfather of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland had no delusions as to the fate of Hanover, doomed by its unfortunate geographical position, and the traditional greed of Prussian statesmanship, which considered the incorporation of the Guelphic dominions a vital condition for the consolidation and safety of the Prussian Monarchy. Exonerating his nephew, Frederick William IV., from all personal blame and share in the endeavours of his ministers to bring about a criminal design so diametrically opposed to His Prussian Majesty's own principles and creed of legitimacy, Right Divine, and Royalty by the grace of God, King Ernestus Augustus gave his grandson, the Duke of Cumberland, a grand example,

and His Royal Highness might at the present day apply the same considerations to his imperial and royal cousin, who surely cannot be made responsible for a *fait accompli*, inherited with his crown, and recognised by all Powers, whilst he was still in the nursery.

The restoration of the private property of the Royal House of Hanover was a very different thing; it was a duty of honour resting alone with the Emperor-King—the Kings of Prussia and Hanover being the only parties, the only signatories, to the treaty of October 16th, 1867. It affected neither the Prussian Monarchy, nor did it concern the Chambers, whilst the restoration of Hanover and the return of its legitimate princes would alter the frontiers, would reduce the area of the Prussian dominions, would infringe the Constitution, and, under all circumstances, require the concurrence of the nation, and of the Chambers who sanctioned the annexion in 1866. These latter would never consent to any personal act of the King's altering the present relations, assuming, for argument's sake, such to be His Majesty's intention, though nothing indicates that King William II. ever contemplated disintegrating the monarchy, or altering the realm from its condition when handed over to him by his predecessors. It is a sad *fait accompli* and, hard as it is for the illustrious Guelphs and their loyal subjects to accept the inevitable, they have the precedent of Henry the Lion to comfort them in their misfortunes and trials. I could not do better than reproduce in this place a translation of "a page from the history of

the Guelphs," I published in German shortly after the premature, much-lamented death of King George V., on January 12th, 1878, the chief part of which I had the honour of reading to His Majesty only a week before his demise.

"Certain events in the history of nations will repeat themselves periodically, frequently in a striking way. They seem to be historical landmarks intended, no doubt, as lessons, perhaps as warnings, for coming generations, and, like luminary points, they may be trusted as safe guides in difficult times.

"Possibly the history of no princely house offers more curious repetitions and stranger coincidences than that of the illustrious House of Brunswick-Lüneburg—the ancient and exalted House of Guelph.

"Divided in two branches, since the extinction of the third by the demise, in 1882, of H. R. H. the reigning Duke William of Brunswick, Her Majesty Queen Victoria is the head of the elder, whilst H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland is head of the younger or Hanoverian line.

"To people believing in predestination, the fate of the Guelphs will offer striking examples of the marvellous ways of Providence, which allowed certain forebodings to be realised after a lapse of centuries, whilst we see identical events have the same consequences at nearly six hundred years' distance.

"Though apparently trifling, some of these long-forgotten incidents have played so important a part in their time that they deserve to be recalled to memory,

now that we see them once more repeated with the most surprising similarity.

“At all events, it will interest Englishmen, specially the student of our national history, that both the crowns of England and of Scotland have been within the grasp of two scions of the House of Guelph, more than six hundred years ere Lord Macclesfield kissed hands in the Palace of Herrenhausen, on the occasion of the Elector’s accession to the throne of Great Britain as King George I.

“And no less strange is the coincidence that the Guelphic power, in the days of Henry the Lion and his father, should exactly, as in 1866, have come to grief through Austrian connexions—though Jasomirgott was, of course, no Hapsburg—and through a Brandenburg; with this difference that he was likewise in the former instance, not of the House of Hohenzollern, but of the House of Anhalt, an ancestor of H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, through her mother, a princess of Anhalt.

“However, who thinks in our age of Henry the Lion and his times? Those episodes of the history of the Guelphs—so rich in prophetic forebodings and in earnest warnings—seem altogether vanished from people’s memory, yet both princes and nations might well derive weighty lessons from that very tragedy. Indeed, the unparalleled resurrection of Guelphic greatness and power teaches, on one hand, never to despair, yet, on the other, the history of both Henry the Proud and Henry the Lion cannot fail to remind the great of this

world, the rulers of men and things, that any misuse of power, any over-estimation of one's self, is sure to bring ruin to even the mightiest, and that the fall will be more terrible the greater and more exalted the position has been.

“It would lead too far were I to attempt a *précis* of the reigns of the two Henrys—the Proud and the Lion—yet, in order to understand the coincidences I have been alluding to, I must say a few words on these two glorious ancestors of Her Most Gracious Majesty, especially of the Lion, the greatest Guelph of all times, the true representative of Right Divine and chivalry, of royalty by the grace of God, and feudal duties, the splendid embodiment of princely and knightly virtues and faults, the blameless defender of Faith and Right, of the weak and the helpless. The last of the old traditional national dukes, the most powerful pillar of the Holy Roman Empire, a vassal overshadowing even the person and symbolic omnipotence of the elected Emperor, the pride of German chivalry, the most popular ruler, and the august victim of petty jealousy and despicable envy, a prince whose fall was to shake the venerable empire to its very foundations, carrying its ruin in the wake of his own.

“Son of Henry the Proud, the Lion had been born to unparalleled greatness, and been educated to become a leader of men, a shining example to all. Indeed, thanks to his mother Judith, a truly gifted and accomplished woman, every inch a princess, and—like the Electress Sophia of a later age—given to earnest study and

mixing with all the eminent men of the day, Henry had received a most careful training of body and mind, that made him, in the true sense of the word, the first of the land.

“Still a child when he lost his father, his inheritance threatened to become a crushing burden for his youthful shoulders; nay, without the loyal support of a number of his vassals, he would have been unable to hold his own against the intrigues and enmity of a host of envious neighbours, anxious to rob the young duke of some town or castle, or some slip of land. And it must be remembered that the jealousy of the smaller reigning princes and counts, of the high nobility and clergy of the empire, as well as of the free towns, had been raised to its highest pitch by Henry the Proud’s good fortune in uniting the two important national duchies—Saxonia and Bavaria—under one hand, thus ruling supreme over an area comprising the whole of Germany, *minus* Franconia and Swabia, *plus* the German provinces of Austria, and equal to about four-fifths of the present German Fatherland. It is, of course, not surprising that such unprecedented fortune and power should have increased the number of the enemies of Henry the Proud, all longing for his fall and for a share in the spoil. Henry had, moreover, contributed to his unpopularity by his haughty bearing. Intoxicated by his good fortune, by his power and greatness, he seemed to take a secret pleasure in boasting of his omnipotence, and, regardless of the friendship and kindness of his imperial cousin, he missed no opportunity of letting

the Emperor feel how shadowy his authority was, compared to the influence, prestige and power of the first vassal of his realm. It was a weakness unworthy of so exalted a prince, and naturally the Emperor could not help resenting allusions to his own impotence. Indeed, little more than the outward honour of his dignity remained to the Emperor, and the *de facto* power, vested in the hands of Henry the Proud, overshadowed the aureola of the anointed King and Emperor of the Germans. The idolatry and worship of base flatterers on both sides contributed to widen the gap, and to estrange the two, formerly so devoted to each other, and it was a misfortune that circumstances obliged Henry repeatedly to come to the Emperor's assistance in his feuds and interior squabbles, and to stretch out his protecting hand, not only over the small fry of reigning princes and nobles, but even over his master's imperial diadem.

Thus we see nothing but jealousy above and below ; on all sides the waves of envy broke upon Henry, who stood in the midst of this clamouring mob of princelets like a rock, extending his mighty arm to all who wanted help and assistance.

All, however, the united efforts of princes, clergy, nobles and towns were able to effect, was to foment discord and conflicts with the imperial authority, from which Henry seemed to emerge stronger than ever ; indeed, nothing could make him bend, so his enemies resorted finally to treachery and poison, and on a journey through his Saxon dominions he found a premature

death at the early age of thirty-seven. Trusting to the sacrosanctity of hospitality, he had forgotten that everything can be bought, even the conscience of a host, and thus died suddenly the proud father of the greatest Guelph—then still a helpless child.

The joy of Henry's antagonists was only equalled by their greed and rapaciousness, and his death became the signal for a general raid on the dominions of his boyish heir.

Albert the Bear, of Anhalt, invaded Saxony, taking the long-coveted Mark Brandenburg ; whilst Jasomirgott of Austria, after marrying Henry's mother, at the expiration of her mourning, despoiled his stepson of Bavaria. Indeed, little remained to the unfortunate young prince—little more than his ancestral—*i.e.* allodial—dominions—and it required the loyalty and devotion of the local nobility to stem the greed of his relations, who would fain have stripped him of his whole inheritance. Nay, such was the love with which his vassals and the people of Brunswick-Lüneburg clung to their young master, that they induced the Emperor, notwithstanding his personal enmity, to reinstate the Guelphic Prince, in 1142, into the National Duchy of Saxonia, *minus*, however, the Mark Brandenburg, which Albert the Bear refused to give up.

Luck never comes alone, and barely twelve years later the new Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, with whom his cousin Henry lived on terms of the closest intimacy, and who felt anxious to restore to Henry, as far as possible, all his late father's dominions and honours, invested

him, in addition to Saxony, with the National Duchy of Bavaria, from which the Mark Austria had been detached in favour of Henry's step-father, Jasomirgott.

Yet such was the extent of Henry's vast possessions that he hardly noticed the loss of the two Marks of Brandenburg and Austria, which were to become the nucleus of the mighty Hapsburg and Hohenzollern Monarchies. Nay, notwithstanding this territorial diminution, Henry's power and prestige quite equalled his father's, thanks to the friendship and support of his imperial cousin, and thus a brilliant future seemed in store for the fortunate heir of Guelphic greatness. Head of the most powerful German princely race, nothing equalled his preponderant position, and well might King Henry II. have looked upon it as an honour when the illustrious Guelph landed on the English shores in order to woo and wed our Princess Maud—the future ancestress of Queen Victoria.

Though the happiest of unions, Henry's first marriage with Princess Clementia had been childless, and the wish, nay, the necessity, to perpetuate his race induced him, reluctantly, to repudiate a beloved consort, and to annul this matrimonial tie, in order to be able to contract another alliance.

We have a similar example of repudiation in our century—Napoleon I.'s desertion of, or rather divorce from Josephine, in order to wed Maria Louisa of Austria ; only, when Providence blessed him with a son and heir, the conqueror of the world had nothing to leave him but a great name. The same had been the fate of

Henry the Lion, for, from the day of his second marriage, the wheel of fortune turned, nay, William of Winchester—the only one of his sons who had children—was born in exile, at a time when his father was a landless fugitive, the victim of imperial wrath, a wandering outlaw.

But we must not anticipate events.

Received in England with all royal honours, a series of great festivities marked the satisfaction of Henry II., and the pride of his Court, at this marriage with one of the most powerful and illustrious princes, who could claim to be the peer of kings and emperors, their equal in power and prestige, the first vassal of the Holy Roman Empire, and in Germany, *primus inter pares*; in fact, the only German prince who was justified in thinking an alliance with himself to be an honour. No wonder, therefore, that the King of England overwhelmed the exalted son-in-law with dignities, and that Henry returned to his dominions loaded with costly presents, plate and jewels from the English treasury, the gem of all being the lovely prize he carried home in the person of our fair Princess Maud.

Yet, notwithstanding her charms—perhaps on account of them, Henry felt the wrong of giving heart and hand to another whilst his first wife, whom he once so dearly loved, was still alive—and was worried by pangs of conscience. In order to do penance for having so grievously offended the Church by repudiating his faithful consort, he determined, shortly after his return, and ere the honeymoon was

over, to visit the Holy Land. Followed by twelve hundred knights on horseback—a most imposing retinue in those days—he set out on his pious errand, leaving behind him two loving beings to pray for his safe return. Maud implored heaven to bless their union, and to let a son and heir welcome him home, whilst Clementia, having taken the veil, offered heart and life to her Saviour, in hopes thus to find peace, and to obtain the heavenly pardon for her husband's desertion.

The chronicles of the time give us long descriptions of Henry's pilgrimage and adventures, and call it, not unjustly, a triumphal march through Europe. Indeed, they cannot find words to depict "the marvels of splendour," as they call it, displayed at the various Courts in honour of the illustrious Guelph, notably at that of his step-father—Jasomirgott of Austria—where Henry's mother, Judith, vied with the most noble ladies of the land in decorating the gallant pilgrims, by personally attaching favours to their shoulders; again at the magnificent Court of King Béla of Hungary, who gave proud jousts in honour of his German guests; but above all, perhaps, at the Court of the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, where the gorgeous riches and splendours of the East were marshalled before the dazzled eyes of the German knights, as simple and sober in their ways as in their dress and customs. Hardly, too, of less interest were the adventures experienced by Henry and his imposing suite on their way through Servia and Bulgaria.

In fact, this modern Ulysses carried the name and fame of Henry across all parts of the known world, and far over the frontiers of the Holy Roman Empire, bringing new glory to the proud Guelphic name. The accounts and descriptions given by his companions, though often magnified, gloried in Henry's own wonderful achievements, and re-echoed throughout Europe; they immortalised the gallant feats of the chief hero. His name was on all lips, and his fame darkened even the sacred lustre of the Emperor, an achievement which was to prove a misfortune, as it allowed his detractors to incite the imperial displeasure against a valued and trusted relative and friend.

It was on his return from this glorious expedition that Henry saved the life of the lion which, according to tradition, followed him home, and to which he owes the surname of the Lion.

However, these days of happiness and greatness were not without bitter drops of sorrow and anxiety, for news reached him on his journey home, that the Emperor had not only availed himself of Henry's absence to suborn some of his most trusted supporters, with a view of appropriating parts of his allodial possessions, but that his cousin had likewise pressed Welf VI.—the last Italian Guelph—to disinherit Henry and to leave his German and Italian dominions to the Emperor; an injustice Henry felt the more as the possessions of Welf VI. were the oldest of his family and the cradle of their ancient house.

Embittered by the Emperor's behaviour, Henry

refused to join his imperial master on his fifth expedition to Italy—a serious mistake and contrary to his feudal obligation, as no personal slight, nor any wrong to his private interests, could justify him—the Duke of Saxonia and of Bavaria—in disobeying the commands of his liege lord, and in deserting the Emperor at a moment when the honour, glory and welfare of the common Fatherland were at stake.

He furthermore increased his guilt by the offensive form of his refusal, though the Emperor had followed him to the Tyrol, where Henry was staying at the time, and had even bent his imperial knees to his youthful vassal to implore help and assistance.

A vain humiliation, which made the Empress Beatrice pronounce the following prophetic words: “Rise, my Lord and Emperor, and do remember this hour, as the Almighty will, if there’s a God in Heaven”—words that were only too soon to find a mournful echo throughout the Guelphic lands.

The Emperor’s defeat at Legnano, justly or unjustly attributed to Henry’s absence, offered, of course, a welcome pretext for punishing the haughty vassal. For a long time the envy and greed of the small princes and lords of the Holy Roman Empire had been smouldering, as they anxiously watched an opportunity to prey on the overgrowing power of the mighty Guelph.

The vassals of the four National dukes, all these princelets—lay and ecclesiastical—were longing to shake off their feudal bonds, in order henceforth only to serve

the Emperor in person. On the other hand, Frederic Barbarossa imagined that the fall of the great national dukes would be an advantage to the empire, and strengthen his own prestige and sway. He fancied that a sub-division of their vast dominions amongst their former vassals, and the creation of a host of weak and powerless princelets, would benefit the imperial authority, and that it would be easier to control a number of pigmies quarrelling amongst themselves, always envious and weakening themselves by interior feuds and mutual destruction, than having to deal with four vassals, powerful enough to oppose the Emperor's will and to impose their own whenever it suited their interests or convenience.

Indeed, forgetting all the services rendered by Henry—who, as we know, had even saved Frederic's life at Rome—regardless of the ties of blood—his mother being sister of Henry's father—unmindful of their former friendship, the Emperor seemed only to remember the affront offered him, only to keep in mind that he had vainly knelt before a vassal, and, pronouncing the imperial attainder over his own cousin, he outlawed Henry, and stripped him of all his dignities, as well as of his duchies and allodial possessions; and the first vassal of the Holy Roman Empire, the once so powerful Guelph, had to seek refuge as an outlaw on foreign shores.

No less terrible were the consequences for Germany than for Henry and his family, if we are to believe the words of Leibniz, who expresses himself as follows:—
“The fall of Henry the Lion was almost the cause of

the wreck of the imperial fabric, for the fall of the old national dukes altered the Constitution of Germany and weakened the empire. The traditional authority was undermined by erecting new duchies out of the ruins of the old national ones. The endless number of Mark-Land- and Pal-Graves (German earls), the towns, the clergy and the nobles of all classes, formerly vassals of the national dukes, wanted to be emancipated, and would in future only recognise the Emperor as their feudal superior; indeed, they exacted princely titles and prerogatives, each one wanting to be a sovereign, to reign; they monopolised the imperial fiefs, built castles without end, made feuds on each other, joined in alliances, and generated discord and internal strife, which weakened and lowered Germany, until, deprived of the firm and helping hand of the national dukes, the empire began to totter and to sink, a victim and prey to the most incredible disorders and robberies." A sad picture of the state of Germany, and a masterly sketch of the initiatory contest between Right and Wrong.

The powerful representatives of a glorious past, the pillars of order, law and religion, hurled into the dust from their towering greatness by a host of noisy, greedy, ambitious princelets anxious to appropriate, without a shadow of right, the lands and privileges of their former lords and masters—the four great national dukes!

Devoid of the authority of right as of personal and material power, they nevertheless ventured to imitate

their great, traditional predecessors, and the smallest prince, count, or noble, boldly claimed, in addition to his legal right, sovereign privileges and honours for any strip of territory, ever so insignificant, wrenched from one of the old national duchies.

Yet not one of these miniature rulers understood that great privileges entail great and corresponding duties, and thus Frederic's ill-inspired blow against the traditional supporters of the Empire proved fatal, and brought Germany well nigh to grief. Besides, hard as was the fate of the national dukes, and specially of the Guelphs who owned two of the old national duchies, their fall affected similarly the lesser nobility, the towns and the peasantry who now had much to suffer from the greed and insatiable grasping of their new masters, and no one to protect them; nay, as Leibniz remarks very justly, the fall of Henry the Lion must be considered as the beginning of the internal, as well as outward, break-up of the Holy Roman Empire.

Henry took refuge in England, and during three years he remained the guest of his Royal father-in-law, residing mostly at Winchester, where his youngest son William was born, taking the name of William of Winchester; and as he was to be the ancestor of the Royal Houses of England and Hanover, and of the—now extinct—Ducal House of Brunswick, it is interesting to note that he was born on English soil, of an English Princess.

Thanks to the endeavours of King Henry II., the

Emperor, after much difficulty, consented to repeal the attainder as far as Henry's private (or allodial) possessions—that is, Brunswick, Lüneburg, Wolfenbüttel, Hanover, etc.—were concerned, and, broken in his pride, but not in spirits, Henry returned to his ancestral dominions, to devote his remaining days to the good of his family and people, contenting himself with his diminished possessions, trying to save what could be saved from his past greatness, and quietly building up for his sons a modest patrimony, the nucleus of the future Kingdom of Hanover and Duchy of Brunswick.

But if it was owing to Henry II. of England that the cradle of his family was restored to him, Hanover has been able to show her gratitude by giving, five centuries later, to England a royal race, descended from Henry the Lion's youngest son—a strange example of the changing destinies of princes and nations.

But to return to William of Winchester. I have mentioned that it fell to his lot to become the direct ancestor of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, whilst of his two elder brethren, one had been heir-presumptive to the English Crown, and the other had refused the Crown of Scotland.

It was during the first years of King John's reign and before the birth of Henry III., that Henry—Longa Spada, as he was called, and Pal-Grave on the Rhine—was heir-presumptive, as the eldest son of our Princess Maud, wife of Henry the Lion. As to his second

brother, Otho of York—the future Emperor Otho IV.—he was offered the Crown of Scotland, as an English fief, by Henry II. after the defeat of Henry of Scotland, who was kept a prisoner in England. Not only did he decline the honour, but he used all his influence to induce his royal uncle to restore Scotland to its lawful King; however, he only succeeded in this attempt during the reign of King Richard, by obtaining the release of Henry of Scotland and his re-instatement in his kingdom.

Having been created Earl of York by his cousin, he became, as heir to his grandmother Eleonora, the repudiated consort of Louis VII. of France, Count of Poitou and Guyenne, previous to his election as Emperor of Germany.

Thus we have it that, six hundred years before the grand-daughter of James II. of Scotland brought the succession to the crowns of England and Scotland into her house, two Guelphic Princes—children, like the Electress Sophia, of an English Princess—happened to be within grasp of both the Crowns of England and Scotland.

There is, moreover, another curious fact connected with the royal arms of England, for besides the three English leopards, they include a shield of pretence bearing two leopards which date from the days of King Richard, Cœur de Lion, and remind us of one of the romantic episodes of those days of chivalrous devotion, and this shield has been justly considered the proudest part of the arms of the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg.

Though some heralds have maintained that it was Henry the Lion who first adopted a shield bearing a leopard, I have it from the lips of his late Majesty, King George V. of Hanover, the best and most reliable authority on all matters relating to the history of his illustrious house, that King Richard presented both his cousins—Otho of York and William of Winchester—with a shield bearing two leopards, in remembrance of their having offered themselves in his place as hostages when he was kept a prisoner in Austria—a coincidence that might induce those inclined to believe in predestination to look upon King Richard's shield as a prophetic emblem, endowed with magic power, considering that William of Winchester's august descendant, Queen Victoria, has ruled more than half a century over King Richard's vastly increased dominions, blessed by millions of loyal and devoted subjects. But still more weighty are the lessons princes and nations may derive from Henry the Lion's changing fate, for, just as his immortal glory and memory still lives between the Harz and Weser, so his trials must fill every right and justice-loving heart with compassion. Great were his faults and the blindness that urged him to over-estimate his own self, but terrible, also, was the punishment, and he was as much sinned against as sinning ; in fact, if he were guilty, so was the Emperor ; both forgetful of their duties—Henry to his liege lord, the Emperor to the saviour of his life—and it was injuring Germany when Frederic, yielding to Henry's enemies, sacrificed the most noble of his vassals to his envious detractors, desirous only to

benefit themselves at the expense of the too powerful Guelph. With Henry, the Emperor ruined the German Empire. He fell as the representative of a principle, and with him broke down the old imperial Constitution, the Federal bond, which was uniting Germany; indeed, it required centuries ere the victorious sword of a great king, and the master mind of the greatest statesman Germany ever possessed, succeeded in reconstructing the imperial fabric, and in re-uniting the divided and broken spirit of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding the fall of Henry, and though the star of the Guelphs seemed to be clouded, the Lion's wise self-sacrifice, his foresight and his modest bending to the decrees of Providence, saved his house from total wreck.

The greatest prince of the Guelphic race, the most powerful vassal of the empire, he who ruled over two national duchies in addition to his ancestral dominions, he who could call two-thirds of Germany his own, and who had overshadowed the Emperor in authority and power, he bowed his head before a merciless destiny, and wisely contented himself with the small private (allodial) possessions of his house, which England had been the means of saving; greater, too, in misfortune, than in the fulness of luck and power, the Lion saved for his descendants the little that could be saved.

Helen of Denmark, consort of William of Winchester, became the princely ancestress of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Cumberland, and the late Duke of Brunswick—the three heads of the three branches of the Guelphs.

There are names and alliances foreboding luck and

sunshine, and everything repeats itself in this world of ours. Surely, as long as the sceptre of the most powerful realm is wielded by the ancient House of Guelph, the descendants of Henry the Lion must remember that what they lost on one side they have amply recouped on the other—indeed, the power of one branch must be looked upon as compensation for the sad lot of the other. Like William of Winchester, the present Duke of Cumberland has wedded a Danish Princess, and possibly this alliance may likewise bring new luck to the German Guelphs.

At any rate, His Royal Highness will have to follow the noble example of his illustrious ancestor, and be content with Brunswick as his share. But to realise this hope of his august consort, of his royal relatives, and of his most devoted followers, the Duke must learn to forget the past, and loyally grasp the Emperor's—his imperial cousin's—chivalrous and conciliatory hand.

There are sacrifices that must be borne for one's family, for posterity, and a step impossible for King George V. becomes almost a duty for his only son, for the last scion of the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg, for its present chief. "I can't do it, but Ernest can," said the never-to-be-forgotten Martyr King to the author, whilst talking about the Brunswick Succession, and surely it is not deserting principles for a prince to bow to destiny, and to accepted facts; nay, if Brunswick can be saved for the Guelphic House, for the Duke of Cumberland's children, by renouncing the ancestral rights on the lost throne of Hanover, His

Royal Highness would insure the gratitude and happiness of future generations, and no Guelph need blush to do what Henry the Lion deemed his duty to those after him.

With such an illustrious example to follow, the Duke cannot go wrong, and the more loyal Hanoverians cling to their old royal house, the more they ought to remember that it is petty selfishness to prevent H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland from saving Brunswick for his family, when they well know that Hanover is irretrievably lost to its lawful heir.

Suscipere et finire is a motto which gives room for thought, and surely it cannot be derogatory for the descendant of the oldest German House to follow the lead of a Henry the Lion, to act as did the greatest Guelph.

GENERAL BOSCO.

AMONGST the faithful servants of the Royal Family of Naples stands foremost General Bosco, the gallant defender of Gaëta, the most loyal and devoted champion of the royal cause, whose example, alas! but too few of his countrymen followed.

In the bloom of manhood he sacrificed career and future to share the fate and exile of his royal masters. A talented general and a fine soldier, Victor Emmanuel had been anxious to secure his services, but Bosco declined the most tempting offers, notwithstanding his straitened circumstances, for he had lost everything, and was living on the sale of a few heirlooms he had managed to save from the wreck.

I made his acquaintance in '63, at the Hotel de la Ville, Trieste, where we had both been honoured with an invitation to dinner by the Comte de Chambord, who had come to Trieste to see our men before their departure for Mexico. I was greatly taken by the frank, soldierly ways of the General, and was delighted on seeing him enter my room next morning.

"I have come to ask you a favour," said Bosco. "I want you to give me a passage as far as Gibraltar."

He told me that he intended going to Spain, to try and find there some suitable occupation, "for," said he, "*je suis au bout de mon rouleau*, and unless I can earn enough to live, I shall have to enlist as a private, or"—and a sad look came over his handsome face—"or be obliged to take to a barrel-organ."

Having been entrusted with the embarkation of the Austrian corps, and convinced that my chief—already on his way to Mexico—would approve of my action, I assured the General that it would be an honour for us to have him on board, and that I should be much pleased to place a cabin at his disposal.

"Who knows," remarked Bosco, "if I shall not follow you soon and ask for a commission in the Mexican army, for I am by no means sure of a good reception at Madrid. The moment you want something, friends, and still more so royalties, have a very short memory—past services count for nothing, and nobody cares whether you starve or not!"

"Impossible, General," said I. "There's not a country that wouldn't be proud to welcome you into its army; moreover, your own King need only be told of your position, and surely His Majesty would not allow you to want anything."

Bosco gave a faint smile.

"One sees you are young and still rich in happy delusions, and for your sake I sincerely trust that you will never find yourself in a similar predicament!" And he added in a subdued voice, full of sadness,—

"They'll take your very heart's blood—there is no sacrifice they won't exact; all that as a matter of course; but lo! find yourself in want and you will see. But I must not get bitter; one can't change the world, and the great are the same everywhere—all selfish and ungrateful."

"You don't mean to say, General, that the King knows your position and does not help you?"

An eloquent look was the answer, and after a moment's silence he said,—

"Don't let us talk about me and my affairs, pray; it makes me too sad. But that you may understand my position once and for all, I'll just mention this. A friend of mine lent the King a million and a half of liras. Of course, it was all he had, but the royal family was, during the first months of their exile, in a desperate position, and any good royalist would have done the same. The sum has never been repaid, and a month ago—not having the means of paying even his hotel bill—my friend wrote to His Majesty for at least part of the loan, explaining that dire want, and the necessity of providing for his wife and children, was obliging him to apply to the King. 'Impossible to repay you,' was the answer; 'I have very little, and what I have I require for keeping up a propaganda and gaining supporters for our cause. Loyal and devoted followers like you will never desert me, and you will understand the importance of securing wavering adherents.' This argument, I fear, holds good for all of us who stand faithfully to our master. Nothing will shake our fidelity, and, knowing it, they lavish support on

people who can be bought in the market, whilst we are left to starvation. Perhaps you will now understand why Bosco is without bread, whilst any obscure Neapolitan adventurer is sure to obtain a pension, or assistance of some kind, on appealing to the King's bounty. The loyal old servants, those whose allegiance nothing can shake, are sacrificed to false friends who will desert the royal cause the day they find an empty till. Believe me, my young friend, it is disheartening to see the injustice of this world, and the folly of the great. Look about you. Whom do you find around fallen royalty? Hardly ever a single representative of the best of the land, the pillars of crown and throne, those whom centuries link to King and country. They are too disinterested and are kept away, their places being taken by rampant satellites, who, in normal times, would not be allowed into an ante-room of the palace. It may sound odd, but misfortune seems to blind all royal people. They will no longer listen to their true friends, to those who have only the master's interest at heart; they prefer flattery and adulating courtiers, whose opinions they buy, to the outspoken, loyal advice of old servants. But let us change the subject; it is best to forget. Silence becomes a duty, and the last service we can render is to suffer without complaining—we will be remembered in the hour of need and danger, and, after all, it's a proud feeling to know that, and to be above the miserable motives and inducements of modern loyalism. Let them have the gold, we have our conscience to hold up courage and hope when we are down, and I

fear I am to-day in rather a despairing mood, unworthy of an old soldier."

Three days later we embarked, and H. R. H. the Comte de Chambord intimated his intention to honour us with a visit and to bid us good-speed on board. Steamer, captain and crew were English, chartered by the *Compagnie Transatlantique*, with whom we had contracted for the transport of our 8000 men. In fact, this was the second voyage of the *Peruvian*, and the last batch to be shipped. There was, of course, a representative of the Company on board, a retired naval lieutenant, acting as *Intendant* and chief of the Commissariat.

On noticing the preparations we were making to give our royal visitor a reception befitting his exalted position, this worthy, who had served, in succession, Bourbons, Orléanists, Republic and Empire, put himself in a frantic rage, wildly protesting against the violation of French territory, or, as he called it, "the intrusion of a pretender on French soil," and threatening to send to the Consulate for protection.

No endeavours of mine to calm the excited Frenchman were of any avail; he would not listen to reason, but screamed, blustered and rushed about like a maniac, causing quite a crowd to assemble on the quay. Indeed, we had to hoist the Mexican flag—as stipulated in our contract—to remind him that he was not stamping the planks of a French boat, and that the *g-r-r-r-rande nation* had no concern in the matter. Having let off his surplus steam, though still fuming and swearing, Monsieur l'Intendant vanished finally into his cabin,

where he locked himself in during the whole time of His Royal Highness's visit, a stentorian variation of *sacré nom d'un chien, sacre nom d'une gigue*, etc., etc., etc., disclosing the whereabouts of this amiable Frenchman, so that we had to take the Comte de Chambord by another passage—the cabin of *Monsieur l'Intendant* being at the main entrance—to the officers' mess, in order to spare the lawful master of France this shameful and ill-mannered exhibition of imperialistic antagonism.

Our men being drawn up, partly on deck, partly below in the battery, for there was not room for 1500 men on deck, and there was the crew besides, His Royal Highness passed them in review, and was greatly pleased with their smart, martial appearance. On being told that there was a young French ensign amongst the officers, as well as three French privates—two old soldiers of the *légion étrangers*, the third a *gamin de Paris*, a time-expired *turco*—*Monseigneur* had them sent for, asked them all kinds of questions, and presented each of the three with a handsome memento of his visit. The young ensign, belonging to an old, legitimised family of *Bretagne*, had been in the Papal *Zouaves*, and His Royal Highness, happening to know his father personally, was evidently gratified to meet a descendant of one of the royalist followers of the Duchess of Berry at the time of her heroic defence of the Vendée.

At the conclusion of the review, our excellent band, under the direction of Maestro Sawerthal,* struck up

* On the fall of the empire, for many years bandmaster of the celebrated band of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich.

the old royal march, whilst the men gave three hearty cheers to our royal visitor—Hurrah! Eljén and éviva forming a true cosmopolitan medley, but the *ensemble* was not without effect, and seemed to soothe the lacerated and so sadly-tried heart of the unfortunate royal exile. Accepting a cold collation in our mess, His Royal Highness emptied a glass of old “Bordeaux” to the health of the Emperor Maximilian, and lifting it a second time, he drank “Success to the Austrian Corps and to its gallant chief, General Count Thun Hohenstein.” It fell to my lot to acknowledge the honour done us, and in thanking His Royal Highness I could not resist the temptation to call on my brother officers for a bumper toast—“H. M. Henri V., the august heir of Saint Louis.” A thundering “Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!” was the response, and His Royal Highness nodded his thanks, a sad smile passing over his handsome features, his French heart evidently contrasting this demonstration of foreigners with the conduct of Frenchmen, whilst I secretly rejoiced at the rage of “*Monsieur l’Intendant*” on being obliged to witness this enthusiastic outburst of sympathy for the lawful King of France.

After a few condescending words to all present, and kind messages to the Emperor, the Comte de Chambord bade us good speed, remaining with his gentlemen for some time on the quay to witness the lifting of anchors, and to see the *Peruvian* proudly steam out of harbour.

Thus ended a delightful morning, the last in the dear old “*Heimath*,” which so many were never to

see again ; a solemn moment, intensified by the hearty cheers of the dense crowds on shore, by the last look at a dear one—for many relations and friends had come to Trieste for the final farewell—by the mournful waving of hats and pocket-handkerchiefs, and last, but not least, by the sounds of the Racoczy March, played by our band and re-echoed by the bands of two Austrian regiments lining the quays, by order of the Governor, who had himself come on board to wish us success, and fresh laurels for the Austrian arms, whilst envying us the good fortune of going to fight for a popular prince, whom his stay at Miramar had endeared to all Triestens, and the good old Governor could not find words to sing the praise of the Emperor Max and his august consort.

The last sounds of the music on shore had long faded away ; nothing but the outlines of the lighthouse remained visible with a telescope, and yet there were 3000 eager eyes still eagerly skimming the horizon to catch a last glimpse of home, sweet home ! and from many a hard, bronzed face trickled a solitary tear, from many lips a parting sigh *in memoriam* of the past, of a mourning old mother, or of the last resting-place of a beloved wife and darling children. Who knows ? There was so much romance, so many tragedies and stirring adventures buried in the heart of numbers of our people, so much doomed to oblivion, with hopes for a new start in life, with a cross over the past. We had over 300 former officers, from a colonel down to young ensigns, enlisted as privates,

which meant as many novels, each having a history more or less thrilling. No wonder that, under such circumstances, even the most hardened scoffer at sentimentality and tragic farewell demonstrations should, in thought, have been drawn by some magnetic power towards shore, should have clung to some dear remembrance, and have felt some cruel parting pang. Every one of God's creatures has, somewhere, a soft spot, and in such moments one does not play comedy, or affect a deceitful indifference; even the most brutal swashbuckler shows himself in his true colours, and does not resist the consolation of opening the safety-valve of his heart or mind for a kind thought of the past.

Such, at least, is my experience of men, and we had grand opportunities for studying human nature during the Mexican expedition, where every age, every class of society, every situation in life, every kind of good and evil, heroism and low intrigue, had its representatives. Indeed, I might fill some volumes with the relation alone of the stirring confidences made to me by unfortunate wretches, who were despairing of life and future, after vainly seeking for a friendly hand to lift them out of the mire; many were victims of circumstances, though most of them could not conceal that they were themselves the cause and authors of their misfortunes.

There were but few amongst our motley assemblage of ex-officers who could have proudly said, like General Bosco, "I have lived for nought but honour and duty." In such cases even failure becomes an additional

title to glory. He was, indeed, an exceptional man, a modern *Bayard*, with all the noble traditions of faith, loyalty and devotion unto death engraved in his stout heart; a friend and servant such as few kings deserve, and fewer still understand and appreciate. I shall always look with gratitude upon the time I had the good fortune of spending with him, and the hours we passed alone in my cabin, after all was rest and peace, remain amongst my dearest remembrances. What an example! what lessons in the simple, naked account of his life, of his military career and quixotic sacrifice!

However, I was not selfish enough to monopolise him all to myself, and during the passage from Trieste to Gib. he won all hearts; even the men used to flock round the famous General whenever he appeared upon the forecastle, for he had a cheery, kind word for all, and helped us much in keeping up the spirits of our suffering landrats, whom three days of boisterous weather in the Adriatic, where it blew a regular gale, causing the good old tub to roll tremendously, had rather unnerved. Indeed, the few officers who were not seasick had their hands full to cheer the poor fellows, for even the band had been obliged to strike, and there was no possibility of organising games, theatricals, or, in fact, amusements of any kind for the men, as long as the storm and rain kept them packed like herrings under deck; the company, in view of fine weather, having only provided hammocks and accommodation for 1000 men below, 500 sleeping in turns on the forecastle.

But Father Neptune had decided otherwise, and until

we had cleared Sicily they had all to crowd below, and I leave the reader to guess what that meant, with almost every man sea-sick, and the port-holes hermetically closed. It was awful, and on the second morning, notwithstanding the pouring rain, it became a necessity to clear them out for an hour, in order to let the hose play freely. It was a moment of great anxiety to the captain; to leave the men below was risking an epidemic, yet with the rolling of the ship, and in their exhausted state, it was no easy performance to settle 1500 landrats without exposing us all to a catastrophe, any imprudent move of this human wave threatening to top over the *Peruvian*, like the *Captain* of ill-fated memory. It was then that General Bosco's assistance became invaluable. Huddling down amongst the two or three hundred sufferers, he kept them quiet and motionless by some popular Neapolitan songs, and, following his example, we started half-a-dozen more *al fresco* concerts; and they were *al fresco*, for wind and rain seemed determined to make the task of the performers one of no mean difficulty. However, we succeeded in our object, which was to prevent the men from moving whilst the crew was busy washing the battery and lower regions, and, though well drenched, the poor fellows felt better for a breath of fresh air, and they were most unwilling to return below after the thorough toilet of our floating barracks had been concluded. We had to lead the way, and promise to give them a few more songs and a little music, so the piano of the state-room was shifted into the battery, and a talented young doctor opened the

concert with "Black-eyed Susan," which drew the audience slowly below. I had, besides, posted at every ladder and staircase a quartermaster, who payed out a gill of rum to the men on leaving deck, which proved even the better inducement of the two, and a number of wily old hands managed to deceive the sentries and to slip up again, in order to obtain another "go" at a different entrance, a most natural longing, though, by the Emperor's munificence, each man had daily, during the passage, and throughout the first three months in Mexico, half-a-pint of sound Hungarian wine—a true godsend on board, whilst it helped also to acclimatise the men during the first few trying months on Mexican soil. It kept them from drinking *pulque* and the native *aguardienta*, a treacherous fire-water as its name betokens, whilst, no doubt, the absence of dysentery must be attributed to this kind and thoughtful present of their majesties, the Empress having joined her august consort in defraying its large expense. The Belgian Corps, some 2500 men, who were also under the command of our chief, benefited, of course, to the same extent as the 8000 Austrians in this daily treat. Only those who have been in command of a large detachment of troops, with inadequate accommodation, will be able to realise what it means to squeeze 1500 men under deck of a tub of only 2500 tons. It was by reason of our keen wish to join our fighting comrades as quickly as possible, the Company pretending to have no other boat available, that the men we shipped over and above the contract number (900, I think, for the

Peruvian, plus forty officers and servants—about a thousand all told) were on board, instead of waiting for the return of the *Peruvian*.

I had made them to draw lots to settle which batch of 500 should remain, but officers and men were so eager to fight that they would not hear of waiting another three months and more, and they offered to keep on deck in turns, and pledged themselves to be satisfied with any accommodation, provided they should all be allowed to start.

After consultation with the captain, *Monsieur l'Intendant* and our P. M. O., we decided to accede to the request of the men. None of the three specialists anticipating danger to health, nor fearing for the safety of the steamer, it resolved itself simply into a question of undoubted discomfort and additional hardship for men unaccustomed to the sea, and doomed to enforced confinement without any bodily exercise.

We laid it all before them; in fact, painted the possible and probable miseries in the darkest colours, but the answer was invariably, "What do we care? We shall soon clear the pond, and we are not going to let the other fellows have all the fun. We have been enrolled to fight, and fight we will as soon as possible. What's a little sea-sickness? mere child's play!" Poor, dear fellows, they little knew! and after the first twenty-four hours even the most enraged fighting cock would have renounced gladly all future laurels in order to roost on *terra firma*, away from that horrid watery element. And what had they been able to fore-

see the additional hardships of an epidemic of measles and small-pox, which struck some 300 men down during the latter part of the voyage, shortly after leaving Martinique? But I must not anticipate events; we are only in sight of Gib., and with glorious weather between this, the last European stoppage, and Martinique, our next port, the men had a very good time of it, and seemed quite reconciled with their sea trip.

A plentiful supply of fresh meat and provisions, but, above all, the variety of splendid fruit, of which we distributed astonishing quantities, contributed to cheer the spirits, though there was at first a good deal of grumbling at not being allowed on shore, an order strictly enforced for fear of possible desertions, and the intimation of the British authorities that, though very pleased to welcome the officers within the fortress, they could not undertake the guard of 1500 men, whilst they must object to so many men rambling about the place without proper supervision. It was a great disappointment to the poor fellows, who had been looking forward to a good stretch on shore, after having been deprived so long of any exercise. However, the prospect of ten days on shore at Martinique, good living, and the privilege of appropriating the quarter-deck during our stay, had a pacifying effect, and some of us made it a point to remain with the men—independently of the officers on duty. The organisation of private theatricals, too, a concert with Spanish artists of the forensic class, enlivened by Castilian dances, by boleros and habañeras,

and all kinds of games—followed on one evening by some fireworks, for which we had obtained permission, whilst the band played twice a day for an hour—helped to wile away the dreary hours of confinement, and strengthened the relations between officers and men, the latter fully appreciating the kindness of those amongst us who sacrificed their own pleasure and the attractions of shore to their amusement. Nor did they ever forget it, as we had occasion to learn on more than one subsequent occasion, when we were at a loss to account for acts of heroic devotion to certain officers. For true kindness is never lost on a soldier, and the most ruffianly mercenary will be sure to repay you some day, often, too, with interest and touching self-sacrifice, as is strikingly illustrated in the following incident.

I mentioned the storms we encountered in the Adriatic. Well, on the second day I happened to be standing underneath the bridge—the only sheltered place on deck for smoking one's pipe—with a blinding rain on all sides. Suddenly I saw a man approaching the bulwark, and, after throwing some objects overboard—we learned afterwards that they were his Bible and a rosary—he followed his belongings with a header into the foaming sea. "Man overboard!" but the storm covered my voice, and I rushed up the bridge to call the attention of the officer on duty to the accident. Stop! half-speed astern and orders for the lowering of a boat were the affairs of a minute or two. "Volunteers to man the boat!"

shouted a young midshipman, cutting a life-boat from the davits. Ten came forward for every man wanted, and, selecting four of the most powerful tars, the midshipman was lowering the frail craft when one of our young doctors, quickly pocketing a flask of brandy for a restorative, let himself down one of the ropes, reaching the boat as a monumental wave was dashing over it. The men pulled with a will, and the gallant little nutshell fought bravely up and down the mountains of angry waters. As to the suicide, he was far astern, and only from time to time could we see something like a human form emerge on the top of a white-crested wave.

Oh ! the anxiety with which we watched both the boat and its goal. Disappearing altogether at moments, when we feared we had seen the last of these noble fellows, another gigantic wave would toss them up again like a cork. It was exciting in the extreme. But the boat was gaining ; nearer and nearer it came, whilst we were slowly following in its wake. There ! the doctor throws a life-belt. They are only some yards off now. But no, a cruel wave has tossed them past the object of their tremendous efforts. There they are throwing round her nose ; they are tacking ; the midshipman has passed the rudder to an old quarter-master, and, armed with boat-hooks, he and the doctor stand ready for action. Another second and the life-belt is hooked ; the man is clasping it desperately, but he has no strength left to grasp the hook ; there he slips—all is lost, just at the critical moment. But who is that

jumping overboard? Three cheers for the brave man—it's the doctor! but he, too, disappears. Are there to be two victims instead of one?—No, no; God is just and merciful. He who ordains fire and water will not desert that noble fellow, nor allow this heroic act of self-sacrifice to go for nought. God's help will not fail him! And there—hurrah!—there is the doctor, his precious burden before him. The men pull like mad to reach the two ere they sink again. The gallant young midddy is watching for the right moment. More life-belts are thrown. They help the doctor to keep above water; another pull and the boat-hook has done its duty, and, whilst two of the men stick to the oars, the others are busy dragging rescuer and rescued on board!

The Almighty be praised! There is a Providence for the noble and brave! and thundering hurrahs welcome the deed. The return is the affair of a few minutes, for the captain has steered straight for the life-boat, and, notwithstanding the dirty sea-waves riding house-high on the storm, the splendid seamanship of the captain of the *Peruvian* brought us near enough to throw a rope, and, five minutes later, the boat was on its davits and the gallant crew surrounded by their mates, for, a few officers excepted, no one was allowed on deck in this weather.

The long, cold bath, the fright and proximity of death, had wonderfully sobered the would-be suicide—one of our cooks, a confirmed drunkard, whom a fit of *delirium tremens* had driven to this mad freak. In fact, it did not require many restoratives to bring him

to, and a couple of hours later he had an opportunity of recapitulating his adventure in dire solitude, having been condemned to be kept in irons for the remainder of the journey—a well-deserved punishment for exposing six valuable lives—the lives of six heroes, indeed, in this perilous rescue.

And what about the six brave men who had risked their precious lives for this creature? The admiration of us landrats was unbounded for their heroism, which they took simply as a matter of course, not deserving “all this fuss,” as they called it. After the first cheering was over, and the men had taken a double allowance of rum to warm them, we turned our minds to a more substantial recognition of their gallantry, and in a short time we had collected a handsome sum for the four tars, and that day there was much cheering and tossing of glasses in the sailors’ quarters. As to the midgy and the hero of the day, our doctor, they were the guests of the evening, and we felt justly proud of our gallant representative, whose pluck the sailors admired all the more as he was only a landrat.

But I must leave the *Peruvian* and arrive at the point I wanted to prove—the noble way soldiers repay a good turn or kind deed. We had been about a year in Mexico. The young doctor, whose name I will not mention, for fear of wounding his modesty, should he, as I hope, be still alive and come across these pages, the hero of the drunken cook’s rescue, had been attached to one of the flying columns, always on the wing,

always marching and fighting, with rarely a few days' well-earned rest.

Recently engaged with the troops fighting Juan Francisco and his brave Guatemackes, and peace having been signed at Zacapoaxtla, there was an end of the war in this part, and the various detachments received new destinations. The doctor's column was ordered to Yucatan, and the last I saw of him was at the grand review held by our chief in honour of brave and noble Juan Francisco. Next morning they marched for their new destination, Yucatan, which was a perfect blank to all of us, no European troops having ever ventured into that hotbed of *vomito*.

It wasn't a pleasant billet, and neither officers nor men much relished the idea, but a soldier knows only his orders, and has to obey without comment. However, three additional doctors, plenty of quinine, and a generous supply of Hungarian wine, saved from the Emperor's present to the corps, seemed sufficient safeguards against an epidemic we knew nothing about, and the ravages of which we thought vastly exaggerated; in fact, more or less the invention of chicken-hearted warriors.

The first to disembark at Yucatan was a company of riflemen (Jäger), commanded by a Captain von Hedemann, late A.-D.-C. to Field-Marshal Lieutenant Prince Wasa, the last male representative of his ancient house, and, by rights, King of Sweden. The company was 130 strong, with five officers and three doctors, an unusual number, but the General wished as many of

our medical men as could be spared to study the dreadful scourge—the *vomito*—with the view of finding some way of checking its stupendous ravages. We had also a large number of mules on board to carry provisions and ammunition, whilst a mountain battery was to be shipped with the next consignment of troops, Hedemann's company being intended as a kind of advance-party to reconnoitre the country before the arrival of the main body.

In order to avoid exposing his men to the poisonous exhalations of the marshy coast, he hurried on the disembarkment as quickly as possible, marching at once half-a-dozen leagues into the interior, where he fancied himself safe, at anyrate for a night, and it was only after pitching tents that the forage party reported "no water."

No water? impossible! What was to become of horses and mules? for, having some twenty small barrels of Hungarian wine, that might do for the men until next morning. It was an awful predicament, and he had actually to send his four-legged charges, under the care of natives, back to the coast, with a letter to the commander of the transport requesting him to condense as much water as possible to supply the men in camp with the needful for at least three or four days—the time to find some wells or cisterns, even brackish rain-water being better than nothing.

But man proposes and a Higher disposes. Finding no particular attraction in the foul atmosphere of the harbour, the commander had left for more healthy

regions, hence no water for the men; and for the horses and mules, of course, only the rain-water stored in cisterns close to the landing-place.

Hedemann was in dire despair on the return of his messengers. What was to be done? It was a risky undertaking to venture on a march further inland, without the certainty of finding water and without any possibility of providing for the poor beasts of burden.

However, there was no choice; to remain was exposing his men to certain death from both *vomito* and thirst, and he therefore decided on striking camp before sunrise, hoping to come on water before dinner-time. He had paid out more than half of the wine for supper, and he proposed giving the remainder on starting, with orders not to touch it until the end of the march, or until water had been met with. He did not reckon on the temptation of men with parched lips, a dry throat and unquenchable thirst.

On mustering the company before starting, the doctors reported some twenty on the sick list, all complaining of dysentery, and that notwithstanding a plentiful allowance of wine and no fatiguing, long march. They shook their heads. What would it be without anything to drink—not even a drop of water—a forced march, and the fatigue of carrying provisions, should horses and mules strike work, as was only too probable? The outlook was desperate, and Hedemann despatched a circumstantial report to headquarters to warn against sending more troops without means to supply them with water.

At the first halt, after only an hour's march, the condition of the sick had become much worse, whilst close on thirty new cases called for medical attendance, the rest imploring for a little wine or water, for, with the exception of Hedemann and the three doctors, all—officers and men—had drained the last drop of the scanty allowance. And to dishearten the pluckiest, the reconnoitring parties reported the absence of all habitation, nor even the slightest trace of human intercourse, evidently to be accounted for by the persistent dearth of water; and, to add to the perplexed situation, our map of Yucatan placed the nearest township—whatever that might be—at quite three days' forced march—a death-warrant for all, unless water could be found. It required, indeed, all the persuasion, promises and threats of officers and doctors, and the men's personal attachment to their chief, to set the column once more into motion. A scorching heat, unbearable thirst and more cases of violent dysentery, men falling out every few yards, rendered progress almost impossible. To moisten their parched lips the men licked the soil wherever there was the slightest trace of an old pool, whilst others resorted to even more desperate means; the situation was awful and, under the circumstances, it would have been folly to continue the march. Now, at least, there was a little strength left to pitch tents, as protection against the tropical sun. Accordingly the captain gave orders to that effect, calling at the same time for volunteers—a search party—willing to explore the surrounding

country for water. The response was not encouraging ; a dead silence following the appeal of their chief, it seemed as if all energy had left these gallant fellows, who, only yesterday, were still so full of life and hope. They were utterly demoralised, wishing only to die in peace, and to be relieved from the cruel sufferings of thirst. It was a complete breakdown, showing the helplessness of man, in his struggle with nature, when fighting for the elements and conditions of life. A few gallons of water, and they would have been themselves again, willing and able to stand any fatigue !

Responsible for the well-being, health and life of his men, Hedemann determined—ill and weak as he felt, like everyone else—to start alone ; that is, with only his faithful servant, on this errand of charity, or, rather, a chase for life or death ; for, if he failed in discovering water, or human assistance, there remained nothing for all of them but an inglorious death. On the other hand, he dreaded the idea of leaving his people, even for a few hours, in the state of despair and suffering written on all faces. But what was he to do ? Someone had to go. On intimating his intention to the officers, our old acquaintance, the doctor, protested, venturing to say that the captain's presence in camp was absolutely necessary, as the men would listen to no one but the chief, and he therefore begged leave to go in his place, the two other doctors being able to attend to the sick.

“ I don't presume to be as successful as you would

be, but you may be sure of one thing, captain—I shall not return without water and help.”

A friendly shake of the hand told the gallant doctor that his chief understood him and his noble self-sacrifice. And whilst the doctor was saddling his mule, Hedemann said,—

“But take my servant with you ; you know he can be trusted, and I shall not let you go alone.”

At that instant, a pale and haggard-looking fellow approached, and, putting his hand to his cap, begged the captain's leave to accompany the doctor. They all looked. Who was this man who was so eager to immolate himself? He was now one of the ambulance men, and no one seemed to know his name.

“The thing is,” said the fellow, “I have an account to square with the ‘*Herr Doctor*’—an old debt—that's why I asked to come out as an ambulance soldier—and go with the doctor I must.”

The latter had suddenly recognised the man—it was the drunken cook, whose life he had saved in the Adriatic, and whom he had not seen since that eventful day. He turned a little red, but, noticing how eagerly the man was waiting for the captain's decision, he said,—

“I think, captain, that fellow will do. I now remember him”—and giving the poor fellow a kind look, he added,—“We are old acquaintances, and he will just answer my purpose—and,” with a twinkle in his eye, “he has got the metal, and a special knack of cheating death of his prey, so you had better let him come with me.”

"All right," replied the captain, "you must know best."

Ten minutes later the two were in the saddle, followed by the best wishes of all, though most of the men were too exhausted to join in the farewell hurrah in honour of the brave men, on whose successful return hung the life of all. But there was none who did not offer a silent prayer to implore the blessings of the Almighty on the departing.

Needless to say that the progress of the explorers was slow, for men and beasts were exhausted, and cruelly suffering from thirst; however, as soon as they were well out of sight the ex-cook stopped his mule, and, handing his flask to the doctor, said,—

"Take a draught, sir, it will give you strength."

The doctor looked, and before availing himself of this unexpected boon, he asked,—

"But how do you come to have this blessed liquid?"

The man stammered a little, pretending that not having felt the want he had saved his allowance. But the truth was that the noble fellow had endured all the pangs and sufferings of thirst to save his share for the man to whom he owed his life, and he had been waiting all day for an opportunity to offer it without being seen, for, if there was enough to save one life for another day or two, there would not have been enough for more.

"You are a good fellow!" exclaimed the doctor, moistening his lips with a few drops of the precious liquor, "but I only accept on condition that we share

it like brothers, and if you wish me to have a drink, take first one yourself," and he poured a small quantity in his field-glass, for fear that his benefactor might otherwise sham it.

There was no saying nay, and after having both indulged in this heavenly restorative, they measured out their treasure, rejoicing to find that there was enough for four days, allowing them each three mouthfuls—three thimbles' full—a day. It was life, and, grasping his companion's hand, the doctor said, with a tear in his eye,—

"We are quits, Martin, and you have the best of me; everyone can take a header and help a fellow-creature out of the water, but what you have done not one in a million would attempt."

At nightfall, on the second day, they were approaching some timbered hills, but the mules were refusing service; the poor animals were suffering cruelly, and too weak to move on any longer, so the doctor decided to leave them behind and continue on foot. But, not wishing to abandon their patient companions, they fastened them to a tent-peg, close to a heap of their belongings—saddles, bridles and other paraphernalia—whilst they started, each with a revolver in his girdle, and carrying a bundle of provisions, cartridges and medicine, swung on his sword, and shouldered like a musket. The hope of finding water, or, at least, some fruit, and possibly a human habitation, gave their exhausted frames fresh elasticity, and they managed to crawl on, supported by an extra thimble-

ful of the precious liquor. It was night ere they reached the first trees, and, oh, blessing! there were some wild lemon trees, weighed down by the fragrant fruit. No words can describe the delight of sucking the sour juice and chewing the peel, yet they dared not indulge too freely in this treat, their weakened stomachs being unable to take much of anything, and the lemons were too sour; still, they came as a God-send, and indicated that there must be water in the neighbourhood, as no such abundance of fruit, no such rich vegetation was possible without vivifying moisture, *i.e.*, rain. It was too late to proceed further; so, settling down to a well-earned night's rest, they were soon sound asleep, with happy visions of wells and rivers and help in their dreams.

On awaking next morning they were greeted by the welcome sound of human voices and the barking of dogs, and for the first time since many days a happy smile came over the haggard, worn-out face of the doctor. Kneeling down, they both offered a fervent prayer of thanks to "the Helper in need," to Him who, a second time, was giving them life. On rising, the doctor took his companion by both hands, and embracing him like a brother, he said,—“Next to God, it is to your noble abnegation and self-sacrifice that I owe my present existence, and the hope and joy of saving our poor comrades ere too late; I shall never forget what you have done for me, and I only hope that I may be able to prove to you my gratitude and my friendship; and now, don't let us lose a

minute, and see whence those voices come, for, before night we must be back in camp with water and assistance. A good pull at the remnant of the rum flask—"and good luck to you, sir!" and off they were, the joy and prospect of having reached the gaol of their mission giving almost the old elasticity to their worn-out limbs. But is there a better spur in life than hope? Half-an-hour's tramp through the dense forest brought them to the outskirts of a hamlet, five or six huts scattered about on the hillside, with smoke emerging from one—and lo! there, to the left, a rivulet, a silvery streak winding its way to the valley. That was a surprise, heaven be praised! and in long strides they hurried to the water side. Ah! the heavenly boon, to plunge their feverish heads deep into the cooling element—and that first drink! The doctor told me often that it was impossible to describe the sensation of this first draught. He said they both felt as if they could drink it all—however, they were reasonable enough not to overdo it, and after having satisfied the long-endured pangs of enforced abstinence, they turned towards the hut from whence smoke was issuing; already the barking of a few curs had brought the inhabitants to the fore. It was an old shepherd, surrounded by half-a-dozen women, and boys of fourteen or fifteen, and a litter of small children of all ages. The people looked peaceful and kind, though naturally puzzled by the foreign looks of their visitors. Airing his Spanish, the doctor endeavoured to explain the object of their errand,

but no one could understand him ; fortunately Martin had picked up a little of the native *patois*, a mixture of Spanish and Indian idioms, which, however, varied in every part of the country. Nevertheless, he managed to explain that they must have mules and carriers, sheepskins, jars, barrels—anything able to hold water—in order to provide for 130 men and 40 animals that were perishing from thirst, etc., etc. The old man shook his head ; he was alone, he had no one to help him, and possessed neither mules nor anything to carry water—let them come here and they can drink to their hearts' content !

Come here ? Poor fellows ! who perhaps were dead or dying by this time. No, no, carriers and vessels *must* be found, and at once. The view of some gold acted like a miracle. What would the Caballero pay for bringing the water down ; and with how much could he do ?

After a good deal of haggling and bargaining, it was finally agreed that the doctor should pay twenty onfas of gold—the Mexican onfa at sixteen dollars—for three hundred gallons of water delivered, before sunset, in camp, and ten onfas for the same quantity every following day as long as the captain might require it.

The doctor handed the old fellow five onfas on account, and it was amusing to notice how soon empty pulque skins and gigantic earthenware vessels, similar to the large Egyptian gargoulettes, put in an appearance, whilst the boys hurried off to fetch their fathers and

mules, the women went for more skins and some aguardienta to a neighbouring hamlet, the doctor offering to buy all the spirits they could bring.

Pending their return, the doctor and Martin superintended the cleaning and filling of skins and jars, and a couple of hours later there were a dozen and more bronzed carriers in *wraps* and *sombrera*, with seven mules ready to start. It was a happy moment for the doctor and faithful Martin, and they could hardly await the joyful greetings their precious caravans would meet with in camp.

Each carrier was panting under the load of one well-filled pulque skin—two of which contained aguardienta—whilst the jars were swinging on a pole borne by two boys, the usual Mexican way; besides, each mule was carrying two sheepskins, almost touching the ground, and the doctor was satisfied that the Alcalde, or village elder, had given good measure. Indeed, there must have been, instead of the three hundred gallons bargained for, nearly four, but the hardships endured by our poor men had so much affected the good people of Yucatan that they would have taken them ever so much more without charge.

Of course a short halt was made to pick up the doctor's and Martin's mules—strangely enough, still alive, though in a pitiful state; but some water and a good feed, followed by a second allowance of water, gave them sufficient strength to crawl on, with only the saddles to carry. And here the doctor noticed a remarkable instance of the fine scent and sagacity of

the animals, for, unable to raise themselves, he said,—“We heard them neighing a long distance off, and, when we came nearer, sniff the air, perfectly conscious of the relief that was coming; indeed, giving evident signs of joy, and trembling all over on being allowed the first draught of water, with a grateful look at Martin, who was baiting them.” Leaving all the mules to follow as quickly as they could, the doctor and Martin hurried on with the file of carriers, who, being Indians, were, like Montezuma’s famous messengers and flying postmen, the swiftest runners one could imagine, and, notwithstanding the heavy load they were carrying, the doctor and Martin could hardly keep pace with them. A few short rests, the time to eat a tortilla and a few bananas, and they were ready to plod away again, so that the camp was sighted long before the last rays of the sun were setting.

Full of expectation and joy, and most anxious to know how they would find the poor sufferers, the doctor and Martin rushed on as fast as their shaking legs would carry them, followed by the carriers in a swinging trot, something like the movements of a dais. But what did they find? Not a soul to be seen! There was a dead silence all over the camp, only here and there the moaning of some poor dying mortals, numbers of dead bodies at almost every tent, and a stench enough to forbid approach. Entering the tent of the captain, we found the chief still alive, but too weak to speak or to move; near him his faithful servant, and, in a corner, in a state of advanced

decomposition, the body of his youngest colleague. A few drops of aguardienta mixed with water seemed to act like a life-giving elixir, and a good friction of the body with aguardienta revived Hedemann sufficiently to make him open his eyes and pronounce the dreaded word "*Vomito*." The doctor shuddered at the news. He knew what it meant, and how only instant removal could save the survivors.

Meanwhile, Martin returned from the officers' tent reporting the death of the other doctor and of four of the five lieutenants, and, having provisionally tended and refreshed the only survivor, he came to fetch the doctor, numbers of men appearing to be in the last stage of exhaustion, requiring immediate medical attendance. On issuing from the captain's tent, the doctor found the brave carriers busy giving small quantities of spirit, mixed with water, to those who gave signs of life.

The doctor and Martin were ubiquitous, and all that could be done was done quickly and well; but oh! the misery, the suffering and the terrible state of the survivors. After attending to all who needed his aid, the doctor left Martin and two carriers to see that the men did not drink too much at first, and he ordered the little store of fruits and tortillas, which were coming up with the mules, to be distributed to the men, whilst he and all available carriers and drivers set to work to clear first the tents and then the camp of all dead bodies. These he had removed to a place at some distance,

under the wind and he proposed to leave the burial to the next day, and, if possible, to remove the survivors that very night some distance higher up, and to pitch tent on the following day as high up the hills as possible, immediate change of air being the only way of saving the living from the fate of their comrades. Whilst they were removing the dead, others succumbed to the *vomito*, a fiend that seldom releases a victim from its clutches, as there is rarely sufficient time to apply the only remedy. This is, to make the sufferer perspire, by putting him up to the knees in the hottest water he can bear, well covered with blankets, only the head being free, and then to give the patient some spoonfuls of oil, lemon juice and red pepper or chile—a remedy, simple as it is, not always at hand, and unless applied during the first twenty minutes after the outbreak no longer able to prevent a fatal issue—in fact, few outlive the first attack more than an hour, and death usually takes place ere help can be called for.

On the completion of their ghastly task (there were forty-seven bodies in all), the doctor found Hedemann sitting on his camp-bed, and near him his only surviving officer, a handsome Hungarian youth of twenty or twenty-one, the two trying to relate to Martin the events since they had left camp—"The whole of the first day the men had bravely borne their intense sufferings, kept up by the hope of relief, but during the night one or two died in delirium. The whole of the next day officers and men fell off, one after the

other, in a kind of swoon, or death-like lethargy, the camp resembling a city of the dead. Even the groans of the previous days died out for want of strength and breath. The third day the P. M. O. crept on all fours into the captain's tent, whispering in an inaudible voice that fearful word, *vomito*, and expired almost instantly in terrible convulsions too dreadful to witness. Whether the stench of the dead mules, or merely the pestilential air of the coast brought the deadly epidemic into camp, none could tell, but in the course of twenty hours there were forty-three victims, including the two doctors and four officers—four more having died since the return of the relief expedition—my faithful servant, concluding his sad tale, keeping me informed of the state of the men, as I was already unable to move. But the poor fellow was not to find his reward for all his warm-hearted devotion. A few hours before your arrival he crouched near my bed, where you found him, to touch my hand for an eternal farewell. The *vomito* had also selected this noble fellow for a victim, and he died like a hero, in order not to grieve me by the sight of his sufferings. May the earth be light on him, for I mourn him like a brother."

Martin, who had left on the doctor's return to see whether dinner was ready, returned at that moment with a bowl of capital chicken broth with chile. Some of the most kind and obliging carriers having likewise prepared for the survivors and their own party an excellent soup and stew of goat's flesh and mutton, with chile, a real treat for the poor, half-perished

fellows. He thought, and so did the doctor, that a good plateful, followed by a small allowance of *aguardienta* mixed with four parts, at least, of water, would revive the men sufficiently to move that night for a couple of *legua*'s higher up. The captain and this young ensign were the first to rally, and the doctor saw, with pleasure, that, after the first few spoonfuls, a little colour returned to their emaciated cheeks. After this hearty meal, a second glass of the fiery mixture was allowed—*aguardienta*, pure, would burn out one's inside, if not accustomed to it from childhood. As European insides are not lined with armour-plate, urgent orders had been issued by the doctor not to give a single drop of unmixed spirits without his special permission. Rising from his bed, and lighting a "*puro*," the first for many days, Hedemann then took the doctor's arm and made a round of the tents, where all were still busily engaged in discussing the capital stew, due to the culinary art of the native vattels.

"Well, my boys," said the captain, motioning them to remain seated and continue their steaming meal, "this is a sad meeting, with over a third of you missing from their places. My heart aches at the thought, but as I don't intend to leave you all on this deadly shore, I want you to strike tents and come on a few leagues, and to-morrow up the hills, where you will be safe and can rest until fit for duty. What do you say? Shall you be able to manage a little march? The carriers shall bring the tents and your sacks, so you'll have only

your rifles and your own selves to drag on. What's the answer, my boys?"

"We'll go, sir!" was the simultaneous reply, sounding almost as given by one man.

"If you can do it, sir, so can we," remarked a sergeant. "And we know," said another, "that whatever you do, sir, is for the best. Give the order, and in twenty minutes the camp is struck. We are still somewhat squeamish and weakish, so we want a little more time to pack up."

"And what about our dead, sir?" remarked modestly a young corporal.

"That's right, my man, not to forget our gallant dead. They are at present close by here, and I'll have huge fires burnt around them all night, to keep off the *coyotes*, and to-morrow, ere we move up to the hills, we shall give them a befitting Christian burial; that I promise you. And now, bugler, sound the signal for striking tents; and take your time, my men. We can't do impossible feats just now, and I do not want you to overdo it. Moreover, these good and obliging natives shall help you in loading the mules, and there will be an extra glass before starting!"

It would be tedious to follow the further doings of Hedemann's expedition. Suffice it to say that they camped that night three leagues higher up, that there was a solemn burial of the dead next morning, and that before nightfall tents were pitched up-hill, near the little hamlet, to whose obliging and kind inhabitants the survivors of this tragical affair owed so

much. And now my object has been attained, I think, in having shown the noble way in which even the most worthless soldiers repay a good deed and true kindness. Martin, who from a confirmed drunkard had become the model soldier of the corps, received the sergeant's stripes at the first parade of the company, whilst the captain obtained likewise for him the golden medal, *del virtute militar*, which he had honestly and gallantly earned; indeed, his name was invariably mentioned when one wished to hold up to the young soldiers an example of noble self-sacrifice, and of heroic devotion.

As to the gallant doctor, he was an universal favourite with all, from the General down; and whilst we were all proud of his friendship, he never failed to say that not he, but Martin, deserved our praises, and he was delighted when the General appointed Martin, on the anniversary of the relief expedition, a lieutenant in the native brigade, which he had organised with Austrian officers and non-commissioned officers. By far the best man of us all, and superior in heart and true nobility, his commission made him now socially our equal, and there was none who did not feel honoured to shake the hand of gallant Martin!

To return once more to General Bosco after this long *intermezzo*. I must mention that I had a letter from him some three months after our landing at Vera Cruz, informing me that all his efforts had been vain, that he could obtain nothing, not the most modest post, and that he was on the eve of leaving Madrid

for Paris, where he should try to find some literary occupation, perhaps as war correspondent, there being rumours of a conflict in the Danish Duchies. At the same time he asked me to see whether there would be any chance for him in Mexico, adding that he would willingly accept the command of a regiment and start once more as a colonel. Must I say that I left no stone unturned, my chief doing his best to find an opening, but there were so many Austrian claims, independently of the rule laid down by the Emperor to employ only Austrian officers, that I had to write that no hope could be held out to him, and that we had not even a coloneley to offer him. He wrote back to thank me—such a sad letter! and I felt deeply for this gallant victim of devotion to king and country, and for all his proud nature had to endure by humiliating scenes enacted in ministerial ante-rooms and by the snobbish air of protection these *omnipotent* dispensers of places ventured to take with even a man like Bosco, whose name and fame had filled every paper. Little did I think how soon I should find myself in an analogous position, with this difference. that the victim was a young captain, and not a cosmopolitan hero.

And when I found myself, three years later, in Paris, a ruined, homeless exile, I often went to see General Bosco in his modest room on the 5th "*etage*" in the Rue des Mathurins, and I never regained my own *mansarde*, after spending an hour with the General, without new energy and pluck, and the strength to

battle with the miseries, humiliations and hardships of fate. I, too, had to learn, after the death of my kind and good king and master, what the world calls "the ingratitude of the great"—indeed worse! *Passons l'éponge.*

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.*

It is certainly not to Monseigneur Dupanloup, the late Bishop of Orléans, that Boileau's words could be applied—" *Un homme qui passe du blanc au noir et condamne au matin les sentiments du soir,*"—for to whatever party or country one belongs, it would be impossible not to render justice to the high qualities, the brilliant talent and the upright consistency of the deceased prelate, in religious as well as in political matters. One of the most illustrious and most eminent representatives of the French Episcopate, he was a true champion of progress, and as such he is entitled to the respectful admiration of all who have at heart the real welfare of the masses. Conservatives or Liberals, Monarchists or Republicans, can in this instance unite to pay a tribute to one who, placing the education of the nation above party considerations, never swerved an inch from his duty, nor from the humanitarian principles which he represented.

Much, of course, as we may differ in England, and

* Part of this sketch appeared] in *Temple Bar*, March 1879, the author having merely enlarged and adapted his paper to the present time and circumstances.

in all Protestant countries, from Monseigneur Dupanloup's militant attitude, and his vehement defence of the temporal power of the Pope, no one will contest the duty devolving upon a Catholic, more especially on a priest and a prince of the Church, to uphold the Catholic faith in a Catholic country, and there can be but one voice as to the consistency of the Bishop of Orléans throughout his defence of the national church of France.

Like Monsieur Thiers, a self-made man, he was, however, in most respects, the very antipodes of the "*homme éminent*;" and if the panegyrist of Napoleon I., the Prime Minister of Louis Philippe, the first President of the Third Republic, had adopted the motto of the Cardinal de Retz, *Qu'il faut souvent changer pour être de son parti*, the Bishop of Orléans remained true to his principles and colours unto death. Only one point was common between them—"love and devotion to their country;" and as both were interpreting in their own way the wants of the people and the means of insuring national felicity, their patriotism was as different as their views.

Free from all ambition, a complete abnegation of self purified the Bishop's intentions, whilst all acts of the great historian and statesman, and the brilliancy of his services, are somewhat marred by a strong sprinkling of self-love and egotism. But as in our days success determines the value of men and things, there is little doubt which of the two will carry the palm in this world; and when even a man like M. Veuillot had

nothing to say of the Bishop but "*Il ne fut, dans la vie, qu'un de ces passants remarquables, qui n'arrivent pas,*" one cannot hope for much sound judgment from the masses, so easily dazzled by the brilliancy of great achievements, and, as a rule, unmindful of unostentatious services.

Catechist to the *Enfante de France*, and also to the young Princes of Orléans, the Abbé Dupanloup was, in his early days, confessor to the Comte de Chambord, to Henri Dieudonné, the legitimate heir of the throne of France. He was likewise almoner to the Duchess of Angoulême, the saintly daughter of Louis XVI.; later on instructor of the future Empress of Brazil, and for some time spiritual director of Louis Philippe's consort. But the atmosphere of courts did not corrupt the simplicity of his aspirations and mode of living. Far from all sentiments of vanity, his greatest pride was to be the loving teacher of the poor.

"*Tu es apostolus juventutis,*" said Gregory XVI. to him—an appropriate epitaph now that he is no more. His love for the young, and his interest in scholastic work and the education of the people, was developed when he was still at St Sulpice, and for some years during his holidays the guest of the Prince de Léon, Duc de Rohan, at La Roche-Guyon. The piety of the Duke, better known as the Abbé de Rohan (the future Cardinal-Archbishop of Besançon), had a great influence on young Dupanloup, and it may be interesting to recollect that the Duke, then Prince de Léon, took holy orders after the terrible fate of his young and

charming wife, who was burnt to death in his presence, whereupon he devoted his life and wealth to charity and the instruction of the young.

It was during one of these visits that the young Abbé had the privilege of assisting at the first reading of an inedited tragedy of Lamartine. Carried away by the vivid imagination of youth and the boldness of genius, the poet had attempted to revolutionise the old romantic school.

But, frightened by the vehemence of these new ideas, in the interest of his own rising reputation, his host begged of him the next morning to destroy the MS. Lamartine, who had put all the passion of his fiery soul into these pages, gave way very reluctantly, yet out of deference to the Duke he threw it into the fire.

Dupanloup, the young student of St Sulpice, electrified by the audacity and the elevation of certain passages, had secretly crept back into the library, as soon as all were asleep, and copied from memory the whole during the night, thus saving, unknown to the poet even, a work which, a French contemporary tells us, it had been the intention of the Bishop to publish, with the consent of the Lamartine family.

Starting life under the auspices of such a man as the Duc de Rohan, it is not surprising that neither the admiration of Queen Amélie for his eminent qualities, nor, in later years, the advances of the Emperor and Empress should have induced him to court favour with the powers of the day.

His vocation was that of a teacher of the young and

the poor, and it required the formal orders of his superiors to get him to accept any of the numerous honours which the future had in store for him. Not his wish, but circumstances, forced him to the front, and not he, but France, has to be grateful for his elevation.

Striving for peace and liberty he became, under the Second Republic, the champion of freedom of education; as the pacifying medium between Thiers and Montalembert, it was more his influence than the initiative of M. de Falloux which carried the measure in the Chamber.

Professor of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne, he united in a high degree the sweetness of Fénelon to the vigour of Bossuet, as all will remember who have had the privilege of hearing him in public or of approaching him at home.

In 1854, elected one of the Forty immortals, he often charmed his sceptical colleagues by the magic of his thought and elegance of speech and oratory; so much so that Cousin asked him one day, after a discussion on the temporal power of the Pope, to beg His Holiness to accept him, the philosopher, as a warm defender of his cause. And the high esteem in which Monseigneur Dupanloup was deservedly held by all shades represented in the Palais Mazarin has best been evidenced by the almost unanimous refusal to accept his resignation, on his wishing to vacate his *fauteuil* after the election of Littré, the declared atheist.

His relations with men like Lacordaire, Ravignan, Berryer, Falloux, Montalembert, and his Gallican and liberal — in a religious sense, liberal — proclivities, estranged from him the sympathies of Pius IX. to a certain degree, although the venerable Pontiff often declared “that Monseigneur Dupanloup’s pen had been more useful to him in the defence of the temporal power than a powerful army.”

But the chief grievance of the Vatican and the *Papalini* was the Bishop’s opposition to the dogma of Infallibility, which he considered, at least, inopportune; and for no other reason than his openly pronounced opinions on that subject was he denied the Roman purple, when so many less distinguished prelates received the hat at the hands of His Holiness.

The loss, however, was not on the side of the Bishop of Orléans, nor had he to reproach himself with a share in the gratuitous weakening of the spiritual power due to the over-zeal of those surrounding and influencing the Pope—of those who, as a French paper said of Veuillot, “*se servent de l’église, au lieu de la servir comme Monseigneur Dupanloup.*”

Surely the greatest enemy of religion is he who wishes to impose it—the greatest enemy of his country he who makes a revolution necessary,* and it has yet to be seen whether the proclamation of Infallibility has not had an effect contrary to the one intended, a con-

* A truism some of the greatest rulers and statesmen of our day would have done well to meditate upon.

sequence against which the Bishop vainly raised his powerful voice.

His controversy with Cardinal Manning, then Archbishop of Westminster, will be present to all minds. The Bishop of Orléans did not leave unchallenged the reproach "that Gallicanism was even more dangerous than Anglicanism," but made it rather uncomfortable for his opponent.

Yet, notwithstanding this difference with the Holy See, Monseigneur Dupanloup professed at all times a profound devotion to the chief of the Church, to whom he considered obedience as much a duty as to the laws of the land, and for whom his personal attachment increased in proportion to the misfortunes showered on the venerable occupant of the Vatican. Chateaubriand wrote once to a friend: "*Maintenant que les Rois tombent, je leur reste fidèle par honneur plutôt que par goût*"; and much the same feelings and considerations may be found in the relations of the Bishop with Rome.

The author, when quite a young man, having met Monsiegnur Dupanloup at dinner, at Monsieur de Montalivet's, was so struck by the kindness and irresistible charm of manner of the illustrious prelate towards a mere boy, a Protestant into the bargain, that he craved permission to call on the Bishop, which was readily granted. Head of the church militant, the lofty mind and Christian charity of the first confessor of the youthful *Duc de Bordeaux* was above all petty intolerance, and he never stooped to avail himself of his position

and social power to make proselytes; his maxim was freedom of faith and creed, of religious belief, as well as political opinions, and he attached no value to mere external conversions, and interested or enforced professions of religious or political allegiance.

The Bishop taking a fancy to the young foreigner, I had the good fortune to be invited to Orléans, and I never enjoyed any visit more than the few days spent under Monseigneur Dupanloup's roof. Nothing could be more unostentatious than the Bishop's hospitality, though, of course, everything was in harmony with the status of a prince of the Church, certainly not for vanity's sake, but merely out of deference to the dignity of his high office. He took me himself to my room, stocked, to my intense gratification, with the very books I was and am still so fond of reading—I mean memoirs of great men, and historical works. He noticed my delight, and kindly remarked,—“You will have to read them all ere I let you go—and there are plenty more, *si le cœur vous en dit*. There is nothing like study, and at your age, *il faut butiner pour la vieillesse*, it is the time for laying in a stock of knowledge, and you don't know the pleasure it gives in after years.”

It was this first visit to the Bishop of Orléans that kindled my predilection for writing, and on my return home I indulged in my first political pamphlet, on the complex question of the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies, and in favour of the much-contested rights of Duke Frederick. It was a very feeble attempt to emulate the example of my host, as modest defender of a lost

cause; yet it gave me the opportunity for pondering over the immutability of eternal justice and right, notwithstanding its unequal struggle with the powers of wrong.

During the war of 1870, the Bishop of Orléans remained at his See, devoting all his energies to the care of the wounded, and endeavouring to soothe the terrible sufferings of his flock by fearlessly interposing himself between the conquerors and their victims. Not only did he appeal to the invaders' feelings of humanity, but he addressed himself even directly to the King when he thought that the Prussian Generals were overstepping the laws of civilised nations, and he boldly declared that he would not allow the peasants to be stripped of everything, "for how can they work if you take their last grain and their only beast?" So ended one of his letters to General von der Tann. Nevertheless, the Republican historiographers of that period have not failed to misrepresent the Bishop's unselfish devotion.

I well remember the crushing letter of June 3rd 1878, to Gambetta's paper the *République Française*, in which Monseigneur Dupanloup refuted the base calumnies showered against him as having jauntily feasted Prussian officers at his Episcopal table, whilst the truth was "that they kept him a prisoner in his own room." He reminded Gambetta that the Republican Mayor and the Republican Municipal Council of Orléans had voted him (the Bishop) an address of thanks for the services he had been able to render; and he concluded his letter by saying,—“That is my answer to the inventions of which you have made

yourself the echo. But whilst French blood was flowing and our children were sleeping in the snow (to use your own phrases), there was somebody who was more merry than I was, I can assure you. I mean that person who (as shown in the second volume of Parliamentary Inquiry), at the time of our most cruel disasters, sent to Bordeaux the following dispatch :—

“From Bourges, December 16th, 10·17 P.M.—Exquisite cigars. Keep yourselves merry and comfortable. Health and fraternity to you, the prefect and all the world. (Signed) ‘LÉON GAMBETTA.’”

Neither Gambetta's message, nor the Bishop's letter require comment. Posterity will judge by the unostentatious patriotism of the one, and the noisy clap-trap of the other, as to who best loved his country.

“What you have loved, General, I love it with you. Our country, happy or unhappy, powerful or beaten, in glory or in misfortune. Humiliations, ingratitude, disgrace, nothing will ever alter our love for France.”

Those were the last words of Monseigneur Dupanloup at the open grave of General Lamoricière, and we can recommend them to certain continental monarchs, who call it treason when faithful populations cling to the memory of their legitimate princes, to certain kings “by the Grace of God,” who openly teach the masses to desert their lawful masters, to turn their backs on misfortune, to repudiate solemnly-pledged allegiance, and

to change ruler, fidelity, and nationality as one does linen. Have these princes never thought that misfortune may befall them some day? Have they never realised that an oath of allegiance has only value in rough weather, stormy times, only in the days of trouble and disaster? As long as all goes smooth, royalty will never lack followers; for titles, honours, places, decorations, and the like, will always buy "a faithful, cringing tail"; it is when they have nothing more to give that fallen and deposed monarchs require the support of faithful subjects. Indeed, the oath of fidelity to a king sitting in full power on his throne would be a senseless farce, if not to be kept in adversity or the day of trial.

It would lead too far were I to speak of the numerous books, publications and pamphlets due to the fertile pen of the Bishop of Orléans, amongst which his letters to M. de la Guéronnière made so much sensation at the time. It will be sufficient to say that there was no religious, social, or political question of any importance which did not find Monseigneur Dupanloup in the arena, ever ready to break a lance for the principles to which he had consecrated his energies and life.

The panegyrist of Jeanne d'Arc, he denounced with equal talent the ill-chosen and undeserved ovation organised for party purposes in favour of Voltaire, the present idol of French Radicals—of Voltaire, who had not blushed to style "delightful" the epigram of Frederick of Prussia on the French:—

*“Ce peuple sot et volage
Aussi brave dans le pillage
Que lâche dans les combats.”*

Monseigneur Dupanloup's volume "*Athéisme et le Péril social*," is full of earnest warnings; seeing all religious and moral principles shaken by the new doctrines of the enemies of religion, he foretold years ago that we were approaching a social cataclysm. One might do well to remember his memorable words: "*Qu'on se révolte tant qu'on voudra, qu'on en tasse sophisme sur sophisme, on ne chassera pas la providence du monde, ni la justice de Dieu de l'histoire.*"

But he said also "truth and charity are sisters," and we see him at all times trying to excuse even the wildest excesses of imagination if there was a germ of repentance.

His conversion of Talleyrand, the apostate Bishop of Autun, is perhaps one of the most gratifying instances of his spiritual influence, and although the *National* and other papers amused themselves and the public by ridiculing his idea in writing,—

*“Il a, dit-on, trompé du même coup,
Si ce n'est vrai, c'est du moins vraisemblable,
Le bon Dieu, le monde et le diable,
Et de Quélen et Dupanloup—”*

we have the testimony of Monseigneur de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, to the contrary, and we have the word of Monseigneur Dupanloup "that he had never seen a more complete repentance."

But if Monseigneur Dupanloup had thus the satisfaction of winning not only the hearts of the young, but even that of so old an offender as M. de Talleyrand, it was because he was himself living *par le cœur*, that eternal spring of all great thoughts and deeds as Vauvenargues has called it.

The first and most gallant soldier of the Church militant and the French Episcopate, he could not fail to draw recruits to his colours; and his ecclesiastical ministry, so full of action and sacrifice, will leave as luminous a track as his political career. Elected first a deputy and then a life senator, he staunchly opposed the educational reforms of M. Jules Simon, and much contributed to the fall of that minister.

Monseigneur Dupanloup might, a century earlier, have been Prime Minister of France. At any rate he would have been so with a good deal more chance of success than M. de Broglie; for, clear-sighted and advanced in his notions, he was far from coupling a conservative policy with retrograde reaction. And the proof for this assertion is amply found in the chronic enmity of Louis Veillot, who could not forgive the Bishop for marching with our age, and seeking, in the education of the masses, that hold and that influence which Veillot fancied one able to monopolise by obscurantism, and by perpetuating ignorance. But Monseigneur Dupanloup stood above the petty denunciations of the editor of the *Univers*, that vice-Pope as styled by some, that hypocritical scribbler, of whom Monseigneur Sibour, one of the three martyr-arch-

bishops of Paris, said in a celebrated pastoral "he was as ignorant of Christian controversy as of simple honesty."

The Bishop of Orléans was essentially the priest of the nineteenth century; one of the greatest figures of our time, and nothing can tarnish the brilliancy of his pure and noble existence.

In the days of the Bourbons, he would have been at the head of the Government; in ours he was at the head of education and true liberty, endeavouring to bring light into darkness, and to cement peace where peace was heretofore unknown—an apostle of philanthropy and charity! May the example of this Fénélon of the nineteenth century find a posthumous echo in the heart of France, and draw her sons towards a faith, dimmed and destroyed by the excesses of revolution, but which still lives, and only asks to rest on a sound basis, that it may renew the moral vigour of the French nation!

THE EMPRESS CARLOTA'S RIDE TO CALVARY.

THE sad state of the unhappy royal *Châtelaine* of gloomy Bonhout Castle brings back to my memory the never-to-be-forgotten image of the highly-gifted and fascinating princess as first I saw her at Miramare, the enchanting, lovely home of the Archducal pair, and years after, for the last time, when I had the honour of accompanying the Empress from Puebla to Vera Cruz on Her Majesty's desperate errand to St Cloud, in order to plead in person for the retention of the French army for another six months. Radiant with hope and beauty, full of life and energy, the Empress did not doubt for a moment the success of her self-imposed mission. She little guessed that all her efforts for saving Imperial Mexico, her consort's crown and future, would be vain, and that she was starting on the final ride to ruin—poor, hapless princess !

Born to be adorned by an imperial diadem, and to adorn herself a throne, King Leopold I.'s only daughter imagined that she had realised the ambitious dreams of her proud nature, when placing on her husband's and on her own queenly brow the thorny crown of Montezuma. With manly fortitude and untiring

energy she faced the almost insuperable difficulties of the task before them, and at her august consort's side undertook the re-organising of Mexico, the regenerating of Mexicans, and to conjure up order out of chaos.

Beauty and womanly grace vied with majestic bearing and indomitable courage to make the Empress Carlota one of the most remarkable women of her day. Blessed with a refined intellect and every accomplishment of heart and mind, full of life and health, beaming with happiness and joy, she was confident of success, and looked to the future with the fatalistic faith of a Napoleon III., nay, endowed with what the French call "*le feu sacré*," the Empress had in her the qualities of a truly great ruler. Yet, at the same time, all the charm and charms of the womanly head of a happy home—a talented musician, a brilliant conversationalist, a more than ordinarily-gifted linguist, highly intellectual and widely read—Her Majesty was as fascinating in speech and manners as in her appearance. Indeed, her irresistible charm impressed even the most violent antagonists of imperial Mexico, and frequently reconciled republican opponents of Napoleon III.'s attempt to imperialise the realm of Juarez. A dazzling star amongst the brightest, Her Majesty captivated high and low, winning all hearts by the sweetness and tenderness of a true woman, which vainly concealed itself under the imposing and queenly bearing with which she faced alike all difficulties, dangers, even death.

The worthy consort of her noble husband, she was

the cheerful, ever-smiling guardian angel of his heart, the guiding spirit of his council chamber, and the courageous partner of his imperial venture, the most sad and tragical Odyssey of modern times.

Perfectly aware that the recall of the French forces, ere a national army could be raised and relied upon, meant simply the downfall of the Empire, and the failure of the Emperor's task, of their mutual efforts and hopes, the Empress had decided on a personal attempt to obtain the few months of respite required for the organisation of the Mexican Army.

Indeed, the Austrian and Belgian Corps, under General Count Thun-Hohenstein, numbering close on 10,000 men, and the Count's native brigade of some 20,000 Indians and Mexicans, with Austrian commanders and non-commissioned officers, promised to form a reliable nucleus for the army of the future, and the Emperor might have fully relied on these 30,000 men, under their able and devoted chief, to defend the throne against all comers, and to maintain order in the greater part of the Empire, at any rate to keep communications open between the capital and Vera Cruz.

But Marshal Bazaine willed it otherwise, and, bent on the downfall of the Empire, he determined to deprive the Emperor of his only mainstay, by disorganising the troops under Count Thun's command. Indeed, he coolly informed the General one day that from the first of the next month there would be neither pay nor subsistence for his men, so that he

would do well to dissolve the Austrian, Belgian and native corps, and he offered to carry the two former back to Europe, provided they began embarking within a week.

To decree such a measure at the very moment the French "*Corps expéditionnaire*" was preparing to return showed clearly the Marshal's hostile propensities, and though he endeavoured to make the Emperor believe that these troops, once dissolved, his imperial master would, of course, allow the French Army to remain, as he could not leave imperial Mexico without soldiers and at the mercy of Juarez, the Marshal did not succeed in deceiving the Empress, and already, having contemplated going to France, this last "*coup de jarnac*" settled Her Majesty's determination to cross the ocean and to make personally a supreme effort. She firmly believed she would be able to baffle the Marshal's intentions, and that she would only have to point out his double-faced game to convince Napoleon III. of the moral obligation for a respite of a few months, the time necessary to organise a native army, and to re-constitute the three corps of Count Thun.

Prompted by the imminent danger, and stimulated by her faith in success, Her Majesty determined to start at once; but in order not to be prevented by Bazaine, a journey to Yucatan was to be the ostensible pretext for leaving the capital and visiting Vera Cruz. Accordingly Count Thun, as Governor-General of Puebla, received instructions to make all necessary

preparations for Her Majesty's reception at Campeche and along her road of progress, and to ensure the safety of the Empress by despatching additional Austro-Mexican troops to Yucatan, whilst a Government steamer was to be fitted and in readiness at Vera Cruz to take the imperial party to Campeche. The Emperor, usually so adverse to display and fuss,* had in this instance expressed his wish that the greatest possible publicity should be given to the programme of Her Majesty's journey and stay in Yucatan, and that the authorities should be instructed to celebrate the arrival by banquets, public rejoicings, fireworks and illuminations, without which no festivity would be complete in Mexico. Hints, moreover, were given to invite the hacenderos and all private individuals to contribute to the brilliancy of the reception by decorating houses and streets to the best of their ability.

But, kind and considerate, His Majesty instructed Count Thun at the same time secretly to take note of all expenses incurred by officials, corporations and private individuals, in order to refund them hereafter out of His Majesty's Civil List, as the Emperor did

* A curious fact to note, for no one loved show and pageants better than His Imperial Highness in the days the Archduke was residing at Milan and Monza as Viceroy of Lombardy, and the organisation of the Imperial Court, stables and body-guard, and the gorgeousness of uniforms and liveries pointed still to a taste for splendour and magnificence. Yet, once on the throne, the Emperor seemed no longer to care, and His Majesty sinned rather in the opposite direction, forgetting that nothing impresses half-civilised nations more than the glitter and sumptuousness of a dazzling Court.

not wish that, in addition to the disappointment of not seeing the Empress, people should be out of pocket for acting unwittingly a part in this political comedy which,—alas! was to turn into such a disastrous tragedy.

At the same time Count Thun received from Count Bombelles * a telegram in the Emperor's private cypher, informing him of Her Majesty's determination to start by the next mail for France, and requesting him, by order of the Emperor, to retain two or three cabins for six first-class passengers and about ten second-class passages in the names of any officers invalided home, and to send them and their families without delay to Vera Cruz, there to wait for embarkation. Recommending the greatest secrecy, the Count added that no one knew about the journey to France, not even the Count and Countess del Barrio, lord and lady-in-waiting, nor Her Majesty's medical attendant, Dr Semeleder, and that they would only be told on arrival at Vera Cruz. Count Thun was also requested to send the list of the officers in whose names cabins and passages would be taken, so that Her Majesty's luggage might be labelled accordingly and be sent to headquarters at Puebla,

* Count Charles Bombelles, a Rear-Admiral and trusted friend and servant of the Archduke Maximilian, head of the Austrian Navy, followed his chief to Mexico, as master of the horse, and captain of the body guard, and after the downfall of the Empire and the Emperor's death he became Grand Master (Ober Hofmeister) of the Court of H.I.H. Crown Prince Rodolph. The tragedy of Mayörling so affected this devoted servant of the Imperial House that he died soon after of a broken heart.

leaving the General to get it on board without arousing suspicion.

A further telegram—an ordinary service one—directed my chief to receive Her Majesty at the Hacienda of Rio Prieto, half-way between Puebla and Rio Frio, where the Empress intended to spend the night previous to her state entry into Puebla.

Having been entrusted by the General with these secret instructions, and also designated to accompany him to Rio Prieto, the writer had thus the chance of being initiated into the projects of Her Majesty, whilst later on Count Bombelles and Countess del Barrio completed the information and related the subsequent events, which terminated in the awful catastrophe that was to enshroud the bright intellect of the august martyr; but we must not anticipate events.

It was a rather short notice; however, not a minute was lost, and by the time we were to set out next day, all arrangements for both journeys were complete, and showing to the General the latest reports of the grand preparations made in Yucatan, we both felt sorry that the people should be put to all this inconvenience. Yet it could not be helped, and was the only way of screening the Empress's movements and of lulling the Marshal's suspicions.

Leaving Puebla in the bustle of decorating houses and streets, and of putting the finishing touches to the huge triumphal arches, etc., etc., we reached Rio Prieto ere the Empress's departure from Rio Frio had been

signalled, thus finding time to change uniforms and horses, the General determining to go in advance of the august lady, as darkness was setting in, and we knew Her Majesty's dislike to escorts.

It was a glorious ride through the stillness of the evening, though neither the General nor I felt in a particularly communicative mood, being too pre-occupied by the seriousness of the situation and this sudden departure for Europe—a real *coup de tête*, of which we could well guess the object and importance. It appeared to us a bold *va banque*, the last card of imperial Mexico, and by no means confident of success, we were grieving for our imperial master, and doubly so for his devoted consort, who, we feared, was starting on an errand of useless humiliation and sad disappointment. It will not occasion surprise that our thoughts were travelling in silence over the past, present and future of the imperial venture, so heavily handicapped by the Marshal's treacherous attitude, which betrayed alike his imperial master, and the unfortunate Prince, whose throne he had been entrusted to consolidate.

A clatter of hoofs, the tramping of horses, rattling of wheels, and a subdued thunder of voices woke us from our meditation, and announced the approach of the august traveller. Giving the spur to our brave little native cobs, a few strides brought us into the presence of Her Majesty, and I shall never forget the strange impression the whole scene made upon me. There was something ghostly, uncanny, in this procession of horsemen and vehicles cantering and panting through the

deep sand of a country road, wedged in by monumental hedges of aloes on both sides. The gigantic cactus throwing mysterious shadows into space, resembled ruins of old feudal castles and strongholds more than peaceful landmarks of nature. Preceded by a troop of our Polish Lancers, cocked carbines on hips, and lances planted firmly in the stirrups, Her Majesty advanced alone, a truly glorious vision, a Juno-like appearance, on her splendid thoroughbred charger, lit up by the silvery rays of a full moon. A white dust-mantle over her grey, well-fitting habit, and a large sombrero, with long floating veil, contributed to give the Empress the appearance of an elf-like fairy queen racing through the night of time, in company of a host of faithful retainers. And, indeed, immediately behind Her Majesty rode Bombelles, with one of the maids of honour—the last descendant of the Aztec Kings—the rear brought up by half-a-dozen attendants and mozzos and another troop of Lancers, whilst Her Majesty's empty victoria, drawn by ten white mules from the stables of Crepultepec followed at a distance, at the head of a long train of travelling carriages, kitchen and luggage waggons, each with twenty and more mules, lean, wretched-looking, but indefatigable brutes, such as are provided by all Mexican postmasters throughout the country. Closing the procession came a squad of Mexican cavalry, of the Regiment "Imperatriz," commanded by that arch-traitor Lopez, who in those days was basking in the imperial favour of both Majesties, and never missed an opportunity for bringing himself into evidence.

Recognising the General, Her Majesty stopped a moment to shake hands with him and the writer, and inviting my chief to ride by her side, she started again at a lively canter, leaving suite and carriages far behind. Only Bombelles, the proud descendant of Montezuma and myself were able to keep pace with the imperial horsewoman, who seemed to enjoy the wild chase through the stillness of night on new and unbeaten tracks across country, and by a word that reached us here and there we could guess that Her Majesty was explaining to Count Thun the object of her journey and her faith in the successful issue of her difficult mission. The conversation was in German, and, imitating his mistress's example, Bombelles used the same idiom to set the writer *au courant* with the Empress's plans, and the travelling programme, in order that Her Majesty's safety and comfort might be ensured as far as Vera Cruz. Both of us chuckled heartily at the thought of Bazaine's anger and rage, on learning that one of his victims was steaming toward the French shore, and that for once he had been outwitted. Winding up his instructions, Bombelles pointed out that, in order to avoid any possible indiscretion, Her Majesty had expressed the distinct wish that no preparations of any kind should be made on board the steamer, intimating that she would be content with whatever cabin had been secured for the families of the invalided officers supposed to go by that mail and instructed to embark, as they had no idea that they would be sent ashore at the moment of weighing anchors.

Furthermore, Bombelles reminded me that, after Her Majesty's departure, the members of the Empress's suite and household, sent to precede her to Yucatan, should be recalled by telegram, leaving to Count Thun the care of issuing the necessary orders. Everything having been carefully considered, we apologised to our fair—or rather dusky—charge, for having indulged in a little chat in our native language, and did our best to amuse her with the latest London gossip, for, educated partly in France and partly in England, she had a marked preference for the home of fogs and spleen, and delighted in everybody and everything English. Thus time passed like a flash of lightning, and we reached the Hacienda at the moment Bombelles concluded the description of the last garden-party at Holland House.

Received by the owners with every mark of respect and deferential joy—though without the boisterous acclamations customary in Europe—the Empress jumped out of the saddle ere any one of us could hurry to her assistance, and leaning on Count Thun's arm—rather stiff after two days on horseback—the august lady mounted the half-dozen steps leading into the house, which was festively decorated with flags, bunting and flowers.

It was rather late, and the dinner ordered for eight had been waiting an hour, whilst the guests honoured with Her Majesty's command looked famished as the Empress swept hurriedly through the spacious hall, where family and guests were assembled. With a

kind smile all round, Her Majesty whispered to her hostess,—

“I shall not be ten minutes; the time to jump into my tub, and put on a tea-gown. Do tell the ladies.”

And actually, ere ten minutes had passed, the Empress made her entry into the hall—for everything having been prepared by her women, and sent in advance, Her Majesty could even indulge in the treat of a tepid bath, no mean luxury after sixteen hours in the saddle in the suffocating heat and dust of a tropical climate.

But what shall I say of the radiant vision suddenly disclosed to the audience? I wish I had the brush of a Kaulbach, or the graceful pen of Arsène Houssaye, to do justice to the majestic, and yet so graceful, womanly bearing of the Empress, as she glided swiftly over the floor to make the round of the hall, attended by our hostess and her own ladies, with a kind word or smile for everybody, though the presentation was rather a hurried one, as we were all anxious for dinner, after a long day's work and fatigue.

We were dining in a spacious gallery, opening, on the garden side, on a verandah overlooking the illuminated grounds, with a forest of palms at a distance—an enchanting view, enhanced by the soft strains of an Austrian string band, and an occasional solo on the zither, masterfully played by one of our men, a native from the “*Pusterthal*,” whom Count Thun had specially sent to cheer Her Majesty by pleasant remembrances of her beloved Tyrol, and her favourite

“*Ländlers.*” Covers were laid for thirty, the Empress having desired to see, besides the authorities and the host’s family, some of the leading Hacenderos of the neighbourhood at her table, whilst my chief, myself, the officers of the escort, and Her Majesty’s suite, were, of course, included in the number. And here I may mention that the suite consisted of Count Bombelles, acting as *Grand Maréchal de voyage*, Count del Barrio, lord-in-waiting, Dr Semeleder, physician, and Señor Blasio, the Emperor’s native private secretary, the beautiful Countess Manuela del Barrio, lady-in-waiting, and Her Majesty’s Aztec maid-of-honour, besides, of course, the usual number of dressers, ushers and footmen, who were to be reduced on arrival at Vera Cruz to two dressers, two maids for the ladies, one courier, one usher, two footmen, and three valets for the suite.

I almost forgot to mention that Señor Castillo, the young Minister of Foreign Affairs, was to be Minister in attendance on the journey to Yucatan, and with his secretary, and two of the Emperor’s A.-D.-C.’s, formed, necessarily, part of Her Majesty’s guests. The dinner was, like all official functions, somewhat stiff, the Empress endeavouring in vain to make people feel at home and forget the presence of their master’s illustrious consort. Sparkling with wit, repartee and merry sayings, she would have been the delight of a Continental dinner-table, but Mexicans, even those who have been to Europe, and have moved in the best Continental society, are unable to appreciate conver-

sational powers so far above their standard of intellect and training, so that the pearls of Her Majesty's mind and conversation were utterly thrown away upon the half-civilised representatives of a bastard race, possessing all the defects, but none of the virtues and noble qualities, of Spaniards and Indians.

Fortunately we had to be in the saddle at day-break, and so Her Majesty retired early, after holding a short "*cercle*," whilst coffee and "cigarros" (cigarettes) were handed to the company, and it seemed much to amuse the Empress how some of the old ladies puffed gaily into her face, without the slightest compunction at this incredible breach of etiquette and good breeding; nay, some of the ladies followed the Empress as far as her room, offering to put her to bed if she wished it.

I shall pass over next day's ride, Her Majesty's state entry into Puebla, the brilliant reception by all classes of the population—foremost by His Eminence, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Puebla, whose gorgeous display of jewels, vestments and riches, at the head of a small army of Bishops and minor dignitaries, quite equalled similar functions witnessed at St Peter's. I shall also dispense with a description of the luncheons, banquets, State performances as the opera, bull-fights, fireworks, illuminations and rejoicings without end, that kept Mexico's second capital during three days and nights in a constant fever of display, feasting and excitement.

My object being to show the absurdity of the

story invented later on, that Her Majesty's mind had already been affected before starting, that the august lady had been poisoned by her surroundings, etc., etc., I shall confine myself to the recapitulation of personal observations during the week I had the honour of seeing the Empress from early in the morning till late at night, and more specially during the ride from Puebla to Vera Cruz, when I had frequent opportunities of listening for hours to the Empress's graphic *exposé* of the situation, her confident hope in the success of her self-imposed mission, and the lucid, statesmanlike programme sketched out by Her Majesty as the only means of pacifying the country and consolidating the Imperial sway, notwithstanding the hostile attitude of the U.S. Government.

Indeed, my chief was as struck as I was by the fortitude and self-reliance of the august lady, her cheerful bearing, the quickness of her perception, and her sound judgment in grasping the most intricate problems of Mexican policy, and in exposing the dangers of the dark clouds gathering on the Continent. Her Majesty seemed to take special delight in serious conversation and in a free exchange of views and opinions, laying quite aside the reserve attendant on her exalted position. The illustrious lady laughingly aid, that, having performed her imperial duties as far as Puebla, she now wanted to enjoy the privileges of a traveller and private individual, for, having declined all official receptions after Puebla, the prefect and military commanders at Pevote, Orizaba and Vera

Cruz had been informed of Her Majesty's desire to travel incognito, until her embarkation for Campeche, and instructed to prevent every kind of public demonstration on Her Majesty's passage. Indeed, Her Majesty quite breathed again, on the termination of the Puebla ordeal, and the very fact of having been able to stand this three days' strain on mind and body, with sudden speeches to listen to and to answer in the masterly, bright and terse way that was her own, ought to be sufficient proof of Her Majesty's soundness of intellect and bodily strength; and I appeal to the testimony of all who had the honour of listening to Her Majesty's *extempore* replies to the Cardinal, Archbishop, to the Prefect, and the rural deputations, to all privileged to converse with the Empress during those trying days, whether there was the slightest indication of a disturbed or even anxious mind. On the contrary, all might bear witness to the charm and cheerfulness of Her Majesty's mental disposition.

The General having provided relays of his own horses for Her Majesty's use, the Empress availed herself but once or twice of her victoria, during the scorching heat of mid-day, preferring exercise in the saddle, particularly during the early hours after daybreak and again at sunset, when riding used to be such a treat in the pure, bracing air of the *plateau* of Mexico. Thus readers will easily understand that the writer had every opportunity for closely observing Her Majesty's health and mind during these days of constant, hourly intercourse, up to the very moment of embarkation, seeing

Her Majesty at all meals, and riding for hours at her side, he never noticed the slightest change in the Empress's mental superiority. The same winning ways, the same charm of manners, and the same kind-heartedness and condescension which so endeared her to those who had the honour of approaching her, delighted us again during the whole trip, the Empress's bright and cheerful looks and conversation recalling the happy days spent with my chief at Caernavacea, their Majesties' idyllic rural retreat in the *tierra caliente*, where, without Court and State, the august couple used to live as happy private mortals* the Empress herself doing the honours, whilst the limited size of the villa allowed of only three or four guests besides her Majesty's maid-of-honour and the Emperor's private secretary. Indeed, on one occasion, the General and I were the only guests, and carried away the most delightful remembrance of the pleasant home life of their Majesties, and of the fascinating conversational powers of our august hostess, who seemed at home in almost every subject one happened to mention, from the most learned theme down to a receipt for making rose-water.

It was during these long hours of daily intercourse that one became initiated into Her Majesty's rare gifts of heart, mind and intellect, which placed the illustrious lady far above the majority of mortals, whether seated on a throne or doomed to the treadmill of intellectual toil. Holding her own against M. Thiers—the *petit grand homme*—as the author once had the privilege of

* See ' *Twixt Old Times and New*, p. 279.

witnessing, Her Majesty would have been a match for any man, and yet no Princess born to a Royal or Imperial diadem could have assimilated her thoughts and feelings with more simple, womanly tenderness to the joys and sufferings of the lowest and poorest. It was almost like a foresight that a day would come when, the most wretched and miserable of all women, she would require the pity and sympathy of the world, would have to envy the meanest of living sufferers for one ray of intellectual life in the dark night of her mental misery. What a contrast with that last happy ride, the Empress beaming with joy at the thought of returning in a few months with the glad tidings of her successful mission. She told us how confident she was of the Emperor's assistance, once his eyes were opened to the Marshal's treacherous double-dealings, and developed her plans for the future, with her august consort as Commander-in-chief of his own army. Her Majesty recounted her hopes in a peaceful understanding with Juarez, and enumerated all the reforms and improvements she contemplated the day the Emperor would be at last his own master, able to control the finances, and no longer dependent on the pittance doled out by the Marshal for the wants of his Government. It was a bright picture of a promising future, but, alas! only a "*mirage*"; however, as it made the Empress feel happy, one can but rejoice at her having had up to the last the consolation of hope and faith. Time passed almost too quickly, and it was with a heavy heart that we neared Vera Cruz. We had passed such

pleasant days in the company of our august mistress, and had allowed ourselves to be carried away by Her Majesty's firm belief in success, that the stern reality came down like a thunderclap. Neither the General nor I shared the Empress's confidence; in fact, we doubted not for a moment that Napoleon III. would refuse the request, the turn of affairs in Europe, and the fear of complications with Germany obliging the Emperor to recall every man ere too late, independently of the necessity of pacifying the United States Government, which, in case of a war with Prussia, might become rather troublesome. We felt that the Empress's departure meant "the beginning of the end;" that, in stepping on board, Her Majesty left not to return. We deeply grieved for the disappointment awaiting the poor Empress, and mourning in advance the fate of our beloved Emperor, and of the Empire. But we had to dissemble our feelings on taking leave of Her Majesty, who looked happy and smiling, and commending the Emperor to the General's devoted care, shook hands with the hopeful words "*auf baldiges wiedersehen!*" a secret voice telling us that it was "*auf nimmer wiedersehen,*" and so it was to be.

Steaming slowly out of port, I still see Her Majesty standing on the bridge, waving with her handkerchief a last farewell to those left behind—a farewell for ever to husband, crown and country. A minute later the battery of San Juan de Ulloa thundered a God's speed to the departing sovereign lady, and, rounding the point, the steamer vanished from our searching

glance. We returned silently to the hotel, anxious to turn our back on Vera Cruz and the sad remembrance of the parting moment.

At the hotel we found Señor Castillo, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the other members of the suite who were to accompany Her Majesty to Yucatan, all in consternation, for they had only been told of the change of programme at the very moment the Empress was leaving to go on board, and the minister was particularly upset at not being able to wire the news to Mexico, the General having sent an officer and a few men to occupy the telegraph office, and to prevent any message being sent, until an hour after Her Majesty's departure, a most necessary precaution, as the Marshal, on learning the news, fell into a towering rage, and ordered at once the French cruiser stationed at Vera Cruz to get up steam and to bring the Empress back to Mexico. But all this had been foreseen, and a right royal backschish was stimulating the captain, officers and engineers of the mail steamer to put on all possible steam, in order to gain a sufficient advance to defy pursuit. This was the more easy as the cruiser could not manage more than from twelve to thirteen knots an hour, whilst the mail made easily fourteen and even fifteen knots, which, with eight hours to the good, was sufficient to ensure Her Majesty's safe arrival on the other side of the Atlantic, much to the disgust of Bazaine, who revenged himself on the Emperor for this *coup de tête*, and the ridiculous part he had been made to play, by announcing the Empress's departure for Yucatan,

and the preparations made for Her Majesty's reception at Campeche.

Still more the Marshal was to have the satisfaction of getting the best of the Empress, when six weeks later came the sad news of the failure of Her Majesty's efforts, and, yet more sad, the awful tidings of the poor Empress's mental affliction; it was too much for the Emperor to bear, and heart-breaking was it to see his grief and despair. Napoleon III.'s fatal *non possumus* deprived His Majesty alike of all he loved and lived for. His dearly beloved consort, his happy family life, his crown, his hopes, his prospects were all taken from him by Napoleon's cruel refusal, and nothing left him but the regret of ever having listened to the tempter's voice when expounding to him the glorious task of regenerating the Mexican nation and of resuscitating from chaos the proud realm of Montezuma.

Details about Her Majesty's state were, of course, scarce and vague, some private letters from Bombelles and the Del Barrios hinted in veiled sentences at a shock to the nerves and great mental depression, and expressed the hope that Switzerland and Rome would set Her Majesty all right again.

News from French sources were less reticent; indeed, some of the papers stated openly that the Empress was out of her mind, and that grave fears for her recovery had been expressed by the medical men. It was dreadful to believe, and yet the mournful looks of the Emperor, the silence His Majesty observed on the subject, and the mysterious shrugging of shoulders

of his *entourage* whenever the Empress was mentioned, pointed rather to the truth of the newspaper paragraphs. In fact, no doubt was left when a telegram from Switzerland announced a relapse. There was, however, still the hope that Her Majesty's nerves were simply overstrung, and that quiet and rest would allow her strong constitution to conquer the evil. Unfortunately, even this faint hope was not to be left us long. The attack in the Vatican, and the subsequent incidents, brought matters to a climax, and on Her Majesty's removal to Miramare, and later to Belgium, the truth could no longer be concealed, and with the Emperor all Mexico mourned the terrible fate of Her Majesty; indeed, even the bitterest antagonists of the Empire joined in sorrowful sympathy. But though letters and newspapers brought us the bare facts, and here and there some more or less credible details, absolute secrecy prevailed concerning the incidents at St Cloud and the Vatican, and it was impossible to get at the truth. No one seemed to know.

It was only on my return to Europe that I learned at last the sad story, in all its mournful details, from Countess del Barrio and her husband, who had settled in Paris, in order not to be too far from their beloved mistress; and this is what the Countess told me, her beautiful eyes blinded by tears at the sad remembrance of those awful days.

"You remember," she said, "how bright and full of hope Her Majesty was during the whole time of our journey to Vera Cruz, how happy she looked on our

departure, how confident in the success of her mission, how cheerful her leave-taking from General Thun and you, and how joyfully she exclaimed '*Auf baldiges wiedersehen*,' when you kissed her hand at the moment of parting—well, she kept the same happy, cheerful mood during the passage, talking for hours with Count Bombelles, or us, of the bright future of the Empire and of her gratification at being able to open the eyes of the Emperor Napoleon to Bazaine's turpitude.

"It was only on landing at Brest that I noticed the first thoughtful, anxious look on finding only Mora* and no one from the Emperor to receive her. Her Majesty asked Mora whether he had notified her arrival to the Emperor, and seemed concerned that no one from Court had been at the Legation to place apartments in the Elysée or elsewhere at her disposal. The whole time between Brest and Paris she spoke of nothing else, though she would sometimes close her eyes and remain silent for half-an-hour, the sadness of her features betraying her inward emotion and annoyance at this apparent slight. We endeavoured to suggest that the Emperor would probably send someone to receive Her Majesty at the Paris station, and that the Empress would undoubtedly send one of her ladies.

"Scrutinising Mora's face, which did not look encouraging, the Empress said with a slightly trembling voice, 'Perhaps—perhaps not,' and for a whole hour she neither spoke nor moved, Bombelles and I observing

* Señor Mora, Grand Master of Ceremonies and Mexican Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Tuileries.

that Her Majesty changed colour two or three times, turning at moments deadly pale, and then again red, as if blushing at some imaginary affront. It was painful to witness, and we trembled at the idea that there might be no one at the station, though one could hardly imagine such a want of courtesy ; in fact, such a wanton slight.

“ Yet such was to be the case, and I shall never forget my dear mistress's despairing look when the train stopped and there was no one ; indeed, not even the customary strip of carpet to the Prince's entrance, no greeting from the Empress, no Court carriage, and, of course, no offer of apartments in one of the imperial palaces. It was a cruel, cruel deception, a monstrous slight, contrasting strangely with the gushing reception on her last visit with her consort on their way to Mexico.

“ The Empress trembled all over and, taking Mora's arm, she said in a hard, almost hoarse voice,—

“ ‘ You will have to lend me your carriage to go to some hotel, for I am tired,’ and a big tear moistened her pale cheek.

“ It was then only that Mora confessed to having ordered apartments at the Grand Hotel, and also some landaus, in case, as he had feared, the Emperor would not place a palace at Her Majesty's disposal. A sad smile was the only answer, and, hurrying to her carriage, the Empress threw herself shivering into a corner, kindly pressing my hand on my covering her with my mantle, but not a word. On arrival at the hotel she begged us to have supper, intimating that she was tired and

would go to bed. No entreaties of mine to be allowed to sit at her bedside and to nurse her, in case of another attack of fever, were of any avail; Her Majesty thanked me sweetly, but wished to be alone.

“My room being only separated from the bedroom of the Empress by that of her dressers, I went in to them to inquire and to hear whether I could be of any use. They both shook their heads, telling me that, hardly undressed, Her Majesty had thrown herself on her bed, and, asking for a glass of cold tea and some eau de Cologne, had ordered them to go to bed, and not to enter her room again before the morning.

“‘It’s a bad night Her Majesty will have,’ sighed her first dresser, a devoted soul the Empress had already when a Princess. ‘I know Her Majesty’s ways. She must have some big grief, and something must have upset her terribly, for I have not seen Her Majesty like this since her father’s death. She looks like a corpse and is as cold as ice, and yet she won’t be nursed; all Her Majesty wants is to be left alone and to have a good cry—it’s too sad!’

“Her dresser was right, for on going next morning to kiss hands, I found Her Majesty quite exhausted on a couch. She had not closed her eyes all night, unable to dismiss from her thoughts the treatment experienced at the hands of the Emperor and Empress of the French. This intentional slight augured badly for the success of her mission, this sudden change from the greatest confidence to anxious fear was too much for her sensitive system, and, giving way to utter de-

spair, she had spent a restless night in thinking of the downfall of all her hopes, of her own and the Emperor's labours, of the ruin of the Empire, the end of everything! I was struck by the sadness of Her Majesty's expression and her strange way of staring into vacuum. Evidently her pride had been sorely wounded, and she felt naturally indignant at being treated like a beggarly postulant, and I could well understand that her stout heart was bleeding at so much undeserved humiliation, nay, intensified by the fact that the Emperor's discourtesy was intended for a woman, for a Princess of royal blood.

"We were not yet at the bottom of the bitter cup, for though Mora had notified Her Majesty's arrival, a whole day passed without even a message of welcome from the imperial upstarts at St Cloud, and it was only on the second day that the Emperor's First Chamberlain, Count Laferrière presented himself to say that their Majesties would be pleased to see the Empress that day at luncheon.

"No friendly message, no offer of a Court carriage, not even a flower from the Empress, accompanied this cool invitation. Advancing as an excuse fatigue from the long journey, Her Majesty sent her regret, through the Count, at not being able to accept the invitation to luncheon, intimating, however, that she should come later and be at St Cloud by three o'clock.

"I don't think I ever saw anything more dignified, more queenly, than Her Majesty's reception and dismissal of the Emperor's envoy, and by the nervous

movement in the Count's eyes I could see that he understood the mute lesson. At twenty minutes past two we started, the Empress and I in the first carriage, a closed landau, Count Bombelles and my husband in the second; Señor Mora, our envoy in Paris, not accompanying the Empress, in order to give the visit a purely private character, and to avoid even the appearance of a political interview. But what a sad, sad drive! Her eyes red from crying, my beautiful mistress looked the very picture of misery. She was evidently in high fever, and so over-excited that I had to take her twice into my arms to soothe and calm her like a sick child, but what was the good? A moment after Her Majesty would shriek and rave in a sudden fit of hysterics, and I seriously doubted that she would be able to pay her visit.

“However, on approaching the castle, Her Majesty became more quiet, and, plucking up courage with that indomitable energy of hers, made a superhuman effort to be herself again; indeed, on alighting, no one could have guessed the terrible inward struggle that was gnawing the proud heart of the queenly lady who, head erect, and with majestic bearing, mounted slowly the ‘*escalier d'honneur*,’ no muscle of her face betraying the vexation of finding, instead of the imperial couple, only courtiers at the top. A slight movement of the head acknowledging the cringing bows of these upper menials, and, without looking right or left, Her Majesty glided through half-a-dozen state rooms to the apartment where the Emperor and Empress, with the Prince

Imperial, were expecting my ill-fated and unhappy mistress. We, that is I, Count Bombelles and Del Barrio, had followed Her Majesty as far as the last room preceding that occupied by the imperial family, and there we found the '*service*' assembled, about half-a-dozen of the Empress Eugénie's ladies, and all the gentlemen of the '*petit service*,' from Marshal Vaillant down to the equerry on duty, but no one in uniform except the officers on guard, and, being introduced to those present by Count Laferrière, we were waiting for their Majesties to present their respective suites, as customary. We had not to wait long, the folding-doors opened and the *chambellan de service*, I forget his name, announced 'The Emperor.' We had formed a *cercle*, and I confess that I felt rather nervous on seeing Napoleon III. entering between the two Empresses, and followed by the Prince Imperial. I could not help thinking that one word from his lips might restore happiness to my beloved mistress, might ensure the future of Mexico, might prevent the collapse of all hopes; in fact, the downfall of the Empire and the ruin of their Majesties; nay, might save Her Majesty's life—perhaps more.

"Napoleon III. was twisting his well-waxed moustachios, his head a little on one side. He entered in that peculiar, swinging, waddling way of his own, and trying to hide his emotion under a somewhat forced, stereotyped smile.

"The Empress Eugénie presented her ladies, and the Emperor the gentlemen, the Empress Carlota did the

same for us, and, as usual, there was a kind word for everyone, whilst their Majesties shook hands with the ladies and the big-wigs amongst the men, an honour acknowledged by corresponding curtsies, bows and kissing of hands, the whole not lasting ten minutes, when three 'circular' smiles, and a slight inclination of three imperial heads, told us that the function was at an end, the Emperor disappearing with the two Empresses into his own private study, whilst we ladies settled down where we were, the gentlemen retiring into the A.-D.-C.'s room to smoke a cigarette.

"Oh! the anxious waiting, the long, trying hour of suspense! I was in a state of feverish excitement, hardly able to join in the conversation, to collect my thoughts, my whole heart and mind being with Her Majesty in the Emperor's cabinet. I offered silent prayers to the blessed Virgin of Guadeloupe, imploring her to intercede for my poor mistress, and to give her strength of body and fortitude of mind to stand the painful ordeal which her pride had to undergo at that moment—nay, I prostrated myself in thought before the throne of the Almighty, praying fervently for the success of the Empress's appeal, and I quite forgot my surroundings when suddenly loud words roused me from my meditations. We all looked at each other, and one could perfectly distinguish the Empress Carlota's voice, Her Majesty exclaiming angrily, 'Indeed, I ought never to have forgotten who I am, and who you are. I ought to have remembered the Bourbon blood in my veins, and not have disgraced my race by hum-

bling myself before a Bonaparte, by dealing with an adventurer !'

"Then there was a rumbling sound like something or somebody falling, followed by a few minutes of deadly silence, at the end of which the door opened, and the Emperor called out for me in an agitated, trembling voice, evidently greatly upset.

"Quicker than I can tell you, I was at my mistress's feet, finding her on a low couch, quite insensible, stiff and cold like a statue. The Empress Eugénie was kneeling on the opposite side, with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne in her lap, whilst her beautiful, little hands were alternately moistening the sufferer's brow and rubbing her hands and feet.

"With the sweet tenderness of a sister, the good and kind Empress Eugénie had unfastened Her Majesty's dress, and even stripped her of boots and stockings in order to give friction to the soles of her feet.

"Looking much distressed, Her Majesty whispered, on my coming in, 'The Empress has been unconscious for fully ten minutes ; don't you think you'd better send for Her Majesty's own medical attendant ? I should not like to call in Conneau, or someone else the Empress does not know.'

"I replied that I should ask my husband to return to the Grand Hôtel and bring Dr Semeleder back with him, and I left the room to execute Her Majesty's desire, leaving the Empress to watch our invalid, whilst the Emperor was fidgeting about the room, undoubtedly much concerned at having been the cause of this sudden

physical and mental collapse. I was back in a few seconds with a bottle of strong lavender salts lent me by one of the ladies, and, to our intense gratification, we found they had an almost immediate reviving effect, for, opening her eyes a moment, she evidently recognised me, at least I thought so by the way Her Majesty nestled up to me, as if glad to be no longer at the mercy of strangers; indeed, taking both my hands, Her Majesty gave a faint smile and whispered, 'Don't leave me,' relapsing, after this effort, again into unconsciousness.

"Leaving the room, the Emperor begged to be recalled on Dr Semeleder's arrival, and thus alone with the Empress Eugénie, I plucked up courage to inquire how it all happened. Her Majesty shook her beautiful head, and, lifting her eyes to Heaven, replied, in a subdued voice, 'You know the object of Her Majesty's journey—it was all about Bazaine and our troops; matters on this side of the ocean are getting too serious, and the Emperor is obliged to concentrate the army, and to recall every single man; even the Algerian regiments are ordered to France. What can I say? The Emperor's heart and mine are bleeding for the Mexican Empire. We persuaded the Archduke Maximilian and his gifted consort to accept the thorny crown of Montezuma, promising the support of France, but, unfortunately, there is such a thing as "*force majeure*," and we must think of France and our son before we sacrifice the blood and treasure of the Empire for even those dearest

to us'; and Her Majesty gave a deep sigh. 'The poor Empress seemed thunderstruck at the Emperor's *non possumus*; she had pinned all her hopes on this interview, well knowing the kind disposition of His Majesty, and my own sincere friendship. For over an hour the poor Empress argued the case, pleading her cause with rare eloquence and irrefutable logic; indeed, she tried to persuade the Emperor by every possible means—entreaties, supplications, threats. Her Majesty left nothing untried, until, exasperated by the certainty of failure, the poor, sorely-tried Princess lost all control of herself, finally fainting away after a most violent outburst of indignation. You know the rest. And I can't tell you how much we pity her, and how grieved the Emperor feels at not being able to help, where help is of such vital importance.' And to hide from me the tears that were filling her beautiful eyes, Her Majesty went for a glass of water to moisten the parched lips of our sufferer. On her return, Her Majesty knelt down again at the Empress's side, and was just raising the tumbler to her burning lips when she opened her eyes.

"Staring wildly at the kneeling Samaritan with the tumbler in her hand, she pushed the glass violently away, spilling its contents over the Empress's dress, and giving a savage shriek, she exclaimed ravingly,—

"'Begone, begone, cursed assassin! Take away your poisoned draught, begone!' and throwing herself, crying, into my arms, my poor, poor mistress whispered into my ear—'Have you seen their infamous draught?

They want to poison me, to put me out of the way. Don't leave me, Manuelita! Don't abandon me; you are my only friend, and we are surrounded by a race of Borgia. Do save me, I implore you, Manuelita!' and fainting for the third time, Her Majesty dropped motionless into my lap. Fortunately Dr Semeleder was not long in arriving. When I told him all that had happened, he shook his head, deeply affected, and having restored Her Majesty to life and consciousness, he insisted upon her immediate removal to Paris, without seeing anyone but her own suite; and informing the Emperor and Empress of Her Majesty's serious state, he begged even the Empress to abstain from seeing the invalid again, declaring that otherwise a new outbreak was to be feared.

"Sending for me, Count Bombelles and my husband, their Majesties begged us to send for anything the Empress might desire or fancy, and to tell Her Majesty, as soon as she was better, that they should be delighted to place Fountainbleau, Compiègne, or any other of the imperial country palaces at Her Majesty's disposal, adding that orders had been given for Court carriages to be daily in attendance at the hotel. The leave-taking was most pathetic, for we were all crying, even the Emperor, and if our arrival had been sad, the departure was still more so, resembling almost a funeral procession, for, to avoid any shaking, Dr Semeleder had ordered the carriages to drive at a walking pace, Her Majesty resting in my arms with her feet on the opposite seat, where Dr Semeleder had

taken his place. There remains little more to say of our stay in Paris, for as soon as Her Majesty could be moved, the doctors advised her to go to Switzerland. All mental labour, all excitement, even letter-writing being prohibited, and we had stringent instructions not to enter, under any conditions, into a conversation about the St Cloud incident. As to the Emperor and Empress, they were kindness personified, sending daily to inquire, and always some rare flowers or luscious fruit for Her Majesty's table, but they were never allowed to see the august sufferer again. Indeed, no one but her personal suite and attendants ever approached, the Empress having a decided dislike to new faces; nay, she remained for days without speaking to any of us, and when she did speak, she only uttered a word here and there, falling immediately back into her lethargic dumbness, that we were glad when the day approached for leaving Paris.

"The bracing air of Switzerland seemed to do much good to our invalid, and during the first week there was remarkable progress. Sleep and appetite were returning; Her Majesty's complexion assumed again a healthy colouring, and, to our intense joy, the Empress seemed to take some interest in the beauties of Nature, repeatedly pointing out a lovely sight or some grand effect of scenery.

"Dr Semeleder began to be more hopeful, and he did his best to dissuade the Empress from wintering in Rome, believing Switzerland to offer more chances for a complete recovery. Alas! these hopes were soon to

be destroyed. There came again signs of restlessness and insomnia. Still Her Majesty continued her daily drives, and nothing indicated an immediate outbreak of mental disorder.

“I forget the exact date, but I remember it was on a Sunday, and numbers of country folks were flocking into town, where a *Kherneesse* was attracting crowds of visitors of all classes. We were returning from our daily drive, when Her Majesty suddenly ordered the coachman to whip his horses and to drive on as fast as his steeds could go, and, turning excitedly to me, the Empress pointed with her sunshade at an old peasant sitting on a milestone. He was wearing a shabby, national costume, and had evidently been partaking in some prize shooting, for he was fondling a carbine, with a nosegay in the muzzle, and additionally ornamented with streamers in the Swiss colours. ‘You noticed that old man?’ whispered the Empress. ‘Well, I have recognised him; it is Almonte* in disguise, bribed to shoot me, but we passed too quickly, and I have escaped him for this time. We must leave to-night with all secrecy, otherwise I am lost!’ and, covering her face with a pocket-handkerchief, the Empress asked me to change places with her, remarking, ‘That old traitor† will never think that I am in the

* Marshal Almonte, for a long time Mexican Envoy in Paris, and head of the deputation which offered the Mexican Crown to the Archduke Max.

† The Marshal, as well as his wife, belonged to the most loyal and devoted adherents of the Empire, and they sacrificed a large fortune rather than side with Juarez.

carriage when he sees you in the place of honour.' On our return, Her Majesty sent for Dr Semeleder and her other gentlemen, related most excitedly what she had seen, and requested Count Bombelles to take all necessary measures for leaving that very evening after dinner.

"Fearing to add further excitement by not complying with her wishes, Dr Semeleder highly approved of the Empress's decision, and suggested to Count Bombelles that some of the servants and luggage might follow next morning, in case it was impossible to get everything ready at so short a notice; and we actually started that very evening for Lucerne. But there again the visions continued, the poor Empress discovering, almost daily, some new persecutor, imagining always the recognition of some notable Mexican—indeed, even some of our most distinguished ladies—under the garb of peaceful '*burghers*' or a comely '*Sennerin*,' all, of course, in the pay of the arch-fiend Juarez, and all entrusted with the secret mission of attempting her life. At last these hallucinations became so frequent and so alarming that Her Majesty declined remaining any longer in Switzerland, insisting on going to Rome to lay her grievances and fears before the Holy Father.

"A consultation of medical men, at which Count Bombelles and my husband assisted, decided on a complete change of air and scenery, but the doctors, adverse to the excitement, noise and bustle of a great capital, and much afraid that a meeting with the Pope might

have a fatal effect, suggested Capo di Monte or Salerno as more suitable residences for the august invalid. Her Majesty assented, on condition of a week's stay in the eternal city, assuring Dr Semeleder that it would do her good to make her devotions in her beloved old places of worship, and that the Holy Father's blessing would be a true consolation to her sorely-tried heart and mind. The visit to Rome and an audience from the Pope having formed part of the original programme—the Empress having laid particular stress on a reception at the Vatican—the doctors gave way, and, three days later, we steamed into the capital of Christendom. Giving herself hardly time for a bath and some light refreshments, the Empress hurried, with only me in attendance, to assist at the mid-day Mass at St Peter's, and I was struck by the soothing effect the sacred music and the singing had upon Her Majesty. She was perfectly calm on our return to the hotel, discussing minutely with Señor Barandieran, the Mexican Envoy at Rome, the notification of her arrival to the Papal Court, to the Foreign Ambassadors, and to a few Cardinals of her acquaintance. Later on, she enjoyed a drive to San Paolo, *extra muros*, and joined in the vespers. Present for the first time since her illness at dinner, we all noticed Her Majesty's calm and serene expression, and the vivid interest with which she listened to my impressions of the eternal city, and specially of St Peter's, this being my first visit to Rome. But Her Majesty did not join in the conversation, only showing by an occasional smile or nod that

she approved ; and at ten we all retired, the Empress wishing to assist at the first service in the Jesuit Church. Moreover, there was a long day in store, His Holiness's major-domo having called during our drive to inform Her Majesty that, pending an official audience, the Holy Father would be pleased to receive Her Majesty privately at nine ; an invitation to assist at Mass in the Pope's private chapel having also been left.

"To get up at sunrise, after a most fatiguing day, was no mean sacrifice to my dear mistress ; however, the glorious Roman morning sun and the bracing drive to church were ample compensation for the tempting charms of an excellent bed. Moreover, breakfast tasted all the better, and when, at eight o'clock, two Papal carriages, with coachmen and grooms in undress livery, were announced, I was ready, in black and a mantilla, according to the etiquette of the Vatican, but, to my dismay, Her Majesty, though also in black, had on a bonnet. Fancying that it was ignorance of the dresser, and a mere oversight of the Empress, I ventured to observe to Her Majesty that mantillas were *de rigueur*. The Empress gave me a reproving look—the first unkind look I had experienced—and, stepping out of the room, Her Majesty said, 'You seem to forget, Manuelita, that Emperors and Empresses rule *etiquette* and that *etiquette* does not rule them.' Dr Semeleder, who happened to be in the passage and to have overheard this strange remark of a princess so simple and pious, and so anxious never to give offence, gave me a meaning look, and, shaking his head sadly, he whis-

pered, as I was passing, 'I fear this audience will be too much for Her Majesty's overstrung nerves, and you had better not let her stay too long; say the doctor objects.' Ten minutes later, the carriages stopped at a side entrance of St Peter's, where several Monsignori, in long, floating robes, were in attendance to conduct Her Majesty to the pew reserved for royalties in His Holiness's private chapel.

"They all stared nervously at the Empress's bonnet, and a *Kammerlingue*, plucking up courage, whispered to me that Her Majesty had forgotten her mantilla. What could I say? There was no excuse; and I stammered some incoherent words of headache, doctor's orders, and I do not know what. The few privileged members of the high Roman nobility—the papalini, or *les noirs*—who had been favoured with invitations, were all kneeling at their places, and we had hardly time to say a short prayer ere the Holy Father appeared through a little passage leading to his apartments. His Holiness was in full canonicals, and accompanied by half-a-dozen Porporani—Cardinals—who were to assist in the service. It was a Low Mass and quickly over, when all present were admitted to the Papal benediction, with attendant kissing of the Pope's shoe, royalties alone enjoying the option of kissing the 'Fisherman's' ring instead.

"Her Majesty, being the first to approach the altar steps, I noticed the Pope giving a start on seeing the Empress wearing the prohibited bonnet, but it was only the affair of a second, and, His Holiness's features

regaining their placid and benevolent expression, he gave Her Majesty his benediction, and I imagined that he did so in a particularly solemn manner. At any rate, he looked at her in such a sweet, fatherly way, and yet so sadly, that there could be no doubt of the earnestness of his fervent intercession for the suffering, afflicted Princess, kneeling at the feet of the vicar of Christ.

“His Holiness, retiring after this function in the same way as he had come, some Monsignori invited Her Majesty to follow by the same passage, leading to the great reception-rooms, where a host of Cardinals, Court dignitaries, noble guards, and Swiss guards in their quaint uniforms were assembled. Passing quickly through this gallery and the next, where a number of foreigners, waiting to see the Holy Father, were kneeling or standing in small groups, of various nationalities, we found ourselves in the Papal library, a *Cammeriere di spada i cappa* ushering Her Majesty along into the study, where His Holiness is in the habit of taking his frugal breakfast after Mass, a frugal one indeed, viz., a cup of chocolate and some dry toast or a few water biscuits. The greeting, so I learned afterwards, was most affectionate, His Holiness touching, in his paternal solicitude and grief, on the sad turn of affairs in Mexico, and still more so on the broken-down appearance of the suffering and careworn Empress. Asking Her Majesty's leave to continue his breakfast, the poor Empress nodded assent, and whilst the Pope was helping himself to a piece of toast, she plunged three fingers into the cup, and putting them into her mouth, exclaimed,

‘This, at least, is not poisoned. Everything they give me is drugged, and I am starving, literally starving.’ Alarmed at this strange behaviour, His Holiness touched a bell, begging the Empress to allow him to send for another cup of chocolate. ‘No, no,’ whispered Her Majesty, ‘they would poison it, knowing it is for me; no thank you, I prefer sharing your Holiness’s cup, and she plunged once more her fingers into the chocolate.’

‘The Holy Father, no longer doubting that the Empress was having another fit of mental derangement, sent for paper and inkstand, and, apologising for writing one line to postpone some audiences he had given, His Holiness wrote a hurried note to Cardinal Antonelli to come at once, and to bring one or two of his medical men—dressed as *Kammerlingues*, in order not to awake the Empress’s suspicions—adding that Her Majesty seemed very ill.

‘It appears that, during the time the Pope was writing, the Empress had been sipping all the chocolate in this extraordinary fashion, and, having evidently satisfied her hunger, she smiled at the Pope, and said, ‘Your Holiness cannot imagine how good it was—a real treat to feel one is safe, and that there is no poison.’ Then, dropping the subject, Her Majesty began to talk quite sensibly about Mexican affairs, and specially about the loyal and friendly attitude of the whole clergy, extolling, above all, the Cardinal - Archbishop of Mexico and Puebla. The Pope, who felt very nervous and deeply afflicted by the sad incident just witnessed, endeavoured to give the Empress to understand that

he had to preside at a council, that he was expecting the Cardinal-Secretary of State, but hoped Her Majesty would honour him with another visit before long. 'Your Holiness need not mind me,' replied the Empress; 'I can sit near a window, and I sha'n't listen; but don't send me away just now. The assassins are waiting outside, and I dare not leave before it is dark, when I shall disguise myself and Manuelita. I forget I have not yet presented my suite to your Holiness. Manuelita is the Countess del Barrio, my *Dame du Palais*, and, if you will allow me, I'll have her and my gentlemen called in and present them at once.' The Pope was just explaining that the etiquette of his Court did not warrant presentations of others but royalties in his private study, when, fortunately, Cardinal Antonelli was announced. After having presented the Secretary of State, the Holy Father put him quickly *au fait* of what had happened, speaking in the Neapolitan dialect so difficult to understand, and, noticing that the Empress looked offended, explained that he was giving some secret instructions for the Council that was to take place in a few moments, and begged Her Majesty to excuse this apparent incivility. She smiled, repeating once more that His Holiness must not mind her, and, addressing the Cardinal, said, 'I have told the Holy Father that I shall remain quietly at a window during the Council, as it would be dangerous for me to leave before dark.' Bowing assent, His Eminence remarked that, under the circumstances, Her Majesty would perhaps forgive him if the *Kammer-*

lingues on duty came in to prepare everything for the Council, and, having obtained the Empress's and His Holiness's permission, he sent for the disguised doctors; and, whilst he explained matters to them in one of the window recesses, the Pope diverted Her Majesty's attention by asking a number of questions on the chief convents in Mexico, their property, the number of inmates, the names of the mothers-superior, etc.

"The doctors being satisfied that Her Majesty had evidently another mental derangement, a messenger was sent for Dr Semeleder, and as His Holiness was too upset to bear the strain of a protracted visit, Cardinal Antonelli suggested to Her Majesty a visit to the library, and to inspect some of the other art treasures of the Vatican, arranging with the doctors to get the Empress in this way out of the palace. But it was no easy task to persuade the august invalid; she would not leave His Holiness, fancying herself only safe under his personal protection, and the Pope had actually to take her himself to the library. There she found us, and we had the honour of being presented, but under what sad circumstances! for, Dr Semeleder having arrived, we had heard from him the incidents of the study—nothing having transpired until then, though we were in the adjoining room.

"His Holiness having sent for some marvellously illuminated folios, the Empress took such an interest in these treasures, and was soon so absorbed by the beauty of the illuminations that the Pope managed to retire unobserved, the old man really requiring rest

after the agitations of the last hours, but Cardinal Antonelli remained whilst the librarians produced treasure after treasure. Luncheon time approaching, Count Bombelles suggested our return to the hotel, and continuing next day the inspection. The Empress looked at him, and, frowning angrily, said in a loud voice, — ‘Have they managed to bribe you too, that you wish to expose me to certain death? I have said so before. I shall not move from here ere it is night, and I daresay the Holy Father will give us luncheon and dinner.’ We all felt appalled; for any opposition to her desires would probably have provoked a violent paroxysm of rage, and was therefore to be averted by all means. After a short consultation between the Cardinal, Count Bombelles, my husband and the three medical men, it was decided that Her Majesty’s wishes should be complied with, Cardinal Antonelli going to inform His Holiness, and to give the necessary orders. Pio IX., of course, gave his consent, and thus luncheon was served for us in the great dining-room, Cardinal Antonelli doing the honours, His Holiness having asked to be excused on account of a violent *migraine*. The Empress looked disappointed, and, having the Cardinal on her right, she desired me to sit on her other side, and touched nothing except from my plate, after I had partaken of the viands. It was painful to see, but otherwise she was quite reasonable, talking, with great admiration and a surprising knowledge of the subject, about the various treasures seen before luncheon. The meal over, Her Majesty asked to return to the library,

where the whole afternoon was spent in looking at illuminations.

“The Papal major-domo, who was to take the place of Cardinal Antonelli, called away by important business of State, had, by His Holiness’s orders, placed rooms at our disposal where we might take a siesta, but we could not leave the Empress, and I have never felt more tired than on that day. Feigning slight indisposition, Pio IX. did not leave his private rooms again, contenting himself with sending kind messages and inquiring about the health of his unexpected guest. It was a fearfully long, sad afternoon, and we felt grateful when dinner was announced, Cardinal Antonelli again acting as our host. But even his charm of manner and brilliant conversation could not enliven our gloomy circle. Her Majesty had fallen into a state of dejected meditation, watching nervously the attendants serving us at table, and keeping an anxious look on the doors. As for myself, I was too weary and too grieved for anything, whilst our gentlemen were all pre-occupied by Her Majesty’s strange manners and looks, and, of course, none of the papal dignitaries ventured to speak much in presence of His Eminence, who had it all to himself.

“Coffee having been served in the library, it was getting late, but the Empress gave not the slightest sign of departure. At last Count Bombelles ventured to approach Her Majesty, and to ask in a whisper what time Her Majesty desired the carriages. ‘The carriages!’ replied the august lady in an absent way, ‘the carriages! I don’t want any carriage, I am going to

sleep here in this room; I cannot leave, for they are waiting for me outside. It would be madness to throw myself into the arms of these hired assassins.'

"If there had been a commotion in the morning on hearing Her Majesty declare that she would lunch and dine at the Vatican, you may imagine the consternation of the Cardinal, the major-domo and the various Monsignori. No lady had ever spent a night in the Vatican, and there was the Empress insisting on turning the Holy Father's library into a bedroom. Vainly Dr Semeleder pointed out the danger of sleeping in that vast hall; vainly we all begged Her Majesty to return to the hotel, reminding her of the discomfort in not having her women nor any of the necessities for the night—it was to no avail; nay, when Count Bombelles ventured to hint at the unprecedented infringement of custom and rules, and at the inconvenience to which it would put His Holiness, independently of the late hour for preparing the necessary installation, the Empress gave him, for the second time, an indignant look, saying, that she was above custom, that it was an honour for the Vatican to shelter a persecuted Empress, that beds could be placed into the library in ten minutes, and that one of her carriages could fetch her dresses and the necessary toilet things. 'You only conjure up all these difficulties and objections because you are of the conspiracy; I feel it; I am surrounded by traitors, and that is why I place myself under the fatherly protection of the Vicar of our Saviour; near him, at least, I am safe and have nothing to fear; but

I have said too much—see that my orders are executed, and remember that I am your Emperor's consort and still your mistress,' and she sank, exhausted from anger and passion, into an arm-chair, begging me to sit close to her, and to prevent anyone from coming near her. 'You are good and true, Manuelita, and I can trust you. I shall have your bed placed near mine, and you must be this night my guardian angel. They have all deserted me, and I have no one but you to take care of me. It is too sad!' and she began to cry like a child. Meanwhile, the Cardinal had repaired to His Holiness to report this new freak of our poor Empress, and to take his orders.

"Deeply affected, the Holy Father—so we were told by His Eminence on his return—assented at once, commanding his major-domo to see that Her Majesty be made as comfortable as possible, and to take the Empress's orders, in case she should want anything. Kind and thoughtful, the Holy Father also sent word for the medical men to remain in an adjoining room, in order to be able to attend to the august sufferer at any moment. Rooms were, of course, placed at the disposal of Count Bombelles, my husband and Dr Semeleder, the Pope wishing that the Empress's suite should be at hand, in case of an emergency.

"I am sure there never was such a commotion and excitement before within the walls of the Vatican. Monsignori, *Kammerlingues* and *gardes nobles* were rushing to and fro, and the whole palace was in a bustle. Yet in half-an-hour all was ready; two lovely bronze

bedsteads had been carried into the sanctum of the Popes, and nothing was wanting that the most fastidious might wish for—a toilet in *vermeille*; washing sets to match had been taken from the Papal treasury, and priceless lace coverlets adorned the beds, whilst huge, silver candelabra lit up the vast apartment. Her Majesty's dresses having arrived, all was got ready for the night, and such was the exhaustion and physical weakness of the august invalid that we had to carry her to her bed, and the doctor, having given her a soothing draught, we had the satisfaction of seeing Her Majesty soon asleep. Her women retiring, to return early in the morning, I remained alone at her side, and, though I was literally dropping from fatigue, I did not venture to go to bed until satisfied that the chloral had done its duty.

“I did not sleep much, for the anxiety about my poor mistress on one side, the strangeness and novelty of the situation on the other, and all kinds of visions of Popes and *porporati* roused from their rest by indignation at seeing the Vatican desecrated by the presence of two women in their *sanctums*. All that put together kept me in a half slumber, and I was up at daybreak. Having indulged in a refreshing tub, placed behind screens for our use, and hurried on my things, I settled down at Her Majesty's side, in my thoughts recapitulating all the strange incidents of the last twenty-four hours. At about seven, whilst I was having a cup of chocolate, the Empress began to get restless, and on opening her eyes she looked

wildly round, exclaiming,—‘Where am I? Where have they taken me to—the wretches?’ I knelt down by her side, and kissing her hands implored her not to fear, not to excite herself, reminding Her Majesty that she was in the Vatican, under the powerful protection of the Holy Father. The Empress breathed again, and kissing me, she said,—‘You are right, here I have nothing to fear, and I shall remain as long as my enemies are on my track.’ I did not reply, but inquired whether her women might come in. ‘Certainly, certainly, for we must be ready for morning prayers. Quick, quick! what is the time?’ On hearing that it was past seven, the Empress remarked,—‘We have just time, and whilst I am dressing you must ask permission to assist at the service in the private chapel—and, you know,’ added Her Majesty, ‘to please you, Manuelita, I shall wear to-day a mantilla. I took a bonnet yesterday out of *esprit de contradiction*, and I have been sorry for it, the Holy Father is so good and kind, and I had no right to do anything displeasing to him—I shall not do it again.’

“I mention this to show how sensible Her Majesty was, notwithstanding her delusion of being persecuted by hired murderers. On inquiring from the major-domo whether His Holiness would allow Her Majesty to come to the private chapel, he informed me that the Holy Father could not leave his rooms, that he had been too much upset by yesterday’s incidents, and that at his age the greatest care and precaution was necessary. He added that, of course, Her Majesty

might assist at St Peter's, and that the necessary orders would be given for the royal pew to be at Her Majesty's disposal. When I returned with these tidings, the Empress shook her head, remarking,—‘How can I go to St Peter's, to a public place of worship? I should be a dead woman ere the service was over; there would be one of those scoundrels behind each pillar. No, I shall do like the Holy Father and say my prayers *in camera*; they can't get up here, we are too well guarded in the Pope's own apartments.’

“At nine Dr Semeleder called to inquire after Her Majesty's health, and he was shortly followed by the *pseudo-Kammerlingues*, the papal doctors, sent by His Holiness to inquire how Her Majesty had passed the night, and to tell the Empress how sorry His Holiness was at being obliged to keep his bed for a day or two, and that he hoped to see Her Majesty as soon as he felt strong enough. That, in the meanwhile, orders had been given for court carriages to be in attendance on Her Majesty at the hotel.

“‘At the hotel!’ exclaimed the Empress; ‘but I am not returning! I intend staying here as long as it is unsafe for me to leave the Vatican; I don't wish to be murdered on stepping out of the door. Pray tell that to His Holiness; perhaps his police may be able to arrest the gang, for I want to see them all hanged before I return to the hotel.’ The medical *Kammerlingues* retired, saying that they would carry Her Majesty's message to the Holy Father.

“On leaving my poor mistress they held at once

a consultation, Cardinal Antonelli and our gentlemen assisting, as on the previous day. My husband told me that the first proposal had been to take Her Majesty by force, but to this Bombelles and my husband objected, at Dr Semeleder's advice, and the Cardinal also seemed adverse to any violence. In consequence, His Eminence suggested that a deputation of the Mother-Superior and two sisters from the convent of St Vincent de Paul should present themselves to invite Her Majesty to inspect their new establishment and to assist at the feeding of the poor children. 'Once there,' remarked the Cardinal, 'it will be easy to drive Her Majesty to the hotel instead of back here, provided the blinds are drawn and Her Majesty cannot see where she is driven to.'

"Acting upon this suggestion, approved of by the Pope, the necessary orders were sent by His Eminence, and at eleven the deputation was announced to Her Majesty.

"I was, of course, present at their reception, as likewise our gentlemen, the doctor included.

"Deeply touched by what Her Majesty believed to be a spontaneous act of courtesy of the good sisters, she promised to come and spend a morning at the convent ere leaving Rome, but regretted that private reasons of great importance did not allow her to leave the Vatican for the present. 'I know,' said the Mother-Superior. 'We have heard of the wretches who want to attempt your Majesty's life, but your Majesty would be as safe with us as here, and our children will be so

disappointed. Not doubting that your Majesty's kind heart would consent to give these poor children the joy of welcoming an Empress in our poor walls, I have given them a half holiday, and they have been making garlands since daybreak, all rigged out in their Sunday attire—the dear children would be too miserable. No, no, your Majesty must not refuse.'

" 'And what if I was murdered?' remarked the Empress in an earnest voice; 'would you like to reproach yourself, for the rest of your days, with having caused my death? I know, Reverend Mother, you would not wish to load your conscience with such a responsibility.'

" 'Indeed I should not,' replied the Mother-Superior, 'but your Majesty would have nothing to fear within our walls, and I undertake to guarantee your Majesty's perfect safety during the drive, and that without as much as a mounted carabineer to escort the carriage.'

"The Empress smiled and replied,—'Oh, I guess what you want to suggest; I am to put on your costumes and allow myself to be smuggled into your convent in the garb of a sister? Isn't it so?'

" 'Yes and no, madam,' said the Reverend Mother. 'Yes, in so far as our dress is indeed to be the talisman that will protect your Majesty against an assassin's bullet or knife, for poison has not to be feared whilst driving. No, because I would not dare to ask your Majesty to take a disguise, for an Empress could not stoop to such histrionic stratagems. No, madam, my

suggestion is simply that your Majesty should do me the honour of taking me or one of the sisters in your carriage. We have only to show ourselves at the windows, and not the hardest villain would dare to raise his hand against one of us—they want us too often, and could not risk jeopardising the friendship, or rather the help, of our order. Besides, it is not five minutes' drive, and no one will suspect your Majesty in a papal carriage; and think of the joy, madam, you will give to so many suffering young hearts, all step-children of Providence.' The Empress looked thoughtful, and considering the Mother-Superior's words for a moment, she turned to me, asking, — 'What do you say, Manuelita? Do you think I could risk it? Of course, we should have to be back for dinner, but at that hour it is dark and no danger is to be feared.'

"I replied that I thought that with the good Mother-Superior and one of the sisters in the carriage, Her Majesty would be as safe as in the Holy Father's study.

"And what do you say, gentlemen?' asked the Empress, addressing Bombellés and my husband.

"You can imagine their answer, and how they pooh-poohed all idea of danger with a sister at each window, adding that, with her Majesty's permission, they would drive first, and take two carriages, going by a different route, so as to put the scoundrels on a wrong scent. 'Seeing two carriages,' remarked Count Bombelles, 'one with drawn blinds, and us in the second, they will,

of course, think that your Majesty is in the first, and if they like to fire at an empty vehicle, they won't do much harm.' This settled the matter, and the Empress promised to go at eleven, asking the Mother-Superior and one of the sisters to come with her, the other sister to follow with me in a second carriage. Accordingly, four Court landaus were ordered, and at the appointed time we started in different directions, the gentlemen to join us at the convent.

"I forgot to mention that the Holy Father, on hearing of Her Majesty's intended visit, sent at once Cardinal Antonelli, to thank her in his name for the high honour thus conferred on one of the most deserving sisterhoods, whilst at the same time orders were given to a number of high church and Court dignitaries to receive the Empress in the Pope's name at the convent.

"The persecutors existing only in the poor invalid's fancy, nothing, of course, happened during the short drive, but, as the Mother-Superior told us at the convent, she and the sisters had to look out of the window, whilst the Empress, hiding her face behind her pocket-handkerchief, kept quietly back in a corner, evidently greatly excited, and repeatedly inquiring whether people were looking at the carriage, if any one was following it, or if they could notice anything suspicious? Her Majesty only recovered her equanimity when the heavy gates of the convent closed behind her, and she ascertained that the keys were safely on the bunch of the sister-doorkeeper. To me, who had known the Empress's indomitable, almost foolhardy, courage, and who had

seen so many proofs of Her Majesty's disregard, nay, contempt for danger, this fear of assassins and death, this childish cowardice, was, in itself, a sad indication of her serious state, both body and mind having evidently given way under the crushing deceptions of the last month.

"Yet, strangely enough, the moment Her Majesty felt safe and protected against her imaginary persecutors, she became again herself, giving no further signs of mental affection.

"Much gratified at the Holy Father's attention in sending a host of high church and court dignitaries to represent him, and to receive Her Majesty with the honours due to a sovereign, and greatly pleased at the touching welcome given her by the good sisters and the army of children grouped in the vast entrance hall and the court of honour, as the recreation ground of the older girls was called, Her Majesty gave a most appropriate reply to the address of the Cardinal-secretary of the Congregation of Rites, who had been specially commanded to greet the Empress in the Pope's name, and she astonished all present by the lucidity and the practical sense of her remarks.

"Conducted by the Mother-Superior and the Papal delegate, and followed by her suite, the various dignitaries, and a number of sisters, the Empress inspected minutely the vast establishment, where over 500 orphan children and as many day boarders were brought up and trained to become good, useful women, practical housewives and capital servants; nay, in the

upper classes the most gifted and talented girls received a superior instruction, qualifying them to become governesses, schoolmistresses, professors of music and singing. In short, every handicraft, every accomplishment was taught, and each one trained in the vocation most suitable to her disposition or talents.

"The day being a holiday in honour of Her Majesty, it was a pleasure to see all these healthy, happy faces, and the good sisters must have found a reward for all their trouble, sacrifices and labours in the loving, affectionate clinging of the children to their adopted mothers.

"The dormitories, classrooms, recreation halls, the hospital, in short, all the various wards and departments having been inspected, the Empress asked also to see the kitchens and domestic offices, and as the children's dinner hour was approaching, the Mother-Superior suggested to Her Majesty that she should witness the distribution of eatables previous to seeing the children at dinner. The Empress was full of praise, and could not sufficiently express her gratification and delight at the scrupulous order, cleanliness and masterly organisation of all the services, and she repeatedly stopped to say a kind word of admiration to the superintending sisters. Arrived in the vast kitchens, where food was daily cooked and dispensed for some 2000 inmates, boarders and poor families, the Empress was shown the gigantic cauldrons used for the *pot-au-feu*, and the cooking of meat and vegetables, and the sister at the head of the kitchen department ventured

to bring Her Majesty a specimen of the day's food, a most appetising stew, handing the Empress a plate, with knife and fork, to taste it. Her Majesty gave a sudden jerk, and, pushing the plate from her, she threw an anxious, haggard look round her, scrutinising those nearest to her, and beckoning to me to come, she pointed at the knife and whispered,—‘You see the poison? They have forgotten to wipe the knife.’ There happened to be a small speck of rust on the blade. Lifting her eyes to heaven, the Empress added in a trembling voice,—‘The Almighty in His boundless goodness has once more had mercy on His poor servant; the Lord be praised! for had it not been for this atom of poison on the knife, my enemies would have succeeded, and at this moment you would be mourning at the side of a corpse,’ and crossing herself, the unfortunate sufferer knelt down to say a silent prayer. It was a most affecting and pathetic scene. Consternation was painted on the faces of all present, the Mother-Superior and the poor sisters being hardly able to conceal their tears at having been the involuntary cause of this new outbreak, whilst the host of dignitaries and onlookers did not know what to think or do.

“On rising, the Empress turned to the Mother-Superior, and, taking her hands, begged her to believe that she suspected neither her nor any of the sisters, that the miscreant or miscreants must be amongst the visitors, and throwing a glance around her, she added in a firm voice,—‘I dare say the would-be assassin is

still here, in our very midst!’ The Cardinal and the Mother-Superior protesting respectfully, assured Her Majesty that there was no one present for whose perfect innocence and honour they could not vouch, whilst Dr Semeleder and his Papal colleagues who had examined the knife, called the Empress’s attention to the fact that it was only a spot of rust and that Her Majesty had evidently been misled by the appearance.

“The Empress shrugged her shoulders, replying in a sarcastic manner,—‘I am much obliged to you for trying to explain away this latest attempt on my life, and it is most kind, for the sake of the good sisters and this blessed abode, to call it rust, but I know what I have seen, and not the whole faculty of medical men could succeed in deceiving me; and instead of searching for rust you would do better to search for the miscreants, who have not even respected the sacred character of this home of all virtues to execute their dastardly crime.’ And then, with her usual kindness, the Empress went up to the sister-housekeeper, who stood crying near one of the cauldrons, and addressing her in her sweetest manner, said,—‘Do not fret, my sister, our heavenly Father, who has protected me so miraculously, looks into all hearts; He knows that you are innocent, and no more concerned in this villany than I myself. Let us thank God for His mercy, and no longer think of this unfortunate incident, for nothing must interfere with the enjoyment of the children, nor must they be kept waiting for their dinner,’ and leaning over the steaming cauldron, from which issued a most tempting aroma of good things,

Her Majesty suddenly plunged her hand and arm, as far as the elbow, into the boiling mass, and pulling out a piece of meat she voraciously swallowed a mouthful, paying in the first moment no attention to the physical pain caused by the steaming contents, but nodding in an uncanny manner to the Mother-Superior, she whispered,—‘I felt so hungry, and they can’t have poisoned this morsel.’

“It was only after having finished with evident relish her improvised meal that Her Majesty began to feel the pains caused by her poor, scalded hand and arm, and calling Dr Semeleder she begged him to bandage the burn, and to give her some relief. One of the doctors had already gone to the convent pharmacy for oil and medicated cotton, and, on his return, Dr Semeleder tried to cut open the sleeve of the Empress’s dress, but the moment he touched her injured limb, she gave a feeble scream, and, fainting away, fell into the arms of one of the nursing sisters. She was carried into the parlour, and no one was allowed to come in except the medical men, the Mother-Superior, a nursing sister and myself. Hand and arm offered a ghastly spectacle; the shrivelled-up skin peeled off in places, and the flesh in others was almost boiled to shreds. Bandaging the wounds most carefully, Dr Semeleder did not attempt to revive the unconscious sufferer, being of opinion that it would be best to leave Her Majesty in that state and to convey her as quickly as possible to the hotel. The other doctors assenting, the carriages were called, and with infinite care we carried the poor Empress on a

stretcher to her landau, Count Bombelles thanking the Mother-Superior and the sisters for their kindness, and expressing to them, as well as to the Cardinal and the other dignitaries present, his deep concern at this unhappy termination of a day begun under such happy auspices.

“Either the movement of the carriage, or the excruciating pains, suddenly brought the Empress to consciousness, and, looking at me and Dr Semeleder, she faintly asked where we were driving to. On the doctor's assurance that we were returning to the Vatican, Her Majesty seemed comparatively calm; but still probably suspicious, she tried to move the drawn blind with her sound hand, in order to see where we were. It was an unfortunate move, for passing at that moment the Piazza d'Espagna, the Empress could have no doubt that we were returning to the hotel, and that Dr Semeleder had tried to deceive her. Throwing a terrible look at the unfortunate doctor, Her Majesty jumped up, tore the blind into shreds, and calling out at the top of her voice to turn and to drive back to the Vatican, she made a desperate effort to break the window, for neither coachman nor groom could hear her. Afraid that she might displace the bandages and still more injure the scalded limb, Dr Semeleder held Her Majesty so that she could not reach the window any more, whilst I took hold of her feet, the poor Empress struggling violently and attempting to break the other window with her heel. Feeling herself powerless, and resenting our disrespectful action, Her Majesty put herself

into a state of indescribable rage, and screamed as loud as she could,—‘Murder! stop the carriage! they are killing me! stop!’ and we had to use all our combined strength to prevent Her Majesty from freeing herself.

“Fortunately we were approaching the hotel, but, on the carriage stopping, the Empress redoubled her shrieks for help, calling out,—‘Murder! assassins!’ and causing a small crowd to assemble.

“It was with immense difficulty that we managed, with the assistance of Count Bombelles, my husband, the Papal doctors and Her Majesty’s servants, first to get her out of the carriage, and then to carry her up to her apartment. The Empress struggled like a lioness, kicking and screaming in the wildest manner, tearing off her bandages and using her sound arm with superhuman dexterity. Still we succeeded at last, but with what trouble!

“Finding herself overpowered and back in her rooms, Her Majesty’s fury knew no bounds, and her violence became such that, after a consultation, it was most reluctantly decided to place the unfortunate Empress in a strait-jacket. I cried bitter tears—it was too awful—and we were all in a state of the deepest affliction.

“Count Bombelles telegraphed at once to the Emperor at Vienna, to the King of the Belgians and the Count of Flanders, suggesting that some members of the family should come.

“Meanwhile, I and Her Majesty’s women were endeavouring to soothe our poor, poor sufferer, but it

took a couple of hours ere she calmed down sufficiently to have new bandages put on. I wondered how she stood the terrible pain so long without fainting again, and cannot say what I suffered in witnessing this misery—all brought on by Napoleon's fatal *non possumus*. It was too sad for words, and even now the remembrance of those awful scenes haunts my thoughts at night and often prevents sleep.

"Dr Semeleder and his colleagues, and two nursing sisters sent by the Mother-Superior to attend on Her Majesty, were indefatigable in their zeal and attention, and everything was done to relieve her sufferings, physical and mental, but, afraid of a possible relapse, and desirous that the Empress should have a quiet night, the doctors gave Her Majesty a strong soothing draught, thanks to which she fell into a profound sleep.

"There remains little to add," remarked the Countess, drying her beautiful eyes, "the rest is known—the arrival of the Archduke Charles Louis, the transfer first to Miramare and thence to Tervueren.* I have not seen my beloved mistress again since Rome," said the countess with a sigh, "though I have repeatedly asked for this sad favour. Still, to be as near as possible, we have settled here in Paris. I could not return to Mexico; it would make me too sad and miserable. There are too many happy recollections, to mar them by a revival of the terrible catastrophes on both sides of the

*The interview with Countess del Barrio, when she gave the writer this account of the incidents of St Cloud, Switzerland and Rome, having taken place in 1868, the later movements of Her Majesty are, of course, not mentioned in this sketch.

ocean. Indeed, I hardly know which most to deplore, and I almost think the Emperor is less to be pitied than his unfortunate consort. His Majesty at least, is at peace and rest, reaping the reward of a most noble life and death—the reward of the just.

“As to the poor Empress, I really do not know whether to wish recovery with the consciousness of her woes, and a blighted life and future, or whether I ought to thank God for sparing her more grief and tears, by allowing her to remain in ignorance of the terrible catastrophe of Queretaro, the fate of Mexico, the ruin of all loyal adherents of the Empire, as well as of the unprecedented misfortunes that held the house and country of the Hapsburgs.

“In truth, I dare not express an opinion as to what most to wish for, and I say, ‘the Almighty knows best, and in Him we must place our faith, our cares ; He will not desert us.’ ”

Here end the reminiscences of Countess del Barrio,* such as the writer jotted them down in his diary a quarter of a century ago.† The later phases of the Empress’s illness do not concern this sketch ; moreover, they are sufficiently known, and it would serve no purpose to recall them here.

Yet it may interest the reader to learn that the

* Both Count and Countess del Barrio are dead, their lives being undoubtedly shortened by grief and sorrow over the fate of a beloved mistress, to whom they were devotedly attached.

† Count Bombelles and Señor Mora confirmed, in as far as they had witnessed these sad events, every word of the Countess’s narrative, and during the two winters spent by the former in Cairo, Bombelles reverted frequently to the poor Empress’s state.

latest accounts of Her Majesty's health are a little more hopeful, and though she never speaks—except to give a short order occasionally—she listens to the talk of her suite, for she has a small Court, composed of an old General, acting as Master of the Household, two ladies-in-waiting, and a chamberlain representing the Queen of the Belgians. Indeed, no one, seeing the well-regulated existence of Her Majesty, could guess that the Empress had anything the matter with her, her only peculiarity being never to pronounce a name. Thus, in speaking of the Queen, her sister-in-law, the Empress calls her "*Elle*" and says, "*Est Elle venue*," whilst the chamberlain of the Queen of the Belgians is styled "*Le Monsieur*," and when wishing to give him an order, Her Majesty tells the servant—" *Cherchez le Monsieur* "; otherwise the Empress seems quite rational, in fact, she had recently a perfectly lucid interval.

As mentioned before, Her Majesty observes absolute silence, never joining in a conversation, though the suite is desired to talk at meals about the events of the day. On the occasion of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria's marriage with the Princess of Parma, one of the ladies-in-waiting happened to remark that the Princess was twenty-eight, and the Prince was thirty-seven years of age.

Correcting this statement, without looking up from her plate, the Empress said,—"*Non, il en a trente neuf*." It was the first time Her Majesty had ever made a remark at table, and one may picture the surprise of those present.

After dinner, the ladies looked into the "Gotha Calendar" for Prince Ferdinand's age, and found that the Empress was right, for he was born at Gratz on May 24th, 1854. It was a proof that Her Majesty had not lost her memory, and that she pays attention to what is said in her presence. Since, however, that remark about Prince Ferdinand, the Empress has not opened her lips again, but the fact remains that she has given a sign of intellectual revival, and as long as there is a spark of lucidity, there remains a faint hope of ultimate recovery.

It is a difficult question whether one would be justified in wishing a return to perfect consciousness, when at present a merciful veil enshrouds the terrible past, and much that Her Majesty had better never know.

SAXONY SAVED BY TWO YARDS OF RIBBON.

THOSE whose memory carries them back to the *coup d'état* of 1852, will remember the snubs the self-dubbed Emperor of the French experienced in the beginning, at the hands of most Powers, and the reluctance of the heads of the old established reigning houses of the Continent to recognise the Empire and to admit the Emperor as one of themselves. Ruling through centuries by the Grace of God, and recognising, theoretically, no other title to a Crown but Right Divine, the so-called "legitimate" rulers—who, though few indeed, have no flaw in their own parchments—viewed the intruder with suspicion, and spared him neither slights nor contumely. The Emperor had frequent occasions for feeling deeply hurt, yet he resigned himself à *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, until the Crimean War allowed him to remind the world that he had neither forgotten nor forgiven the patronising "*bon ami*" which the proud Czar Nicolas had substituted for the customary "*bon frère et cousin*" in his reply to Napoleon III.'s notification of accession as Emperor of the French.

Anxious to consolidate his reign and dynasty by a matrimonial alliance with one of the old reigning families, the Emperor knocked at almost every door, but his envoys found nowhere the slightest encouragement, and even the most microscopic Serene Highness declined the proffered honour as a *mésalliance*, so that, to spite the august and exclusive ring of "blue-blood" royalties—once he felt firm enough in the saddle to do so—the nephew of "*Monsieur Buonaparte*" raised a simple mortal, the beautiful Countess Eugénie de Téba, over the heads of all Royal and Serene Highnesses to the dazzling dignity of Empress of the French.

But the more Napoleon III. felt hurt by the attitude of certain Courts, the more His Majesty was sensible to the attentions and advances of the few who had been reasonable enough not to gauge a ruler by the length of his pedigree and the number of antiquated quarterings, nor conceited enough to refuse regal honours to the master France had given herself of her own free will.

It was particularly during the first year or two of his imperial sway that Napoleon III. appreciated gratefully any tokens of regard and friendship from his royal or imperial colleagues; they were to him like letters of naturalisation amongst the crowned heads of Europe, like wedging the thin end of his new-fangled imperial sceptre between the time-honoured regalia of Saint Louis and a Hapsburg or the heir of Savoy.

As we know, an exchange of decorations is usual amongst sovereigns, and it is customary to send a

monarch, on his accession, the highest order in one's gift, but the Emperor waited in vain, the veiled hints of his envoys met with a deaf ear, and not one of the great Powers sent him a star. Amongst the secondary rulers, however, one singled himself out from the rest of recalcitrant royalties. This was King John of Saxony, whom his Prime Minister, Baron Beust, reminded of all Saxony owed to the first Napoleon, whose omnipotent veto prevented Prussia from absorbing the whole of Saxony and limited the Brandenburg greed to half a cake, whilst at his behest the ancient Electorate budded, like Bavaria and Wurtemberg, into a modern kingdom.

To mark his own and his people's gratitude to the uncle, King John presented the nephew, shortly after his accession, with the chain and insignia of the most exalted order of the "*Rauten Krone*," the highest honour at his disposal.

It was the first international courtesy, the first foreign order conferred on Napoleon III., the first show of regard vouchsafed him by a crowned head, and he felt deeply gratified at this posthumous homage to the memory of the founder of his dynasty—the more so, as King John alluded in an autograph letter to the obligations he and his country owed to Napoleon I., and to the fact that the insignia he sent His Majesty of his highest order were the same worn by his great uncle, the first foreign Knight of the *Rauten Krone*.

Little did King John guess the momentous consequences this timely act of courtesy would have on the

destinies of his country, and a day was near when, for the second time, a Bonaparte would save Saxony from total annihilation and incorporation into the Prussian realm. In the beginning of the fifties, the political horizon was so serene, the relations between all reigning houses so cordial, that any one prophesying fratricidal wars, and a holocaust of thrones and crowns in Germany and Italy, would have been declared ripe for Bedlam. Still less could any one anticipate in those days that the imperial intruder, who was touting at all Continental Courts, with so little success, for a consort, nay, even a star, would, a few years later, be the recognised arbiter of the world, and the cause—nay, the means—of a complete remodelling of the map of Europe. The Emperor was highly pleased; the more so as other Courts declined even the ordinary exchange of diplomatic honours, refusing to decorate his envoys or to allow their representatives to accept the Legion of Honour. Such, for instance, was Hanover, where the King's friendship for Henri V. had much contributed to the slowness in recognising the Empire—Hanover being almost the last Power to do so—whilst nothing would induce King George V., and still less his father, the ultra-Tory King Ernestus Augustus, to confer the order of the Guelphs on representatives of revolution and illegitimate Crown-grabbing.

It was only on June 16th, 1860, at the memorable interview between Napoleon III. and the Prince Regent of Prussia and the other German princes at Baden-Baden, that the Emperor, taking the proud Guelph by surprise,

and slipping his own ribbon of the Legion of Honour over the blind King's shoulder, obliged His Majesty to wire for the insignia of St George and to present his "*bon frère*" Napoleon with the highest decoration of Hanover.*

Once the ice was broken and the Sovereigns had exchanged decorations, there was, of course, no longer a pretext for refusing French statesmen and diplomatists a Hanoverian order, and Baron de Malaret—the same who was French Financial Commissioner in Egypt—was the first imperial envoy to receive the Grand Cross of the Guelphs.†

* An amusing incident added additional spice to this involuntary exchange of decorations. Wishing to surprise King George, the Emperor called alone, and, not being recognised, he was shown into an ante-room, where the usher on duty (old *Mahlman*, one of the King's personal valets—*Kammerdiener*) flew at him, saying, "You can't come in here; these are the apartments of His Majesty the King of Hanover." Pulling his well-waxed moustachios, the Emperor smiled and said, "*Mon ami, annoncez-moi!*" "*Primo*," replied *Mahlman*, "I don't know who you are; and *secundo*, you must first apply to the Master of Ceremonies, or the A.-D.-C. on duty, for an audience; you'll find them on the ground floor." At that moment the King, leaning on the arm of his dresser, came out of his bedroom, and, inquiring who was there, the Emperor approached, exclaiming, "*C'est moi Majesté venu pour présenter mes hommages personnels à l'Auguste Chef des Guelphes.*" Recognising Napoleon's voice, though he had only exchanged a few words with him on the previous day, the king took the Emperor's arm to conduct him into his study, where they remained closeted for over two hours, the visit terminating by the above-mentioned presentation of the Legion of Honour, whilst old *Mahlman* was quite upset by his over-zealous blunder.

† It was given him at the conclusion of the Conference for Abolition of the Elbe dues, and led to a most amusing exchange of diplomatic notes, each of the eighteen plenipotentiaries receiving the Hanoverian Grand Cross in exchange for a Grand Cross for my uncle, Count Platen, the Hanoverian Minister of Foreign Affairs. France would only give a Grand Officier, on the plea that the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the Great Powers, or Ambassadors alone, had a right to the Grand Cross. Platen replied that in that case the French envoy would only receive the Second

If I have been dwelling at some length on this *intermezzo*, it is to explain how it was that the Emperor laid such value on the spontaneous act of courtesy of the Saxon monarch, John the Sage (*Johann der Weise*) as his people styled the Nestor of German royalties, Nestor in wisdom and keen foresight, if not in years.*

Great, however, as Napoleon's gratification had been at the time, the incident of the *Rauten Krone* seemed soon forgotten, and drowned in the ocean of honours that overwhelmed him the moment success shone upon his rule. Stars and badges of every country, big and small, were showered on the Emperor and his heir, whilst royal and imperial visits, and last, but not least, the meeting of most crowned heads at the world's fair on the *Champ de Mars*, contributed to intoxicate imperial France, and give to the Napoleonic dynasty an apparent consolidation of the Empire. The great French Exhibition of 1868 was indeed a master stroke of crowned *Barnumism*, and the homage then paid to the imperial couple seemed to overshadow the modest honours and attentions of the first hour, and the pleasure the "*Rauten Krone*" had given to the occupant of the *Elysée*. Still the marked distinction enjoyed

Class of the Guelphic Order, whilst the King would not allow him to accept the Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, considering that both the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of Saxony and Bavaria had received the Grand Cross. In fact, it was jealousy of Beust and H. von der Pfordten that prompted Platen's insistence on also receiving the Grand Cordon, and he succeeded, by his threat to give the French Representative less than the other members of the Conference. My uncle made, on that occasion, the biggest haul of Grand Crosses ever made by any mortal at one time—eighteen, I think.

at the Tuileries by the Saxon envoy, Count Seebach—the *Grand Gensdarme* as he was nicknamed—clearly proved to his royal master that Napoleon III. remembered Saxon favours. Indeed, the Emperor's loyal clinging to his companions in misfortune, his gratitude to the friends in need, and the patrons of his first struggles, will always remain a redeeming point in the enigmatical character of the man of woe, to whose dreams and "ideas" the world owes such an ocean of blood and tears, that those shed by his noble and courageous—though injudicious—widow seem only a feeble retribution for all the misery he caused, as much by omission as by commission, during eighteen years of unparalleled success. It required years of blundering, dreaming and experimenting to undermine the dazzling edifice of power and personal triumphs which an over-generous Providence had allowed him to construct. He had been the favourite of fortune—or Fate, as he called it—fortunate in his alliances; lucky, very lucky, in wars, which had been unexpectedly crowned by stupendous victories, and successful in his combinations. Providence had smiled on every one of his undertakings, and favourable circumstances, coupled with the almost criminal incapacity and imbecility of his adversaries, had raised him to the pinnacle of power and influence. Lucky in the field, lucky in politics, lucky in the selection of his early co-workers, fortune seemed wedded to his person, and the unchallenged monopoly of the imperial "*Badingust*" was enjoyed by the once so much ridiculed prisoner of Ham.

The Crimean and Italian campaigns had revived the laurels of the First Empire; the mistakes of his enemies, the shortsightedness of his allies and his own confidence had made him *arbiter mundi*, and thus enjoying an uncontested supremacy abroad, he fancied himself also the master of France and of her home politics.

Spoiled by success, he imagined henceforth that he could dictate his will without drawing a sword, and, deceived by the ill-luck and stupidity of his opponents, he considered himself superior to the whole world, quite overlooking one man—the iron rock on which the imperial ship of state was hopelessly to be wrecked.

Making light of the boisterous son of the Mark, the undiplomatic Prussian (?) Premier—the political buffoon, as he and his ministers called Bismarck—the Emperor did not grasp the danger looming afar, did not realise what a formidable adversary his own overbearing attitude had been rearing, and utterly under-rated the master mind that was to outwit him and his henchmen. He pooh-poohed the man of blood and iron, whose mighty patriotism was to fan the youthful breath of a United Germany into the irresistible typhoons that were to smash Emperor and Empire to atoms.

Yet the war of 1866, that great military rehearsal, ought to have opened the eyes of Napoleon and his generals, though it was too late for aught save to bewail his blindness and incredulity in the warnings of his agents, when Count Bismarck politely sent the French

negotiators and would-be intermediaries about their business. Too late, when all he could obtain at Nicolsburg was the modest concession to spare Saxony from being wiped off the map of Europe.

No doubt Count Bismarck had no preconceived plan at the beginning of the war, having in his most sanguine expectations never anticipated the phenomenal triumph of Prussian strategy, nor so complete a defeat of Austria. Even on his arrival at Nicolsburg, the splendid home of the Dietrichsteins, he had not yet made up his mind. All he knew was that Austria and Germany were at his feet, that the Czar would not lift a finger, that Great Britain indulged in stoical indifference and continental "Monroe" principles, and that Napoleon III. was neither ready nor able to intervene.

Having thus a free hand, it was for him, for his King, to fix the extent of annexations and aggrandisement of Prussia, and, given the traditional appetite and talent of the Brandenburgs for land-grabbing, Bismarck considered the moment propitious for a big haul, there being no one to say "hands off" or "stop," no one to limit the ambition of Prussia's voracity. A stroke of his terrible pen—an ironical mood made him, I think, take a goose quill—annihilated the secular independence, nay, the very existence of the Kingdoms of Hanover and Saxony, the Electorate of Hesse, part of the Grand Duchy of the same name, of the Duchy of Nassau and the Free Towns, the four German Republics, whilst likewise incorporating the

whole of the Elbe Duchies. Severing bonds that ten centuries of beneficent rule, and loyal, loving attachment had almost sanctified, disregarding as much the ties of blood as of Right Divine, and the sacrosanctity of monarchs by the Grace of God, King William gave way to the new doctrines of his matter-of-fact Prime Minister, whom posterity will not accuse of sentimentality or fidelity to principles. *Opportuniste par excellence*, Count Bismarck made the best of his opportunities, confident that brute force is the most telling argument, and success the most eloquent pleader, the best of titles. Lord Beaconsfield used to say that nothing succeeds like success, and the Iron Chancellor knew too well the past history of the Brandenburgs not to remember how quickly wrong becomes right, how soon the most revolting iniquities are whitewashed, if only backed by blood and iron ; knew too well indeed, that royalty, that Right Divine and legitimate kingship are in our days but conventional labels covering a multitude of international sins, and that the next generation will either overlook a possible flaw in the title, or grant, approvingly, absolution to its wicked but successful forerunner. There is nothing like a *fait accompli*, and the only thing that could have baffled Prussia's encroachments would have been a Congress of the Powers. Yet the Emperor of the French, whose weakness all through his reign had been to dabble in Congresses at the wrong moment, missed here the only chance, when a Congress might have been useful to him and Europe. Thanks to

Prince Gortschakow's obliging friendship, Bismarck escaped the danger of international meddling and a collective veto of the powers, for no Congress would ever have sanctioned such momentous alteration of the European equilibrium, such extensive territorial changes, without corresponding compensations, and as Prussia had none to offer, she would have been compelled to restrict her exaggerated appetite. A Congress would, moreover, have pleaded the personal rights of the legitimate rulers, and, in case of deposition, have insisted on an adequate indemnity; at any rate it would have protected their private property against the insatiable greed of the conqueror. All these dangers Bismarck escaped, thanks to his friend Alexandre Michaelowitch, and he ought for ever to remain grateful to his Russian colleague for thus timely saving him from the tutelage of an International Congress. It is indeed marvellous how circumstances combined to help him, even by the most trifling incidents. Thus, it is now perfectly well known that Napoleon's apparent apathy and want of energy and decision at that decisive moment were caused by the beginnings of the painful illness to which he finally succumbed, whilst a temporary estrangement with Drouyn de Lhuis induced His Majesty to lend a deaf ear to his trusty and devoted adviser's statesmanlike entreaties to concentrate an army of observation, if only *pro forma*, on the Rhine, in order to accentuate, by this diversion, whatever demands he might eventually think necessary to formulate and to exact from

the victorious party. Unfortunately for France and all concerned, the short-sighted and pusillanimous counsels of M. de Moustier and others prevailed, the Emperor jeopardising thus the chief trump card in his hand.

All fear of a Congress discarded, only the threat of an armed intervention could have compelled Bismarck to modify his demands, but he knew too well the Emperor's utter inability to back up threats by a hostile move on the Rhine.

Count von der Goltz, most able of Prussian diplomatists, and *persona gratissima* at the Tuileries, had kept his chief well posted up regarding the possibilities of the situation and the vacillating policy of His Majesty's advisers.

The exhaustion caused by the Mexican expedition, the hollowness of the French military and financial fabric, the disorganised state of the army and of all attendant services was no secret to the Prussian Staff, and, consequently, Bismarck did not hesitate to oppose a firm *non possumus* to the Emperor's attempted diplomatic intervention at Nicolsburg, greatly to the surprise and disgust of Napoleon, who had confidently reckoned on the so-called "moral compensations" with which the Prussian Machiavelli had all along been bamboozling him and his ministers.

It was, in fact, with much difficulty that King William, or rather his Minister, could be brought to listen at all to the French plenipotentiaries, and to yield a point in favour of Saxony; nay, it is doubtful

whether the Emperor could have obtained the maintenance of King John on his throne, and the limitation of the intended annexations to only one half of Saxony, had not Austria threatened to continue the war unless the existence of the Saxon dynasty were guaranteed in the preliminaries of peace. The chief merit of this favourable solution belongs, however, undoubtedly to Count, then Baron, Beust, who told me personally all the circumstances, and that how, fearing for the wholesale annexation of his beloved country, he hurried to Paris to implore the assistance of Napoleon III. The Emperor Francis Joseph entrusted him likewise with a private and confidential mission to the Tuileries, and a request for His Majesty's "*bons offices*" with King William, in order to obtain more acceptable conditions, Bismarck's primary demands being tantamount to a complete annihilation of the Hapsburg monarchy, and the reduction of Austria to a secondary power.

Arriving, fortunately, in Paris before King William's negotiators, Beust presented himself, nevertheless, with a heavy heart at the Tuileries. However, the Emperor received him at once, and after listening to the twofold mission of the Saxon statesman, he exclaimed with unusual warmth,—"*Dites au Roi que je n'ai jamais oublié que la Saxe a été bien pour moi, et que Sa Majesté a été le premier à reconnaître l'Empire, le premier à m'honorer d'une marque de bienveillance, au fait le premier à m'accueillir dans la famille des Souverains.*" Taking Beust by both his hands, His Majesty added, with one of those winning

smiles peculiar to him,—“*Dites bien au Roi, mon cher Ministre, que je ne permettrai pas qu'on touche à sa couronne, dites-lui de ne rien craindre et rassurez le quant au sort de la Saxe—j'en fais mon affaire!*”

And when Beust, deeply moved, and with tears in his eyes, wanted to thank the Emperor, he shook his head, and resting his veiled and dreamy look on his visitor, said in a subdued voice, accenting every word,—“*Ne me remerciez pas, je ne fais que payer une dette de reconnaissance pour moi et pour mon oncle dont la Saxe fût la fidèle alliée et amie. Nous autres Bonaparte nous n'oublions que le mal qu'on nous fait—jamais, jamais le bien, allez, retournez à Vienne rassurer votre maître et dites-lui que son thrône que la Saxe n'ont rien à craindre—c'est la France, qui lui en donne l'assurance!*” “As to the mission entrusted to me by the Emperor of Austria,” remarked Beust, “His Majesty appeared flattered that the proud Hapsburg should appeal to him, but did not quite know what to answer. However, he promised to talk it over with Drouyn de Lhuis, and to let me know.

“The answer was not encouraging, the Emperor evidently hesitating to expose France to a Prussian snub, or even a courteous *façon de non recevoir*.

“For the rest, and though Drouyn de Lhuis was backing me with all the power of his eloquence and devotion to the true interest of the Empire, Napoleon III. remained deaf to my humble suggestions for a military demonstration at the eleventh hour. He said with a melancholy and sad smile,—‘*C'est trop tard,*

mon cher Ministre, trop tard!' and the rapidly succeeding events, which were to close the Austro-German tragedy, were proving him right. It was too late! The curtain was dropping! The Emperor had lost his chance by his apathy and procrastination, and the fatal advice of a *camarilla* intriguing to supplant Drouyn de Lhuis.

"Unable to leave Paris before the next morning," said Count Beust, "the Emperor honoured m^e for the evening with an invitation to the family dinner, and I was much touched on seeing His Majesty wear the ribbon and star of the *Rauten Krone*—the same insignia Napoleon I. had worn at Dresden. It was a delicate, and, under the painful circumstances, doubly gracious attention paid to King John. Noticing my pleased expression he smiled, and whispered across the table—'*C'est à ce ruban que vous devez mon appui car jamais je n'oublierai que ce fût la première courtoisie dont j'ai été l'objet de la part d'une cour étrangère!*'"

Small causes and big consequences! Two yards of ribbon saving Saxony from annexation, King John from sharing the fate of His Majesty the King of Hanover! Sooner or later a kindly action brings its reward. "Yes," replied Count Beust to the above remark of mine, "quite so; and, what is more, half the success of statesmanship may be traced to timely international courtesy, à *de bons procédés*—to doing the right thing at the right moment. Three months later the *Rauten Krone* would have had no value whatsoever for the imperial recipient, and who knows whether we should

not have been as unfortunate as your King and country, though it seems odd that Saxony should owe its existence, and the King his throne, to a bit of ribbon."

THIERS AS WARWICK OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, and never, perhaps, have I seen this *dictum* better illustrated than by the efforts of M. Thiers, the "little great man," to become the Warwick of the Second Empire—he, the Legitimist turned Orléanist; he, the Republican of yesterday, the second President of the Third Republic, the deadly foe of Napoleon III. Yet so it is, for, tired of the Republic and Republicans of '48, dissatisfied with being *shelved*, and pining for new political laurels, the friend of old Jerome—they had been so intimate at Rome, that Thiers had Jerome's nomination as a peer, with an annual "*dotation*" of 30,000 frs., signed by the King, in his *portefeuille*, on the very day of Louis Philippe's collapse—rushed one day into the festive old King of Westphalia's room at the *Invalides*, exclaiming,— "There must be an end to this *farce*; we have had enough of this Republican nonsense!"

"Well," asked Jerome, "and what are you going to put in its place?"

"Why," said Thiers, "you, of course; the Em-

pire, with a Bonaparte on the throne—either you or your son.”

Shaking his head, the great Emperor’s favourite brother replied,—

“I am too old, my dear Thiers, to embark in new ventures, and Napoleon is too young for the burden of my brother’s inheritance, you had better take my nephew Louis, if you must have the Empire ; he is more your man than either I or my son, believe me.”

“The man of Boulogne and Hamburg, that block-headed adventurer!” shrieked the future autocrat of the Place St Georges ; “your *saltimbanque* Louis ! Never ! never !”

Old Jerome smiled at this violent outburst of his little friend, and threatening him with his finger, remarked,—“Don’t be too rash, for, with or without you, Louis will gain the Empire, mark my word, and *you’ll* all be at his feet.”

I had frequently been told this incident by members of Louis Philippe’s Court, but considering the animosity of most of them against the man whom, rightly or wrongly, they considered the chief cause of the revolution of ’48, and more to be blamed than even Guizot, I hesitated to take the story as gospel, the more so as M. Thiers had never mentioned either King Jerome or Prince Napoleon as possible candidates, and had always expressed to me his violent dislike, nay, contempt, for Plon Plon. However, I had sent me recently a volume of reminiscences by an old friend, Baron de Plancy, for a number of years First Equerry to King Jerome,

and there I found, to my intense surprise, almost word for word, the confirmation of the incident in question. Certain that M. de Plancy had his information from either the old King or from Prince Napoleon, I have no hesitation in believing that Emile de Girardin, the famous journalist, the man of one idea *per diem*, was right when telling me that Thiers had advocated the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, and had actually endeavoured to become the "*Warwick*" of the Second Empire.

I likewise fully agree with M. de Plancy, that the relentless enmity of Thiers against Napoleon III. was entirely due to his mistaken estimate of the future Emperor, and to his spite at finding himself in the cold, thanks to his own blundering error of judgment. Indeed, next to Prince Bismarck, I have never known anyone so unforgiving as M. Thiers, and so incapable of admitting the possibility of his committing an error and of being in the wrong—woe to the innocent and unconscious cause or subject of a mistaken judgment. The Council of Trent had been content with limiting Papal infallibility to matters spiritual, but both Bismarck and Thiers claimed this Divine privilege for every thought, opinion and idea fathered by their master minds, and it is a universally admitted fact that the chief of the Thiers *parti* (no *jeu de mots*) could neither forget nor forgive his own mistake as to the "block-headed adventurer," as he had styled Louis Napoleon, and that he, the infallible Adolphe Thiers, made the Emperor and Empire smart for his shortsighted and blustering blunder.

THE RED PRINCE OF PRUSSIA AND THE WHITE HORSE OF HANOVER.

ATTACHÉ at the Hanoverian Legation in Berlin in 1860, His Majesty had graciously granted me permission to wear the uniform of my old regiment, a privilege likewise enjoyed by my chief, and in fact, by most German diplomatists who had served in the army.

Aware of King William's predilection for everything military, I never failed to wear at Court the handsome uniform of the Hanoverian Gardes-du-Corps, which is similar to that of the Prussian Gardes-du-Corps, with the difference that they wore the Prussian Eagle on their helmets, cuirass, etc., whilst we had the Star of St George, and the White Horse of Hanover* instead.

Having donned the Court uniform at a great Court ball, given in the Royal Castle—one of the so-called "Water Balls." † I was waiting with my colleagues,

* Strictly speaking, the white horse (Schimmel) of the Brunswick-Luneburg coat-of-arms.

† The big Court balls, to which some 2000 people and more used to be invited, were jokingly styled "Water Balls" (*wasserballe*), there being no supper, and as a rule only tea and iced lemonade as refreshments, whilst there was always an excellent supper, with champagne and every possible kind of delicacies at the small Court balls reserved to the Corps Diplomatique and the Court society proper.

high and low, in the throne room, for the diplomatic *cercle* their Majesties were in the habit of holding previous to opening the ball by the traditional *Polonaise d'honneur*.

On the doors being thrown open, the King and Queen, preceded by the great dignitaries and minor Court officials, walking in couples, and followed by the Royal and other Princes and Princesses, entered the room to greet their foreign guests.

Beginning with the envoys—there were no ambassadors in those days—their Majesties had a kind word for every one, down to the youngest *attaché*, King William shaking hands with the *Chefs de Mission*, and such members of the staff as were personally known to His Majesty. My turn having come, the King inquired most graciously after my beloved mother—he did so on all occasions—leaving me, as usual, under the charm of his winning smile and manners.

After their Majesties, the Royal Princes and Princesses went likewise round to exchange a few words with those ladies and members of the *Corps Diplomatique* they happened to know, regardless of rank or position. Most of the Princes having spoken to me, the Red Prince—the late Prince Frederic Charles—honoured me likewise with a greeting, and after a few insignificant remarks, His Royal Highness, pointing to the star of St George on my helmet, said, in a not over-friendly tone,—“*Well, Malortie, when will you have there the Eagle instead of the White Horse?*” Justly hurt at this

strange remark from a Prussian Prince, I replied with a cool, but respectful bow,—“The day, sir, when we Hanoverians shall prefer the white horse of Bronzell* to that of Hanover,” an answer which so annoyed the Prince that he turned short on his heels, leaving me without saying a further word, whilst those of my colleagues who had overheard the conversation complimented me on the somewhat sharp rebuke I had given to His Royal Highness’s insulting remark.

At that moment the King gave the sign for “the *Polonaise d’honneur*,” and, forming in couples, their Majesties, the Princes and Princesses, the Ministers, the *Corps Diplomatique*, and the high dignitaries of State and army opened the ball, by making three times the round of the dancing saloons; and as I had also to look for my partner, I paid no further attention to the unpleasant incident. Next morning, however, I related the facts to my chief, as a new proof of the undisguised intention of annexing us. I little thought that he would at once report them home, and still less that they would become the subject of a most unpleasant exchange of letters between the two monarchs, H.M. King George V. complaining to King William of the behaviour of the Red Prince, and demanding some kind of satisfaction. A few days elapsed, when a note from the F. O. in the *Wilhelmstrasse* informed my chief

* To understand this reply, I must mention that it was a standing joke to tease the Prussians with the “*Schimmel von Bronzell*,” a white mare being the only prisoner made by the Prince of Prussia and the army invading Baden to repress the insurrection, when they dispersed the rebels at Brönzell without firing a shot.

that His Majesty desired to see us both, and that an audience had been fixed for the following morning at 11 A.M. My Minister looked puzzled and agitated, wondering what it could mean. So far from remembering his report on the ball incident, and its possible consequences, he actually imagined that the King might intend to decorate us, though he was unable to satisfy my curiosity when I ventured to ask "What we had done to deserve a Prussian distinction." He probably thought that it was sufficient to be an Envoy-Extraordinary to deserve extraordinary honours and favours.

Accordingly, we were next morning, a little before the appointed time, at the Palace, both in military uniform, I, of course, in the white parade uniform of the *Guardes du Corps*, whilst my Minister wore the uniform of a royal A.-D.-C.

Ushered at once into the presence of His Majesty, we found him standing near a window with the Red Prince, the Governor of Berlin, and the General commanding the Guards, and on seeing Prince Frederic Charles we knew at once why we had been sent for. The King looked somewhat serious, and I missed his winning smile; nevertheless he shook hands with both of us, and addressing my chief, His Majesty said,—

"I have had some letters from my cousin—your King—His Majesty complaining of a slight to his uniform, and his army, in consequence of a remark made by my nephew, Prince Frederic Charles. I have sent for the Prince, and he admitted the

incident, but assures me that it was said in a joking spirit, without the remotest idea of hurting the feelings of anyone, and still less with that of insulting an army so highly esteemed by us all. As His Majesty, my royal cousin, attaches great importance to the matter, and sees even a political allusion in the Prince's remark, in fact, as the King appears personally hurt, I have desired that His Royal Highness should apologise in my presence, and in that of His Majesty the King of Hanover's representative, the General commanding the Guards, and in the presence of the Governor of Berlin, and I confidently hope that this will show the King my anxious desire to maintain the most friendly relations with His Majesty, with his army and people. I beg you to assure the King that I and my generals, here present, are convinced that nothing unkind was meant, and that the Prince only intended to make a joke.* Indeed, my cousin knows the high opinion every officer and man of my armies has for the brilliant qualities of the gallant Hanoverian troops. The reception you, as well as Baron de Malortie have received at my hands, and from the Princes of my house, indeed, from all my officers, is the best proof of our esteem for Hanover and its army. It is not for me to say how far Baron de Malortie was justified in reporting the case, and interpreting my nephew's words in an unfriendly spirit, but this much I know, that nothing would give me greater pain than to think that any

* *Dass der Prinz nur einen dummen Witz machen wollte.*

Hanoverian officer could doubt our friendship and high regard."

And making a sign to the Red Prince, the latter came up to me and, shaking hands, mumbled something of regret, misunderstanding, and personal admiration for Germany's best soldiers, etc. I bowed respectfully, thanking the Prince for his kind expressions, and assured him that the noble words of His Majesty and the assurances of Prussia's famous cavalry leader would find a grateful echo in the hearts of all Hanoverian soldiers, whilst I begged His Royal Highness to believe that I deeply regretted having been the involuntary cause of all this ado, and of any personal annoyance the Prince might have had. He gave me a stiff, and by no means a friendly nod, thus showing what his real feelings were, and that he only apologised "by order."

My chief then stepped forward to thank His Majesty, in a few feeling words, for his gracious utterances and the kindness with which the King and the whole royal family had always honoured us and all Hanoverians *de passage* in Berlin, adding that he felt sure his august master would be deeply gratified by the friendly and chivalrous way the little misunderstanding had been settled.

The King said, "All's well that ends well,"* with a kind, good-natured smile, and to indicate that the audience was over, His Majesty once more shook hands with the Minister and poor me. I say "poor me," for whilst the King held my hand, he whispered,

* "*Ende gut Alles gut.*"

looking very stern,—“Your tongue is also rather long,* and you might as well have dispensed with your allusion to my white mare of Bronzell.”†

I made a deep obeisance, for what could I say? and we left. However, the doors had hardly closed upon us, when my chief remarked peevishly,—“That was one for you to smoke in your pipe; it doesn’t always answer to indulge in *bons mots*, and to be so awfully clever‡—the King will never forgive you.”

The great Hanoverian diplomatist was, as usual, wrong, for at the next *revue*, His Majesty, on greeting the foreign officers, sent also for me, and was as cheery and amiable as ever, thus showing that he was above petty rancour—indeed, that he had forgotten and forgiven the incident.

Not so the Red Prince, who cut me dead from that day, returning my salute neither in society nor when we met in the streets, indeed not even on parade or at reviews, when the slight was no longer personal but addressed to the uniform I had the honour of wearing.

Nobility of heart and thought is not given to all

* *Sie haben auch eine lose Zunge.*

† My friend, the late General Prince Kraft Hohenlohe-Ingelfingn, at the time a major in the artillery and A.-D.-C. to the King, repeated to me that though the allusion to the *Schimmel von Bronzell* had annoyed His Majesty, the King had said to him: “*Keine dumme Antwort, famose Geistesgegenwart, schade dass er kein Preusse ist*”—(not a stupid answer, plenty of *présence d’esprit*—a pity he isn’t a Prussian).

‡ I had the misfortune of not being in the good books of my chief, who did not forgive my refusal to copy his wife’s—a very clever woman—prose. H. E. was unable to write a dispatch himself, excusing himself by saying,—“*Ich bin kein Federvieh.*”

mortals, and in that respect the Red Prince had certainly been treated in a step-motherly way by Dame Providence; he was ungenerous, had no heart, and of nobility only his *acte de naissance*, his parchments and pedigree. A rough, bluff, ill-natured soldier, with vulgar instincts and tastes,* he was a brave and brilliant *condottiere*—a great general—and his beautiful, long-suffering consort is not likely to contradict us, when we say that he was an impossible husband, and the most cruel and vindictive of enemies.

How different from his royal uncle, the chivalrous and courtly Emperor-King—a model of condescending courtesy and high breeding—who treated all women like queens, and never forgot what was due to a gentleman, however small and insignificant.

These remarks recall to me an incident illustrating His Majesty's kind heart and dislike of absurd caste prejudices.

It was at one of the great subscription balls in the Opera House. On such occasions the Court and Society occupied the boxes on the first tier, the King, the Royal Princes and Princesses, the Corps Diplomatique, the Ministers and high dignitaries opening the ball, as at Court, with a *Polonaise d'honneur*. After which the ladies "of society" joined only in quadrilles—round dances being reserved for the public at large—and, of course, it had become a rule for us men only to dance with ladies of the general company after the

* There were, indeed, strange rumours afloat during his Nile trip and stay in Egypt.

Court and Society had retired. At one of these balls, then, I was talking to the well-known actress, Frau Kierschnev, a great favourite of the Berlin public, when suddenly feeling a hand on my shoulder, I turned round. It was the King, who had come to say a few kind words to the celebrated actress, and as I moved to retire, His Majesty said,—“Pray, stay ; and I say, why don’t you valse with Frau Kierschnev, I am sure she must be a splendid dancer.” Obeying the royal commands, we valed twice round the enormous stage, and returning to the place where the King was still standing, His Majesty complimented my partner on her grace and accomplished dancing. He then moved on, and, the valse being over, I took leave of Frau Kierschnev, to look for my partner for the next quadrille. It was the late Countess D—, a Russian, and wife of the Court Marshal of Prince Charles of Prussia. On offering her my arm she declined, saying, in a rather cool manner,—“You had better keep to your actresses, Baron ; there are plenty below,” and the Countess would not even listen to the explanation I had to offer. I felt much annoyed, and looking for the King I placed myself close to His Majesty in hopes that he might address me once more. I had rightly calculated, for noticing that I did not dance the quadrille—and I used to be an indefatigable dancer—His Majesty kindly said,—“Well, not dancing ? How is that ?” Making a bow, I told the King my misfortune, and the refusal of Countess D— to dance with the “defiled” partner of an actress.

“What nonsense!” exclaimed His Majesty. “Come with me,” and entering the box of the Countess, the King said,—“I bring you your partner, for if there is a culprit, my dear Countess, it is myself; I asked the Baron to dance with Frau Kierschnev, and he must not suffer on my account. Now, take his arm and join the quadrille.” Though it was half over the Countess at once complied with the royal command, indeed, she was all smiles and sweetness, asking me why I had not told her at once that it was the King who made me dance with the actress, quite forgetting that she had declined to give me a hearing. However, we made it up, and from that evening men danced with whom they liked, independent of caste and pedigree, for, after all, the moment Court and Society went to these balls and danced, it was ridiculous to draw absurd distinctions, and a slight on the other ladies to monopolise society men until “the upper crust” was leaving.

Taking the Countess back to her box, we had to pass once more before the King, who whispered,—“Well, do you feel very miserable at having derogated” (and he emphasised the word), “by dancing with the cavalier of an actress? *Oh, les femmes! les femmes!* as if the best actresses were not off the stage!” and His Majesty laughed heartily at the embarrassed looks of my “noble” partner, who well deserved the lesson.

GENERAL GORDON.

(a) A BRITISH BAYARD.

A BRITISH Bayard—a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*—there is nothing one could write or say likely to add to the undying glory of Gordon's immortal name and fame. His memory will for ever rest engraved in the hearts of his countrymen as a martyr sacrificed on the altar of duty and patriotism, as one of the noble champions of faith and right, justice and charity, as the embodiment of all that is good, pure, true and righteous in the British nature. Indeed, with all his failings and shortcomings—for he was neither a statesman, a diplomatist, nor a man of the world—Gordon's great qualities of heart and mind tower far above our dwarfed generation of egotists, and make him, if not an able financier and administrator, an organising genius, an eminent leader of men, who, by his shining example, left a luminous trace wherever he went and worked. Yet his mind, thoughts and dealings were as capricious as contradictory—an enigma to those who knew him best—his actions frequently belieing

his most solemn utterances and pledges of the day before, and his judgment of men and things varying according to the influences, inspiration and mood of the moment. Frenchmen would call him *un impressionnaliste*—a political *opportuniste*—for he always yielded to inspirations and influences, to external circumstances, to moral impressions, and what seemed caprice, endeavouring to do what he thought right and just, according to the prompting of heart or conscience. Highly principled and always ready to sacrifice himself for the good and benefit of others, he was incapable of wronging any living being—at least intentionally. God's law was his guide in every one of his actions, yet, strange to say, he would never recognise any human law, code or principle as binding upon himself, nor would he ever bow to any will superior to his own. He was the worst of disciplinarians; honours, position, wealth had no hold on him, nor would any earthly inducements make him yield to higher influences, to an order, or to the words "you must!" if contrary to his honest conviction. Indeed, he would rather have resigned his post than be fettered in his own ideas and his frequently erratic ways of solving difficulties or cutting "a Gordian knot."

God's *word* alone was his guide—the page of the Holy Scriptures he happened to open, on rising in the morning, traced his line of thought and action for the day. The Bible alone had an omnipotent influence on his work and doings.

Maintaining to the letter the text before him, he

would be for twenty-four hours either relentless like the God of Abraham, or all-merciful as the Saviour of mankind; it was a question of Old or New Testament, a Scriptural toss-up, Gordon's deep belief in divine inspiration and guidance leading him to see the finger of the Almighty in the day's text, and indications therein of His commands to His servant, and with childlike faith he conformed to the letter of the biddings of the whole text.

Not a Moltke, but a Godefroi de Bouillon (don't read *Brouillon*), or rather a Pierre Gautier; not a statesman but a capital organiser; not a politician but a fearless reformer—an impossible subordinate, yet an idolised leader—as opposed to constitutional fetters as incapable of autocratic misrule, a bad thought or action; he was the dread of palaces and a welcome comforter in the hovel, father of the poor and *enfant terrible* of the rich; the ideal of the well-meaning patriarch of old, infallible oracle and just ruler of his people, of kith and kin—the finest specimen of the gallant Christian soldier, of a true gentleman in the garb of a careless philosopher. Unassuming, self-sacrificing, devoid of wants, and untiring in his efforts for the common weal, he was only bent on doing good, on improving the hard lot of the step-children of Providence, of the poor, the suffering, the victims of absolutism, selfishness, greed, of ill-luck and fate.

In religion a Deist, in politics an idealist, by nature a philanthropist, he combined a profound contempt for cant, hypocrisy and pharisaical goody-goodyness.

Indeed, the world and the upper classes in general he despised, but showed the most tender-hearted love, and most humane and humanitarian devotion to his fellow-men, to suffering, helpless and oppressed mankind, and his stout and big heart ever ached at the view of all the misery and wretchedness around him, and grieved at not being able to bring relief and consolation to all.

Doomed to become a martyr of party politics, the immortal victim of Mr Gladstone's inconsistent Micawber policy and pledges, Gordon personified—hero and victim in one—more than any other prominent figure in modern history, pure patriotism, heroic self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. A modern Crusader, clad in humanitarian armour, he was a *mixtum compositum* of contrasts and contradictions, an apostle of hope and charity, yet a merciless avenger of wrong and evil-doing; a dispenser alike of good and harm, overwhelming in reckless bounties, but relentless if deceived; easily carried away by sudden infatuation, and as quickly hurling from its undeserved pedestal the object of an accountable favour—thus was Gordon.

One of his warm admirers, an old Egyptian Pasha, said to me,—“ *Cet excellent Gordon est un honnête fou, qui avec les meilleures intentions du monde, ne nous à jamais fait que du mal.*”

This opinion may sound unjust or exaggerated, yet it cannot be denied that Gordon did injure himself and others by his impulsiveness, nor that he tabooed individuals whom he found, on closer acquaintance, the very men he wanted, the most suitable instruments

for the work required, whilst he often placed his confidence, *dans le premier venu*, in people he afterwards discovered to be rogues and false to him.

How erratic he could occasionally be in praise and blame, favours and resentment, is charmingly illustrated by an anecdote I heard from the lips of the ex-Khedive Ismaël Pasha. "Gordon," said His Highness, favouring me with a cigar from his left breast-pocket,* "Gordon is an impossible man to deal with.

"For instance, I received one day a telegram from Khartoum full of praise of a certain Bey, whom he styled the most able, efficient and devoted official he had met in Egypt; in fact, lifting the man to the skies, he wound up by asking me to make him a Pasha, and to give him the First Class of the Medjidiéh. I didn't think much of the man, and it was reluctantly that I yielded to Gordon's request. But what could I do when Gordon held that the official in question was the only man capable of taking his (Gordon's) place, in case of an accident, or if he should retire. I could only give way, and accordingly wired back,—'Proposal granted, brevets will follow.' But ere this message could reach Khartoum, I received another from Gordon, imploring me to do nothing, as the man was a scoundrel and unworthy of

* His Highness used to have a capital brand in his left, and an indifferent one in his right breast-pocket. According to the mood of the moment, and the more or less favour the visitor enjoyed, he was honoured with a left or right-side cigar, though in this case the right-side weed was not the right one, I fear; but, as I happened to be offered the other, an excellent Havanna indeed, I have nothing to say.

any consideration ; saying that he (Gordon) had been deceived, and obliged to have him arrested and put in irons ! All this in less than forty-eight hours—a marvellous up and down ! Knowing Gordon's queer ways," added His Highness, "it did not surprise me, but it shows the strange '*engouement et impressionnabilité de notre ami*,' all impulse and ardour, never waiting for the confirmation of a first impression, though afterwards sorry for having been too hasty, and bitterly regretting his infatuation and want of judgment—*un drôle d'homme !*"

The truth is that the *drôle d'homme* was so honourable himself that he believed others to be the same, and this accounts for the fact that no one was more easily deceived and imposed upon than poor Gordon, who used to say in his kind way,—“What does it matter ? Even if one were let in nine times out of ten, the happiness given to the one deserving wretch amply counterbalances the disappointment the nine others may have caused !”

“What does it matter ?” said Gordon, and what does it matter said his august or princely employers—what, indeed ! that Gordon misjudges individuals, that he is erratic in small matters, that he blunders in trifles ? It is the privilege of genius, of great men, to have foibles, fads, caprices, call them what you will, and where do you find a second Gordon ? Where a heart and mind like his ; where such indomitable pluck, energy, working power and devotion to duty ; where such a leader of men, such talent for organisation, such experience

of the East, such knowledge of the wants and capabilities of the inhabitants of the Black Continent?

There was and will ever be but one Gordon, and well may Great Britain be proud of her noble, never-to-be-forgotten son, whose memory will live in the hearts of coming generations kept alive by the good works he has both kindled and effected, and by the great example he has given. In fact, it was by his fearless denunciation of the terrible miseries and wrongs brought on the peaceful, happy populations of Central Africa, that public conscience has been roused from selfish indifference, and that feeble efforts have been made to stem that monstrous blot on humanity—slave-hunting, and barter of human flesh.

Though there is a lull for the present—and God knows that matters look black enough, for the news is appalling of the devastation and misery wrought by the revived slave hunts—it may be that statesman-like foresight and spirited action in Uganda will usher in a new era, and give a fresh impetus to our slumbering sympathy for the blacks, indeed, that it will induce John Bull to put his foot down and crush the slave-hunting vermin for good—and that, by placing the Black Races under Great Britain's protection, the final civilisation of those parts will only become a question of time.

What Gordon thought of Uganda he tells us in his letters to his sister.* Thus he says in one,—“The

* *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, by G. B. Hill.

only valuable parts are the high lands near Mtesa" (King of Uganda); in another he adds,—“That Uganda is the only country worth having, worth the outlay,” and at another place he remarks that the Power taking possession of Uganda will virtually be the Master of Khartoum, of the Soudan, and arbiter of the whole African question.

Let us hope that Her Majesty's Government will be fired by Gordon's encouraging words, and that it will follow up Sir Gerald Portal's suggestions by establishing in Uganda the centre of political action on the Black Continent. It would be the fulfilment of Gordon's programme, the realisation of his prognostication, and the most worthy *memento* of his noble scheme. Nay, it would be the most worthy monument Great Britain could erect in grateful remembrance of one of her greatest and best sons, and none would be more gratifying to Gordon, if we may think that from above he follows the progress—very slow, alas!—of the great humanitarian work to which he first gave impulse, of which he laid the foundations, cemented by his blood, and immortalised by his martyrdom!

May it be so!—

(b) "GIVE UP KHARTOUM? NEVER!"*

"GIVE up Khartoum? Never, never!" These are the words of the late Prime Minister of Egypt, Cherif Pasha, who on this question expresses the unanimous opinion of all Egyptians. The natives say, one and all, that it would cost more to evacuate than to hold the Eastern Soudan, the retention of which they consider vital to the tranquillity of their country. No doubt they are right, and it would have been wiser to have given them, in time, pecuniary and moral aid.

This is at least the conviction of Cherif Pasha, Riaz Pasha, Khairz Pasha, and all the leading natives I know, and the following extract from my diaries will give a graphic idea of what patriots like Cherif Pasha and Riaz Pasha think and feel:—

"Yesterday † Cherif Pasha said,—‘Come to-morrow morning, I shall then no longer be in office, and shall be able to speak *à cœur ouvert*.’ Well, he did so, and after dwelling at some length on all the sacrifices he had made to work loyally with Her Majesty’s representative, he said,—

“‘Though Malet promised me, if I consented to take office, that entire freedom of action would be left to me, I have nevertheless yielded on every point, and I and my colleagues have, so to say, done all we were

* Published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 15/2/84.

† January 4th, 1884.

told by England. Now, I fully understand that the views of Downing Street *must overrule ours*; but this can only relate to questions of reform and the like, and not to matters affecting our political existence. No true Egyptian will subscribe to the abandonment of Khartoum and the Eastern Soudan, or renounce our autonomy. On this point there is only one voice in the country. I have in many ways sacrificed my popularity in order to satisfy British demands, but I should be unworthy of my post were I to consent to an act I consider suicidal. The British Government does not realise what is in store for them and for us. A total withdrawal from the Soudan will increase enormously the prestige of the pseudo-Mahdi; in fact, the abandonment of Khartoum will make him all-powerful. How will you stem the fanatical wave? England wants to get out of Egypt. Well, but how? To defend our frontier at Wady Halfa, or Assouan, you will have to send fifteen or twenty thousand men, and who is to pay for it? There may not be an immediate danger, but you will see in August and September next. It is true the Soudan has been a source of constant expense or loss to us, but I consider £100,000 or £200,000 a year well spent if that ensures the safety of our frontiers. Mehemet Ali was no idiot. He held that the frontiers of Egypt proper must be defended on the White Nile, and he acted accordingly. It is impossible to have unruly and warlike barbarians as immediate neighbours. There would never be security or peace. Moreover, the

expense of a defensive position on the White Nile would not amount to a fraction of what a defensive one at Wady Halfa or Assouan will cost. Fifteen thousand native troops could hold Khartoum, Berber, Dongola and Senaar. It is cruel and inhuman to sacrifice all the loyal tribes and the military garrisons which we cannot bring out in safety. Besides, what about the army of officials, who will either perish or flood the Delta?

“I can understand England’s unwillingness to fight the Mahdi and to occupy the Soudan, and I can equally understand her opposition to our reconquering parts at present in the power of the Mahdi, but why not allow us to hold the line of the White Nile? Why should we not have asked Turkey for the loan of 10,000 men? Have we not repeatedly lent our troops to the Sultan? If the Mahdi drove us out of Khartoum, the case might stand differently; but why clear out ere he has even made a move in advance? Sobehr has declared that he declines going to the Darfour now that I have resigned, and that the Soudan is to be given up. Hussein Pasha Khalifa and his Bedouins will be stopped in their advance, and so will the Albanians, at present on their way. All that is no longer wanted; but these are mere details. I see the real difficulties in the distance; the successes of the Mahdi will work powerfully on the imagination of the populations, and you will not find it easy to carry out your ideas when the whole country is opposed to them. Generally a Cabinet falls because it is not in accord either with the

Sovereign or the country; in our case we fell *though*, and perhaps *because*, we are all agreed on the question of the Soudan. Nay, my colleagues and I have been yielding all that was possible—but Khartoum, Berber, Dongola—that is asking too much. Who would dare to sign such an act? Moreover, how could we? it is not ours; we hold the Soudan by imperial Firman, and we can do nothing without the consent of the Porte. The truth is, England has got it into her head that the Soudan sucks the life-blood of Egypt—an error. But if it were so, whose fault would it be? And to please whom have we put down the slave trade at our expense? Indeed, if we have made the Soudanese discontented, it is because we have been fighting the battle of civilisation, and if it has cost us hundreds of thousands, it is because no Continental Power has thought fit to assist us with money when it was wanted. Of course, His Highness's Government had long determined to give up Darfour and Kordofan—I told you so last year—but Khartoum? Never, never! You will see what your policy will cost both you and us. Instead of £200,000 spent annually on the Soudan, there will be a cost of a million or two for increased military expenditure—for the native army as well as the army of occupation. Of course the Khedive must remain outside political controversy; his ministers must shield him, and we go. He may perhaps find more pliable men, but not a patriot. As to himself, His Highness must remain at his post and save the dynasty if he can. I cannot tell you all the worry I have gone

through on account of this Soudan question, I have never complained. *I thought it our interest and duty to follow the British lead*; but when I see the precipice at my feet, I stop short. There is such a thing as self-preservation; besides, my dignity—our dignity—made it a duty to resign. . . .

“I am anxious that all the world should know how we have acted, and that I have been loyal to the last, but I am not for suicide. Had I wished to be obnoxious, or to create difficulties, I should have had many opportunities and many weapons. I had only to stretch out my hand; but you know I have never done anything secretly or behind your backs. I have nothing to conceal, and I feel I have done my duty. May others do the same! I might have screened my views, the views of the Cabinet, behind the Legislative Council or the General Assembly, and we might thus have identified ourselves with the representatives of the people, with the nation, but I thought it an undignified subterfuge. I am sad when I think of the future; politically I am dead! I had once great hopes; now I have none left, and I pity my poor country!”

Thus said Cherif Pasha; and if I single out his views it is because they are identical with those of Riaz Pasha and the majority of natives, as far as the Soudan is concerned, and I am not sure that they are not secretly shared by the present Prime Minister and his colleagues, though they are loyally carrying out their share of the bargain.

(c) H.H. THE KHEDIVE TEWFIK I. ON GENERAL
GORDON'S MISSION.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* of February 19th, 1885, gave, in an extra publication entitled "Too Late," an epitome of the various phases of General Gordon's mission, summarising its objects, as defined in the two Khedivial Firmans, as follows:—

1. To withdraw the troops, civil employés and Europeans from the Soudan.

2. To establish a Confederation of restored Sultans as a substitute for the Egyptian Government.

3. To report on the best means of securing the safety and good administration of the Red Sea Ports.

4. To advise how best to counteract the stimulus given to slave trade by the evacuation, and to establish an organised Government, in the different provinces of the Soudan, for the maintenance of order and the cessation of all disasters and incitement to revolt.

6. To restore public tranquillity on a safe basis.

7. To establish justice and order.

8. To maintain the security of the roads open to commerce.

A gigantic task, if one takes the trouble to analyse the difficulties to be overcome.

How unwilling the Khedive was to give his consent to the evacuation is still in everybody's memory, and it was with a bleeding heart that His Highness gave

way to the pressure of Her Majesty's Government, fully sharing the views of the late Cherif Pasha, who had preferred to resign his office as Prime Minister rather than put his name to an act he considered detrimental to the interests of Egypt, unfair to the loyal Soudanese populations, and possibly as expensive as the retainment of the Soudan proper as far as Khartoum, His Highness having long before decided upon restoring the Darfour and adjoining provinces to their lawful Sultans.

However, having finally yielded, His Highness did his best to have the evacuation loyally carried out, and to that effect the Khedive entrusted Gordon with full powers; in fact, with his own supreme attributes, making only one condition—"the safety of the Europeans and the Egyptian civil element."

The following extract from the Author's diaries* throws an additional light on this sad page of contemporary history, and shows alike His Highness, the late Khedive's noble self-sacrifice in consenting to the amputation of the Soudan, rather than jeopardise the future of Egypt proper by a quarrel with England,†

* Published in an extra number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of February 19th, 1885.

† "What His Highness's personal feelings towards England were, and what he thought of Egypt's obligations to the British Government, and of his duties towards both this country and England (for Egypt's sake), will be seen in the appended extracts from the Author's diaries:—

"*January 7th* (1884).

"Cherif's Cabinet has resigned . . . Riaz has seen the Khedive and refused to take office . . . Nubar has now been summoned. . .

"*January 8th* (1884).

"Nubar has consented to form a Ministry. . . I saw the Khedive at midnight, after his acceptance of the resignation of Cherif and his colleagues. His Highness stated that he was convinced of acting rightly

as also the wisdom of His Highness's objections to the evacuation, so soon to be realised by the consequences it had for his country and his exchequer.

Calling on the Khedive after Gordon Pasha's appointment as Governor-General of the ex-Soudan, I found His Highness gratified that Gordon had expressed his regret at what had passed, and he assured me that perfect accord existed between them. Asking the Khedive's permission to publish his views respecting Gordon's mission, His Highness hesitated a moment

in the interests of Egypt, by yielding unreservedly to the advice of England, whose motives were dictated by the good of the country (of Egypt), and therefore identical with his own. He added that England alone had stood to him and helped him *in adversity*. 'Others,' he said, 'are very generous in offering profuse advice now that the danger has passed, but where were they at the critical moment? *I shall never forget what I, what we, owe to England.*'

"I may not see the wisdom and advantage of evacuating the Soudan, but I concur in the present necessity and the course adopted, though Khartoum might perhaps have been saved—but it might not. I cannot undertake the responsibility for thousands of lives, without the material means of protecting them. The best for the country and my people must alone be considered, and we cannot afford to quarrel with England. . . . Let them say that I have acted against the advice of the most eminent Egyptian statesmen, of true patriots. Let them say that I am weak and sold to England . . . my conscience tells me that I have done right. . . . I am sacrificing myself, possibly my popularity; all the blame will fall upon me! But never mind, the day will come when the country will realise that I have acted in the interests of Egypt. Believe me, it requires more patriotism to yield than to indulge in a *non possumus*, and I am not going to compromise our future, the welfare of my people, to some temporary satisfaction of *amour propre*, to some cheap popularity! Our fate is linked to England, and with England we *must* go, if we wish to hold our own, and ever to see the day when, thanks to British friendship, Egypt will become an Oriental Belgium, as you called it in one of your articles. . . .

"If it is a mistake to abandon the Soudan, British statesmen will have to answer for it—not Egypt; our hands are bound and our policy is traced by gratitude, by circumstances and dire necessity."

and said,—“You know I do not care, as a rule, to express publicly my opinion, at least not through the press, and I prefer leaving this care to my responsible ministers. However, in an exceptional case like this, it may be useful that my personal views should be made public, and I have no objection ; nay, I shall feel obliged if you will soon make it known that after consenting to the abandonment of the Soudan, whatever my own wishes on that subject may have been, I consider it my duty to carry it out by every means at my disposal. In fact, I could not give a better proof of my intentions than by accepting Gordon as Governor-General with full power to take whatever steps he may judge best for attaining the end my Government and Her Majesty’s Government have in view. I could not do more than delegate to Gordon my own powers, and make him irresponsible arbiter of the situation. Whatever he does will be well done ; whatever propositions he will make are accepted in advance ; whatever combinations he may decide upon will be binding for us ; and in thus placing unlimited trust in the Pasha’s judgment, I have only made *one condition*—‘*That he should provide for the safety of the Europeans and the Egyptian civilian element.*’ He is now the supreme master, and my best wishes accompany him on a mission of such gravity and importance, for my heart aches at the thought of the thousands of loyal adherents whom a false step may doom to destruction. I have no doubt that Gordon Pasha will do his best to sacrifice as few as possible ; and should he succeed, with God’s

help, in accomplishing the evacuation of Khartoum, and the chief parts of the Eastern Soudan, he will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of my people, who at present tremble lest help may come too late. To tell you that he will succeed is more than I or any mortal could prognosticate, for there are tremendous odds against him. But let us hope for the best, and as far as I and my Government are concerned, he shall find the most loyal and most energetic support.

“What he may do afterwards will much depend on circumstances, and the most satisfactory solution would be for him to succeed in establishing a kind of federation of independent tribes, though it would be rash to be too sanguine, as it will require something more than persuasion to prevent the old tribal feuds from breaking out again, and the Sheiks from devouring each other, the day they are no longer overawed by the fear of retaliation from a superior power. Inshalla!

“I have done my part; and to meet the most urgent wants, £100,000 have been placed at Gordon’s disposal. The evacuation will cost much; however, we must find the money somehow; and it will be found, as Gordon can do nothing without it. In order to give another pledge of my earnest desire to re-establish the independence of the Soudanese, I have reinstated Abd-el-Shakour as Sultan of Darfour and Kordofan, and he has already left with Gordon.* You remember my telling

* Already, in 1879, Gordon contemplated the restoration of this dynasty, telegraphing on April 16th to H. H. Ismaël Pasha for the son of the deposed Sultan Ibrahim, in order to reinstate him in the Darfour. —See *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, by G. B. Hill, pp. 349, 355.

you last year that I contemplated restoring these provinces to their legitimate owners ; circumstances prevented it, but now that an opportunity offers I have been happy to do it, the more so as Gordon Pasha seemed fully to share my own views on that point.

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“The fate of the many, who in these distant parts have remained loyal to Egypt, is my all-absorbing thought, and I pray God that He may give success to Gordon’s noble undertaking. Time alone can show whether Mehemet Ali was right in designing the Eastern Soudan as an intermediate station, as a kind of buffer between Barbarism and Egypt proper. As matters stand, its abandonment has become a political necessity. I have unreservedly given my consent, and in doing so I believe I am fulfilling a duty ; but I should never forgive myself if anything was neglected to ensure the safety of the helpless inhabitants, Europeans and natives, whose lives the evacuation puts in jeopardy. The massacre of even a few would be a national calamity, and a misfortune Egypt would mourn more deeply even than the loss of those provinces.

“You understand now with what anxiety and hopes we shall look to the success of Gordon’s efforts. May he succeed !”

Turning then to another subject, the Khedive said, —“There is no sacrifice I, and, with me, every true Egyptian, would not cheerfully make *to hasten on the work of reorganisation England has undertaken*. I understand the importance for Great Britain to guard

against the recurrence of new disturbances, and to insist on reforms—administrative, judicial, financial—so essential for the happiness and tranquillity of my country. At present we are overburdened, but I trust in your statesmen to give us a helping hand. Before the Arabi rebellion our finances were fairly balanced, and there was a prospect of lowering the burdens. But everything has been against us; first Arabi's insane military expenditure, the rebellion, the cost of occupation, the cholera, and, lastly, the Mahdi and the extraordinary expenses for the Soudan; in addition to that, the low prices of cotton, wheat and maize. Yet we have paid every sixpence due to the bondholders, and have honestly kept our engagements; but you know the proverb—“*La plus jolie fille ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a,*” and we are at the end of our tether. *We are now waiting to see what England will do for us.* Egypt has done her part, and every possible reduction will be made in the Budget of 1884; in fact, it is contemplated to considerably reduce the staff of the various departments, but the dismissal of small officials and *gens de service* is repugnant to me, and *I have reduced my own Civil List by another £12,000 to provide the needful for those most in want, and to prevent the cruel consequences of a painful measure.*”

Nothing could be added to the above; it shows His late Highness's loyal co-operation with England on one side, and his untiring efforts for the welfare of his people on the other, a wise yielding to the inevitable, coupled with a fatherly, tender-hearted

solicitude for the suffering and helpless victims of political necessity.

At the same time the Khedive's *one condition* to Gordon explains fully the latter's obligation not to abandon those whom His Highness had specially entrusted to his care, and for whose safety he considered himself responsible unto death, and deep was the Khedive's sorrow on learning Gordon's mournful fate and chivalrous devotion to his poor, deserted and sacrificed companions of misfortune.

The questions recently put in the House concerning Sobehr Pasha and his claims on the Egyptian Government, give additional interest to the following extract from the Author's diaries, whilst the appended copy of Gordon's official letter appointing Sobehr his *adlatus* and Sub-Governor of the Soudan* prove conclusively how wrong Mr Gladstone was not to sanction the *only* demand made by Gordon, though he had been assured, on leaving for Khartoum, that he had not only *carte blanche* to do what he thought right, but that anything he might wish or require was granted him beforehand. And considering Sobehr's own refusal to accept Gordon's offer, surely the responsibility might have been left to him, instead of saddling Her Majesty's Government with the odium of sacrificing its heroic mandatarry to ill-judged anti-slavery prejudices.

As to Sobehr's reasons for not going, anyone knowing the East and its strange ways of thought and action,

* Sobehr gave this copy of Gordon's original telegram, together with a copy of his reply, a day after its reception, to the Author. See Appendices I., II. and III.

will certainly approve the feelings that prompted his reply.

It was a hard blow for Gordon, Sobehr being the only man capable of pacifying the Soudan, the only man popular and powerful enough to awe the populations into submission. However, one can well understand that he considered himself ill-used by the Egyptian Government, and, without thinking him justified as to the fabulous amount of his claims, after his agreeing to waive them on payment of £3000 a year, and a house in Cairo,* one must admit that he had been harshly and unfairly dealt with by the Ex-Khedive Ismaël Pasha, and entitled to better thanks for the conquest of the Darfour, and after all the promises made him for handing his conquest over to the Egyptian Government.

[*Extract from Diary, 18/4/84 :—*]

“Two of our legislators—staunch Radicals—having asked me to take them to Sobehr Pasha, the famous Ex-Sultan of the Darfour, and ‘chief slave dealer’—as the Anti-Slavery Society is pleased to call him—I arranged a meeting, as I was particularly anxious that they should form an opinion *de visu* of a man I considered one of the most able and intelligent rulers of the Black Continent, in fact the only one popular

* Sobehr's plea that the late Cherif Pasha had “forced” him to sign this agreement is simply ludicrous, Cherif Pasha having been the most straightforward and honourable man in Egypt, utterly incapable of a mean and unfair action.—The Author.

enough to second Gordon in his difficult task of keeping the Mahdi at bay, and bringing the Khedive's people—officials and remnants of the army—safely out of Khartoum. Having always been on most friendly terms with Sobehr, he asked us to come and lunch with him in the desolate, tumble-down old palace assigned to him by the Khedival Government, on the other side of the canal, opposite the railway buildings. We were received at the gate by half-a-dozen gigantic retainers, as black as ebony, and looking formidable warriors, notwithstanding their peaceful array in more or less ragged Galabiéhs.

“Ushered up a wooden staircase leading to the Salamlik, and passing through an ante-room crowded with people of all classes and shades, we entered a spacious, ill-furnished apartment, where Sobehr was crouching on a divan in company of two of his lieutenants. On our approach he slowly rose to meet us, and his tall, slim figure had something very dignified in the long, floating, white garment, bordered with narrow gold braid, which replaced the unbecoming stamboulina in which he is generally seen outside his house. He shook hands cordially with us, and bade us sit down, the two Members of Parliament assuring him how pleased they were to make the acquaintance of the powerful ruler of the Darfour. He gave a faint smile as if to say, ‘Don’t make fun of me; there is precious little left of the powerful ruler.’

“The only furniture was an old divan running round the room, a wooden frame with huge cushions covered

with grey linen, hard and uncomfortable. The walls, once whitewashed, were now of a nondescript tint, and covered with cobwebs; no curtains existed, and the only ornaments three or four common wooden stools for cigarettes and ash-trays—nothing could be more simple and less kingly.

“Presenting his attendants, he said that they were old officers, who had served under him in the wars, and now shared the bread of exile. Two negro slaves brought a horrible decoction of perfumed and spiced coffee, having a strong taste of cayenne pepper and sapan, but nothing to remind one of fragrant Mokka or the exquisite produce of the Harrar. The tobacco of his cigarettes was also scented and disagreeable to the palate, though he seemed to enjoy both. The conversation turned, of course, at once towards the Soudan and Gordon’s mission, and sending for the telegram appointing him Sub-Governor-General, received the day before, as well as his reply,* he made me a copy of the former, and explained to us how it would be impossible for him to accept the flattering offer.

“‘You know,’ he said, ‘my son Suleiman was shot by Gordon’s orders, and to him I owe all my misfortunes. True, I have forgiven him, and I told him so the other day at our meeting at Sir Evelyn Baring’s, yet no one in the Soudan would believe it, and if anything happened to Gordon they would lay it at my door, and say that it was my doing to revenge my son. To this I will not expose myself; moreover, I could be of no use unless

* See Appendices I., II. and III.

I was reinstated into my own, and at least enabled to pay my debts. What would people think of a man sent to rule them, and obliged to blush at every moment as a defaulting debtor; indeed, what the Government owes me, I owe it to others, and no one is likely to have much faith in a Government that repudiates the just claims of its own representatives, for what could the small fry expect, what the masses, if the highest of all, their governor, or sub-governor if you like, cannot obtain common justice for himself? Let the Egyptian Government do what is right; let Gordon come out of the Soudan, and I shall be at their service, but until something is done for me, and Gordon safely back, I shall not stir. Besides that, I strongly doubt if your Government will approve of Gordon sending for me, after having refused him before. They distrust me—I don't know why. They ought to know that, if for no other reason, self-interest would keep me on their side, as I have nothing to expect from Egypt, or from anyone except England. Unfortunately the Anti-Slavery Society have a grudge against me, since Gordon first denounced me as a slave-hunter and trader. But why believe Gordon's accusations at a time he knew little about me and the Soudan, and not believe him now that he has recognised his mistake and has stated so openly and in fairness to me? It is certainly odd, and I fail to see what they could allege against me. If they knew anything about the Soudan and my former doings, they would know that I could never have conquered those provinces had I been the enemy of the people and

sold them into slavery. My army was small, but I brought them justice, and I did exactly the reverse of what I am credited with, for I protected the helpless against the slave-hunters, to whose raids I put a stop; yet I am branded as the culprit, as a slave trader, and that is why you won't listen to my claims, why I can't obtain justice—it is very hard!’

“‘But,’ said I, ‘Pasha, you can't complain of the British Government. Have they not just helped you to £5000 on account of your claims, which the Egyptian Government repudiates altogether? Surely you might safely trust the British sense of fairness and justice.’

“He laughed, and said,—‘I wish they had never given me those paltry £5000, for until then my creditors left me alone, knowing that I had nothing to give them; well, since I had—or, rather, since they had—these £5000, for I did not keep a pound for myself, they fancy I have only to ask for more, and besiege my very door. Indeed, I have not had a moment's peace since this wretched money passed my threshold. You see I have not much to be grateful for—it was either too much or not enough, and creditors prefer nothing to dribblets, always suspecting that there is more hidden somewhere, but that you won't part,’ and he gave another knowing smile. ‘If your Government meant well, they would fix the amount they consider due to me, and they would guarantee its payment in instalments; instead of that, the matter is left as obscure and undecided as ever, but I mean to fight it out to the bitter end, and I shall not leave Cairo

until it is settled one way or another ; indeed, I may possibly lay my case before the British nation—the House of Commons—and I trust you who have seen me will help me to obtain fair play and justice.’

“Avoiding a direct answer to this personal appeal, one of the Members of Parliament said, ‘And is this your last word ? Are you really determined not to join Gordon, even if Government were to ask you ?’

“‘Quite so,’ replied Sobehr ; ‘I have spoken, and I don’t alter my decisions. I cannot afford to lose my good name, and I know what people would say if Gordon were killed, or if he died of illness—one never knows. True, I might be callous, considering all the mud thrown at me, and they could hardly say worse things than they say now. Your Anti-Slavery Society calls me every possible name—“chief slave-hunter, dealer in human flesh, blood-thirsty fanatic,” and I don’t know what ; it is too ludicrous.’

“‘But,’ remarked the other of the two Members of Parliament, ‘have you not always kept large numbers of slaves, and was not the Darfour the chief mart of the slave traffic ?’

“‘True, but there was no other coin ; the only thing to be got in exchange for our produce and wares were slaves ; moreover, how can you dispense with slaves in a Mussulman country as long as you have the harem system ? I had over two hundred slaves on my arrival here ; by illness and death they have dwindled down to about a hundred ; well, I should be delighted to make you a present of them all,’ and he turned grace-

fully to the last speaker. 'I shall be far better off with half-a-dozen paid servants—believe me. Of course they are all free, and might leave my house to-day if they chose, but not one goes—why?—they would have to work for their living. Now I, the master, must house, clothe and feed them, give them a dower if they marry, bring up their children, nurse them when ill, pay their doctor and chemist, and, finally, bury them if they die. And what do I get in exchange?—nothing, absolutely nothing. Indeed, I am not even allowed to punish them any longer, since you have done away with the coorbash; and they snap their fingers at me and my *wakil* if we venture to get angry or to threaten them. Nay, if I lock them up for a couple of days on bread and water, they'll very likely arraign me before a judge for ill-treatment. That's slavery and serfdom! As I said before, you are welcome to the lot!'

"Our two legislators looked rather non-plussed at this unexpected offer, but, expressing regret at being unable to undertake such grave responsibilities, they declined to free him from his human incubus, and, turning to another subject, they asked him how he would propose to pacify the Soudan and to stop slavery—above all, the traffic and hunting of blacks.

"Sobehr fixed them with a piercing look and replied,—'You can't pacify the Soudan by the sword alone; passions have been roused, and the feud has taken alarming proportions, chiefly because there is no faith in any one, and how could there be? Have you not made war on Osman Digna, almost at the

very moment you professed to despatch Gordon, as peace maker, to Khartoum? Gordon appoints the Mahdi Sultan of Kordofan, and you slaughter his followers by thousands. Is that logical? Begin by treating me with justice; *then*, perhaps, the Soudan people may once more believe in you—at any rate, the effect would be good and worth an army, whilst I would be enabled to help you in stemming the breakers that threaten us all alike, and will come down on Cairo after having destroyed Gordon. But do what you like, and come what may, the sword is only good for the defensive. To pacify the Soudan, leave your sword in the scabbard and flood the country with engineers, open up the Soudan, civilise the barbarians, give them roads and railways; communications will favour trade, and trade brings wealth. Slaves are at present the only coin they have for barter, but this mercantile commodity will no longer be required when other wares will take its place—it is all a matter of trade, facilities and communications, as I said before.

“Mehemet Ali, and after him the Ex-Khedive, had realised the truth of what I say. They both wanted to open up the country—Mehemet Ali endeavouring to do so by the sword, Ismaël Pasha by roads and railways. The former failed for want of communications, the latter for want of money and European support; he was too go-ahead, and wanted to do things too quickly; he raced where he ought to have walked.

“‘Let England take up the work, and the steam-

engine will put an end to the slave hunters, though not to slavery. Civilisation must do away with the harem; education must first do its part by both men and women, chiefly by the latter. But I tell you things you know better than I, a poor Soudanese, who had to teach himself, who had not the blessings vouchsafed to you, lucky people from civilised parts! And yet it is you—the greed of the white man—that have brought all this nameless misery over our wretched countries, for it is solely your insatiable craving for ivory that has been the primary cause of the frightful raids on both elephants and blacks. The former are nearly exterminated, and in driving the slave caravans from these old tracks into the waterless desert, you have increased the number of victims to ninety per cent.—a terrible percentage. As to domestic slavery, it will cease to exist, as I said before, the day harems become a thing of the past, and no harem will be required—now they are toys and no better than slaves. It is for one wife, the companion and equal of her husband for you to educate us, and above all, our girls and women—no educated woman will stand harem life.

“It is all in your hands—provide the money for communications and railways, and educate the people, and there will be an end of slave traffic and domestic slavery too. When there is no longer a demand there will be no supply, you may be sure of that. To prohibit the slave trade as long as each Mussulman household requires eunuchs and slaves, is simply entailing

more hardship on the wretched human ware. Instead of going by the usual roads, from well to well, they now take them by waterless tracks, where no one can follow them on account of the absence of wells, and if formerly forty to fifty per cent. of the slaves died on the road from exhaustion, want or illness, there are now ninety per cent. and more bleaching the sands of the desert; in fact, you may say that for every slave brought safely to the mart, a hundred of his companions have been sacrificed in transit, and who is responsible? Surely as much the buyers, those who ask for a supply, and the powers who maintain the causes of the demand, as the slave traders, who minister to the wants of the market. I hold that they are equally guilty; indeed, the educated and civilised buyers even more so than the ignorant barbarians acting as their purveyors. As to the philanthropic whining of the anti-slavery societies, it does more harm than good, and they go wrongly to work, if they honestly mean to abolish slavery and to better the condition of the blacks.'

"By that time luncheon was served, and we squatted round a huge, red-painted tin salver crammed with every kind of eatables, a second salver being brought for the officers and other visitors present. The feast began as usual with ablutions, slaves pouring water over one's hands, whilst the natives soaped even their faces and, in some instances, the inside of the mouth, with a tremendous noise of gargling and the rest. This done, Sobehr invited us to partake of the poor

fare, as he expressed himself, placed before us. There came first a most tender and exquisite 'Djavourme' roasted in true Albanian style on a wooden spit, and we began tearing off small slices, the Pasha declining to join, not feeling very well; there was also turkeys stuffed with raisins and pistachio nuts—a very nice dish—rice cooked in vine leaves and eaten with sour cream, no end of hashes, ragouts and vegetables enough to feed a small army; and to finish, sweets of every possible description, with some excellent light pastry and, '*horribile dictu*,' cold fish in an ocean of sour sauce, water being, of course, the 'only drink. I watched the party round the other salver, and confess I have seldom seen people eat with such appetites, H.H. the Ex-Khedive Ismaël excepted—who was, I think, what the French call *la meilleure fourchette*, of his realm, though only drinking water—and by the huge heaps disappearing in no time I quite understood the necessity for the long array of substantial dishes placed before us. The meal terminated, there were again ablutions and gargling without end, and after that, coffee and a smoke and some more conversation, though we all, the host excepted, seemed longing for the customary siesta. We therefore did not encourage Sobehr much in a renewed recapitulation of his grievances. We had been fortunate enough to hear his views on the best means for pacifying the Soudan and putting a stop to slave-hunting and trade, and I think my two companions were much impressed by the common sense, the ability

and shrewd remarks of our host. After a couple of pleasant hours with Sobehr, we were not sorry to hurry home for a well-earned siesta.

“Thanking him for his kind hospitality and his interesting communications, we took leave, the Pasha accompanying us down to the gate, profuse in assurances of personal friendship and devotion to England, assurances which were perfectly sincere. I only regret that, instead of two members of Parliament, there had not been two members of Her Majesty’s Government to see and hear Sobehr, and to carry home, as we did, the firm impression that he was the right man for Gordon, and that it was as unjust as it was unjustifiable to condemn such an able man to inactivity when he might have been so useful; nay, to deprive Gordon of the only help he asked for, the only assistance he required, the only man who could have saved him, who might have accomplished the evacuation and pacification of the Soudan. Fate and Mr Gladstone willed it otherwise, and an inexcusable blunder, worse than a crime, doomed Gordon, and, with him, the Soudan, to destruction!”

(d) A HERO'S LAST CRY OF ANGUISH.

ON leaving Boular-Cairo on the morning of January 26th, 1884,* to undertake the evacuation of the Soudan, Gordon did so with the assurance that he was to have *carte blanche*, and the unreserved support of Her Majesty's Government,† and that, endowed with full powers, the Egyptian Government had made him sole arbiter of the question, approving in advance whatever he might decide, and that, whatever he might ask for, would be placed at his disposal;‡ indeed, that he might rely upon the most energetic and loyal co-operation of the Egyptian Government.

This belief was fully shared by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who, in his report of January 22d, 1884, said,—“I, of course, understand that General Gordon is going to the Soudan with full powers . . . that he is in no way to be interfered with by the Cairo Ministers . . . and that no intrigues are to be permitted against his authority.”

Sir Evelyn Baring, in his final instructions of January 25th, 1884, confirmed this fully in writing to

* Gordon was to spend the last evening at the Author's house, Generals Wolseley and Stephenson having come to meet him, but he was kept so late at Baring's that he could not come, a grievous disappointment, as we were never to see him again.

† Lord Granville's instructions to General Gordon, January 18th, 1884, and Sir E. Baring's final instructions, January 25th, 1884.

‡ Khedivial Firman of January 26th, 1884, appointing Gordon Pasha Governor-General of the Soudan ; in fact, there were two Firmans, another of January 18th—Gordon to publish the Firman he thought best on his arrival in the Soudan.

General Gordon—"You are therefore given full discretionary power . . . no effort will be wanting on the part of the Cairo authorities, whether English or Egyptian, to afford you all the co-operation and support in their power."

Nay, H.H. the late Khedive was even more explicit, stating distinctly to the author,*—"I could do no more than delegate to Gordon my own powers, and so make him irresponsible arbiter of the situation. . . . He is now the supreme master; my best wishes accompany him. . . . and . . . whatever he does will be well done; whatever arrangements he will make are accepted in advance; whatever combination he may decide upon will be binding for us. . . . As far as I and my Government are concerned, he shall find the most loyal and most energetic support."

And yet, what did happen? When he wanted personally to negotiate with the Mahdi, he was forbidden to do so; when he asked for Turkish troops, he was denied them; when he begged for a handful of red-coats at Berber to insure his prestige, he was refused; when he asked for Sobehr, as the only man able to help him, he met with a curt rebuke; and when, *en désespoir de cause*, he appointed Sobehr (on April 7th, 1884), on his own account, Sub-Governor and his *ad latus*, Mr Gladstone's *veto* annulled the nomination—a *non possumus* to whatever demand Gordon had formulated! No wonder that he despaired of success;

* See Author's diaries of January 29th, 1884—interview with H.H. the Khedive, published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 12th, 1884.

no wonder he anticipated failure; no wonder that he felt disgusted at a faithless policy, which doomed him and the thousands committed to his care and charge to certain destruction, in order to please a small section of clamouring philanthropists and narrow-minded busy-bodies—to humour the well-meaning, but ill-advised, Anti-Slavery Society. Yet they ought to have remembered what Gordon, the greatest enemy of slave-hunting and traffic, wrote in 1877, after the great outcry caused by his proclamations recognising slaves as property, and objecting to their emancipation without compensation to the owners, or the lapse of certain numbers of years, and what he said about this sentimental and meddling interference with his doings,—“ Find me the man, and I will take him as my help, who utterly despises money, name, glory, honour, one who never wishes to see his home again; one who looks to God as the source of good, and the controller of evil; one who has a healthy body and energetic spirit, and one who looks on death as a release from misery; and if you cannot find him, leave me alone.”

But alone they would not leave him, yet, unprepared and unwilling to assist him with anything but good advice, they hampered his work, and sacrificed not only the slaves for whom they were pleading, but the whole loyal populations, all the Khedive's faithful subjects and officials, and, with them, the noble Christian soldier, who had gone to evacuate the Soudan, and had pledged himself to succeed or to succumb.

In vain were all Gordon's appeals, though backed

by Colonel Stewart and the men who best knew the situation—His Highness the Khedive, Cherif Pasha, Riaz Pasha, Nubar Pasha, Khairz Pasha—nay, even Sir Evelyn Baring—were for sending Sobehr, but the G. O. M. and Lord Granville would not listen.

In vain did Gordon explain, in a series of telegrams on March 2d, 3d and 4th, that Sobehr was his only hope, and his immediate despatch the only means of avoiding failure.

“The combination at Khartoum of Sobehr and myself is an absolute necessity for success.”

“To do any good we must be together, and that without delay.”

“My weakness is that of being foreign and Christian and peaceful, and it is only by sending Sobehr that prejudice can be removed.”

“I beg you and Lord Granville to believe that there is not the slightest fear of Sobehr turning against me, for he would know that his subsidy depends upon my safety.”

“Sobehr *alone* has the ability to rule the Soudan, and would be universally accepted.”

Colonel Stewart fully endorsed his chief's opinion, writing,—“It is impossible for us to evacuate without leaving some sort of established government, and Sobehr is the *only* man who can assure that, and unless Sobehr be sent here, I see no probability of clearing out, anxious as Gordon and myself are to do so. . . .”

Then again Sir Evelyn Baring wrote home,—“That Sobehr's appointment, with an annual subsidy, was in

harmony with the principle of evacuation and his (Sir Evelyn's) own views ; indeed, that Sobehr could be made a bulwark against the approach of the Mahdi."

It was all to no effect, and on March 5th Lord Granville refused peremptorily to sanction Sobehr's appointment. Yet Gordon still persevered in this one demand, declaring,—“That Sobehr's arrival meant the extrication of the Cairo officials from Khartoum, not seeing any possible way of doing so except through him, a native of the country,” and pooh-poohing any idea of Sobehr indulging in slave trade, or becoming a danger for Egypt. He added,—“It is impossible to find any other man but Sobehr for governing Khartoum ; no one has his power . . . Sobehr here would be far more powerful than the Mahdi. The Mahdi's power is that of the Pope, Sobehr's power will be that of the Sultan. . . . Sobehr is fifty times the Mahdi's match.”

It was no use. Gordon's most plausible arguments were over-ruled by the wiseacres of the anti-slavery party, and Government was prevailed upon not to listen to their mandatory.

Not knowing how to save the Europeans, the Egyptian officials and the garrison, Gordon sought permission to send them all with Stewart to Berber at the same time asking Government to accept the resignation of his commission. He intimated his intention to go himself to the Bahr Gazelle and Equatorial Provinces.

This again was vetoed, and he was ordered to remain at Khartoum, or, if he could not do so, to

abandon the game and come himself with the Khartoum garrison to Berber.

To this Gordon replied by telegram (March 29th)—“That the people of the town, and the troops, had behaved in a most kind and proper way, binding him not to leave them,” and in a subsequent dispatch he said, “I think we ought to leave the Soudan with decency, and give respectable people a man to lead them, around whom they can rally. . . . I have named men to different places, thus involving them with the Mahdi. How could I look the world in the face if I abandoned them and fled? As a gentleman, could you advise that course? It may have been a mistake to send me up, but, having been done, I have no option but to see evacuation through, for even if I was mean enough to escape, I have no power to do so.” . . . And on April 8th he telegraphed to Sir Evelyn Baring, “I do not see the fun of being brought here to walk about the streets for years as a dervish, with sandalled feet; not that I will ever be taken alive. It would be the climax of meanness, after I had borrowed money from the people here, and called on them to sell their grain at a low price, etc., to go and abandon them, without using every effort to relieve them. . . . I feel sure, whatever you may think diplomatically, I have your support—and that of every man professing himself a gentleman—in private.”

On April 16th he sent his last telegram to Sir Evelyn Baring* ere communications were finally severed, saying,—“As far as I can understand, the situation is

* He sent one more on the 19th to Sir Samuel Baker.

this. You state your intention of not sending any relief up here or to Berber, and you refuse me Sobehr. I now consider myself free to act according to circumstances. I shall hold on here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so; if I cannot I shall retire to the Equator, and leave you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Senaar, Kassala, Berber and Dongola, with the certainty that you will be eventually forced to smash up the Mahdi under great difficulties if you would retain peace in Egypt."

Having thus spoken out his mind, and believing himself totally abandoned by his own Government, he appointed Sobehr, on his own account, Sub-Governor General and his *ad latus*.* We know that Sobehr declined to accept; indeed, that nothing would have induced him to go as long as Gordon was in the Soudan and his own claims not previously settled; nevertheless, Government thought fit to oppose the Pasha's departure, and thus to court unnecessarily a responsibility it might as well have left to Sobehr.

Meanwhile, Gordon's position had become more and more untenable; faithful to the Khedive's *one condition*—that he should provide for the safety of the Europeans and the Egyptian Civil element—Gordon stuck bravely to his post, still cherishing hope and telegraphing, on April 19th, to Sir Samuel Baker,†—"We have provisions for five months, and are hemmed

* This telegram appointing Sobehr and his reply will be found in the sketch "Gordon and Sobehr Pasha," Appendix I.

† The last telegram Gordon ever sent.

in. . . Do you think an appeal to the millionaires of America and England for £200,000 would be of any avail? With this sum you might get permission from the Sultan for the loan of 2000 or 3000 men, and send them up to Berber. With these men we could not only settle our affairs here, but also do for the Mahdi. . . . I would not send any Europeans with them, as they cost too much, and I will place Sobehr in command."

On July 30th, Gordon said, in a dispatch to Sir E. Baring and Nubar Pasha, in reply to Lord Granville's telegram of April 23d, instructing Gordon to abandon Khartoum and to state what troops might be required for "his removal :"

"I will conclude in saying that we will defend ourselves to the last; that I will not leave Khartoum; that I will try and persuade all Europeans to escape."

"*P.S.* July 31, '84.—Reading over your telegram of May 5th (it was dated April 23d), you ask me 'state cause and intention in staying at Khartoum, knowing Government means to abandon Soudan,' and in answer I say,—'I stay at Khartoum because Arabs have shut us up and will not let us out. I also add that, even if the road was opened, the people would not let me go unless I gave them some Government, or took them with me, which I could not do. No one would leave more willingly than I would, if it was possible.'"

Nevertheless, the Government continued to discredit the danger, and the G. O. M., closing his eyes,

said "that Government would not be driven into premature operations by people exaggerating Gordon's position," or words to that effect.

Piteous appeals from the officials and people at Berber and Khartoum had no more effect than Gordon's entreaties; Mr Gladstone and his colleagues remained deaf and callous.

"We Europeans, Turks, Egyptians, Hedjasites and Algerians" (said the inhabitants of Berber on April 15th) "came to the Soudan relying on the support and protection of the Government. Now, if it abandons us to-day, through indifference or weakness, its honour will be everlastingly tarnished in thus handing over its servants and subjects to death and destruction. . . . We await and implore help from England—that great, chivalrous, humane power . . . if not, certain death awaits us!"

Another petition, dated Khartoum, April 19th, 1884, signed by twenty-four superior officers and eighteen civil officials said,—". . . For six months we have been unceasing in our defence of the capital, of our own and our children's lives . . . weakened and reduced to extremities; God in His mercy sent Gordon Pasha to us We should all have perished from hunger and been destroyed, and our fate have been like that of most of the other garrisons in the Soudan, such as Berber and Kordofan. But we, sustained by his intelligence and great military skill, have been preserved in Khartoum up to now; nor does he, in his arduous task of the defence, omit his benevolent care for the people. We are penniless and without resources, and our patience

is exhausted. The Government neither succours us nor does it regard God's law nor its own political duties. It makes no effort to suppress anarchy or to prevent the effusion of blood; nor yet does it try to maintain its own and our honour, though we are its people, its own subjects and co-religionists."*

What surprise that Gordon should at last have lost hope and faith, and should have deeply resented being placed by Her Majesty's Government in so false a position? On the strength of the support promised him, he had induced people to stand by him, to supply his Government with money and provisions, thus compromising them with the Mahdi—and now, was it not natural that those unfortunate victims of Mr Gladstone's policy should have reproached Gordon with having ruined them under false pretences, with being the cause of the terrible fate awaiting them all at the hands of the Mahdi? It surely required even more than Gordon's religious charity to forgive the authors of so much misery, and well can one understand the bitter outburst of indignation we find in the following extract† from a letter—one of his last—to a common friend,‡ where he says, in the anguish of his helplessness, and the despair and sorrow at being unable to save the many who had loyally stood by him,—

* In justice to His Highness's Government, it must be stated that this appeal was only received at Cairo on September 20th, 1884, five months after its despatch.

† Published by the author in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 3d, 1885.

‡ Major Watson, who accompanied Gordon in 1874-75 at the time of his first appointment as Governor-General of the Soudan.

“I am not ill-treated, I consider, but the Cairo people up here are ill-used. I will accept *nothing whatever** from Gladstone’s Government. I will not even let them pay my expenses. I will get the King to pay them. I will never put foot in England again, but will (*D.V.*, if I get out) go to Brussels, and so on to Congo. . . . I greatly fear for Stewart, Power and Herbert!”

It was the last cry of anguish of a hero, of our *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and, when first publishing the above, the author could not resist accompanying it by the following comment:—

“Sent by our Government with almost unlimited discretionary powers, and the understanding that they sanctioned in advance whatever he would deem necessary to do, and that every reasonable support and assistance would be given him, they broke faith with him from the first, refusing whatever he asked for, vetoing whatever he proposed.

“It is too late, alas! to bewail Mr Gladstone’s Micawber policy, to which we are indebted for every one of the disasters in the Soudan, from Hicks’ defeat to Gordon’s assassination; from the butchery at Sinkat down to the massacres of Berber and Khartoum.

“Always recognising their mistakes too late, they came, of course, always too late to the rescue, always too late to prevent the sad consequences of their blundering, and England has to pay with some of her

* The underlining is Gordon’s, and marks his contempt for the Government that sent and then deserted him.

best blood and untold treasure for the blessings of the Gladstone Soudan policy.

“Is there no such thing as a public conscience? and are we to condone Mr Gladstone’s bloodguiltiness by allowing him to add new victims to the long list of those whom his miserable policy has led to certain destruction? In vain does one look for compensation. He has nothing to show but national calamities and political disgrace, while he can flatter himself with having muddled Egyptian affairs, so as to make the natives loathe an intervention they hailed with joy after Tel-el-Kebir.* But if he has done nothing for Egypt except increasing the debt, expenditure and discontent, and undermining the Khedive’s prestige and the authority of his Government, the people of Egypt have the sad satisfaction of witnessing that England does not fare better at his hands, and they are not likely to envy us our interior troubles.†

“Where is the redeeming point in Mr Gladstone’s foreign policy? One may well ask: ‘Where are Lord Palmerston’s proud days of *civis Britannicus sum?*’ In truth, there is not another fault to be committed—either at home or abroad.”

Eight years have passed since the foregoing was penned, and much has been done by the Tory Administration to improve the condition of Egypt proper, of both county and people, but nothing has been done for

* These words, written in 1885, are, unfortunately, as true in 1894—always the same Micawber policy.

† It almost seems as if these lines had been written in 1894 instead of 1885.

the Soudan. Sobehr Pasha is still at Cairo and the Mahdi at Khartoum, whilst the misery and wretchedness of the Soudanese has increased tenfold, and surpasses all description. Slave-hunting and the traffic in human ware flourishes more than ever. Nothing remains of all that their Highnesses, Ismael Pasha and Tewfik, have done for those provinces; not a trace is left of Gordon's paternal, kindly rule; the last vestiges of a budding civilisation have been swept away by the Mahdi and his cruel and fanatical followers. Barbarism has reconquered its place, and reigns supreme where a few years ago Gordon had been laying the seeds of order, justice and welfare—the foundations of a civilised government.

He has, indeed, been strangely avenged. Thanks to the G.O.M.—that great international philanthropist, champion and liberator of weak, down-trodden nations, patron of Italy's unification, of the emancipation of Greece and the Balkan Principalities—the Soudan has become a wilderness, with its populations decimated by famine and inter-tribal feuds. Instead of assisting Great Britain's humanitarian policy, instead of crushing the murderers of Gordon and his brave companions, instead of stamping out slave-hunting and the loathsome traffic, Mr Gladstone has encouraged and countenanced the evil-doings of the Mahdi by a lamentable, weak-kneed policy, and, to find an excuse, he has been disserting on the blessings of "the Soudan to the Soudanese," when the piteous cries for help and protection must have told him that he had handed the country to the worst of oppressors, the most infamous scourge of once happy

regions. No doubt, if Gordon watches from his heavenly resting-place the terrible fate of those unfortunate provinces, he may have the sad satisfaction of saying unto himself,—“I am avenged.” In truth, nothing proves better Gordon’s righteous policy, and the wisdom of Sobehr’s appointment as his coadjutor, than the prevailing anarchy, misery and misrule, the despairing outcry for help, re-echoed by every living being—man, woman and child—sighing under the Mahdi’s arbitrary exactions and monstrous cruelties.

Terrible indeed must be the pangs of conscience of the author of all this misery, terrible his responsibility, terrible the consciousness of having sacrificed Gordon in vain; indeed, of having had to sacrifice the Soudan all the same.

England’s Bayard, the noble Gordon, is sadly avenged!

Mournfully will his last cry of anguish chime throughout the civilised world, appealing not for himself, but for the helpless people left in his charge, and to save whom he had constituted himself a hostage, paying with his own blood the debt of honour of his commitants, his employers!

The 26th of January, 1885,* will remain a day of national bereavement as long as there are Englishmen to honour true heroism, to value unselfish devotion to duty unto death, as long as there are British hearts to cherish and to mourn one of Old England’s best and greatest sons!

* Gordon was murdered on January 26th, 1885, day for day a year after his departure from Cairo for Khartoum.

FROM LOANDA TO ZANZIBAR.

RETURNING, in 1883, after two years' absence, from his first expedition across the Black Continent—the first ever undertaken from West to East—Lieutenant (now Major) von Wissmann stopped some time at Cairo, where I had the gratification of presenting him to the Khedive, to whom I had mentioned the gallant explorer's interesting lecture at the Geographical Society. His Highness wished, naturally, to hear from Wissmann's own lips the startling incidents of both the expedition and of history in the hitherto unexplored heart of Central Africa.

The part that most captivated His Highness's attention was my relation of the reception to Wissmann and his companion, Dr Pogge, by the famous Bashilange Chiefs Mukenge and Kingenge, who greeted the white travellers as their resuscitated ancestors, the Kings Kabessu-Babu and Kassongo, and the Khedive desired Wissmann to narrate once more this truly marvellous adventure—almost too wonderful to be true, had it not been vouched for by one of the chief actors. I now give it to the reader such as I took it, with Wissmann's permission, from his own journal.

It appears that a few years previous to the arrival of Wissmann and Pogge in the Kingdom of Lubuku, the great chieftain Kassongo, Mukenge's elder brother, had been killed during an expedition westwards, and that about the same time Kabessu-Babu, the predecessor of Kingenge, Chief of the Bagna-Tschirimba, had also fallen a victim to some ferocious buffalo, during a hunting-party on the Kassai.

According to traditional belief, the deceased chieftains had retired to the bottom of the Maiji-Kalunga—the sea or water of the ghosts, the ocean of the dead—from where they were expected to emerge some day again to assume the kingly functions.

Having never seen a white face or man, the Bashilange imagined, in all earnest, that Wissmann and Pogge were their resuscitated chieftains, white-washed by their prolonged stay in the holy waters of the Maiji-Kalunga, and that they were returning to live again amongst their people. This belief was all the more strange, considering the dissimilarity of features and types, and the fact that neither of them spoke the language of the Bashilange, still the people would have it that Kassongo-Munene, and Kabessu-Babu or Mohamba had come back to claim their feathered crowns, and, notwithstanding Wissmann's and Pogge's remonstrances, the Bashilange recognised them formally as their lords and masters, and both Mukenge and Kingenge resigned their powers and *insignia* into the hands of their resuscitated predecessors, with a great display of rejoicings, festivities, slaughtering of sheep and goats, and no end

of hemp smoking. Convening all their relations, friends and dependents to a great palaver and offering of Ukelenge, or Mulambo—presents and tribute—the two junior chieftains trotted out some twenty dusky beauties of all ages for each of the new-comers, Kingenge apologising that the present deficiency of females in stock prevented him from bringing Wissmann the identical number of disconsolate widows—forty, I think—left by Kabessu-Babu on his premature demise.

To explain this comical and extraordinary metamorphosis of dead niggers into living white men, Wissmann stated in his diary that there was a general belief amongst the people of Lubuku and those regions that the Bashangi—the spirits of the deceased—return after a time under some new form or other, and that, according to the good or bad memory they have left behind, they are invested with more or less power to influence the doings of the living.

Thus Wissmann had no doubt that until the Bashilange happened, later on, to meet other white beings, they honestly believed in the above-mentioned whitewashing process, and in support of his assertion he mentioned how even Kabessu-Babu's old mother, on being brought to him, would insist on recognising in Wissmann her beloved and long-lost son, the late chieftain, no denial of his being able to shake her conviction, and to keep her boisterous joy and clapping of hands within reasonable limits. Kabessu-Babu he was, and had to remain during the whole of his stay with the Bashilange.

For those who take an interest in Wissmann's first

plucky venture—he is at present for the fourth time in the heart of the Black Country—I append an extract from my diaries, such as I published in 1883, from the *data* and journals given me by the gallant explorer. It gives in a condensed form an idea of the gigantic undertaking, and the enormous difficulties he had to overcome, with not one-tenth of the means placed at Stanley's disposal, when he went for Emin's so-called relief, or, as ill-natured people state, in search of Emin's ivory and riches, whilst Wissmann had only scientific and humanitarian aims, and the honour of the German flag at heart.

LIEUTENANT WISSMANN'S JOURNEY FROM LOANDA TO
ZANZIBAR.

1881 to 1883.

The following account of Lieutenant Wissmann's exploration of Central Africa derives additional interest from the fact that the gallant explorer has left Berlin on a new expedition of three years' duration, on which he is accompanied by a number of German staff officers, a doctor, and some mechanics. A glance at the map will give an idea of his last feat, that of covering three thousand eight hundred miles in twenty months, one-third of which was across parts never trodden before by the foot of a white man. On starting in January 1881, accompanied by two native interpreters, Portuguese niggers, and a small number of carriers, Lieutenant Wissmann and Dr Pogge intended, in accordance with instructions from the *Afrikansiche Gesellschaft* of

Berlin, to push towards Mussumba, the capital of Lunda ; but meeting Dr Buchner at Malange, they learned of King Muatojamvo's peremptory refusal to allow a passage through his dominions, and satisfied that Dr Buchner had attempted all that could be done to persuade the recalcitrant chief, by promises and otherwise, they were compelled to alter their route, and decided to turn eastwards to Quimbunda, the capital of Makosa. From there they went northwards, skirting the river Tschicapa, which abounds in hippopotami, crocodiles, and large-sized fish, and affords capital sport. After passing through rich pasture lands, forming part of the Kioko Empire, they entered the boundaries of Kahungulo, a Kilolo or vassal of Muatajamvo, the hostile King of Lunda, but managed to pass without hindrance or molestation of any kind into the dominions of the Bena (sons) Maï, a Luba tribe, until they reached the Kassai—Stanley's Tkelemba—a mighty tributary of the Congo. This is, according to Lieutenant Wissmann, the boundary of West Africa, Central Africa extending as far as Lake Tanganica. Coming, on the left bank of the Kassai, across a mixture of Kalundas and Tupendis—the former inhabitants of Bangala—they found themselves, on crossing the river again, amongst Luba tribes, here called Tuschilanges (Kashilange in the singular), the most important and powerful of all. Lieutenant Wissmann divides these people in three categories—the thieving, the hemp-smoking, and the wild Tuschilange—and mentions that it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the thieving propensities of the former, whilst he passes

a high eulogium on the latter, whom he found, though wild barbarians, not devoid of noble qualities. As to the hemp-smoking Tuschilanges, the Bena Riamba (sons of hemp), he asserts that they live for nothing but their favourite pastime, which produces a disagreeable cough, and invariably ends by stupefying the smoker altogether. In fact, criminals are tortured by forcing them to smoke until death—a horrid cruelty. Though cannibals, the Tuschilanges indulge only on great occasions in human sacrifices and human flesh; in fact, they seldom touch meat, and are, on the whole, vegetarians. The Lulua separates the thieving Tuschilanges from the Bena Riamba, and crossing over to the left bank of the river, the travellers made for the capitals of the two rival chiefs of the hemp-smoking fraternity, Dr Pogge going to King Mukenge, Lieutenant Wissmann to His Majesty Kingenge. Received with the greatest honours, Lieutenant Wissmann relates that they were taken for former kings returned to the surface after a whitewashing process of some ten or twenty years at the bottom of some mysterious and unknown sea. It appears that Dr Pogge was taken for Kassongo-Munene, the deceased predecessor of King Munkenge, whilst they recognised in Lieutenant Wissmann Kabessu-Babu or Mohamba (the son of King Mohamba). In fact, his supposed mother travelled ten days to welcome back her resuscitated offspring, and a number of other members of his family were equally presented to him, whilst Kingenge forced his own sister and two cousins on his kinsman Kabessu (Wissmann), to console him for the loss of his

former wives, forty in number ; indeed, the King lamented his inability to make up the number, and attributed Lieutenant Wissmann's refusal of matrimonial happiness to the limited supply. To take the travellers for chiefs dead only ten and twenty years respectively, and whom all the old people must have known, is evidently a mental aberration due to the abuse of hemp-smoking, and no more flagrant absurdity could well be imagined. Yet Lieutenant Wissmann says that they were very much in earnest, and stuck to their belief that Kassongo-Munene and Kabessu had come back from the land of death, a wonderful illustration of the theory of the new man, as these people had never set eyes on a white man's face, no European having ever penetrated farther than King Kahungalo's dominions. The rifle also is quite unknown to the wild Tuschilanges. Munkenge and Kingenge both volunteering to escort and to protect their itinerant ancestors as far as Lake Tanganika, their supposed resting-place, Lieutenant Wissmann and Dr Pogge hardly knew to whom to give the preference, for fear of giving offence to one of the rival kings. However, Mukenge being the elder of the two, they succeeded in persuading Kingenge that he must give way, and finally set out under the guidance of Mukenge. Full of expectation to see the lake of which so much has been said and written, they directed their steps towards the Muncamba, in lat. 5 deg. 45 min., but they found its dimensions strangely exaggerated, and Lieutenant Wissmann managed to ride round it in five hours, mentioning only, as a circumstance worthy of notice, that

no visible outlet to the lake could be discovered. From Lake Muncamba they proceeded in short stages north-east to the Lubi, which roars its waters into the Lubilash or Sankura, one of the tributaries of the Congo; and leaving the territory of the Tuschilanges, they passed across the Lubi into the realm of the Bassonges (singular Mussonge). But if they had wondered at the thousands of wild Tuschilanges flocking around them on their way, they were to be still more startled by the countless numbers of Bassonges whom they met at every step, and whom Lieutenant Wissmann describes as kind, laborious, nay, highly-skilled in all kinds of artistic handicraft, and he has brought home some splendid specimens of weapons, carved ivory, baskets, inlaid wares, iron and copper instruments, all richly chased. On leaving these highly-interesting tribes, and the fertile and well-cultivated plains of the Bassonges, the travellers ventured into the vast forests that extend as far as the Lubilash, and are remarkable for the total absence of fruit, and consequently of game and birds. Only elephants and a species of wild boar were met with at long intervals, and these afforded poor and trying sport. Lieutenant Wissmann relates that he lost his way during one of these shooting expeditions, when, fortunately, after he had been for twelve hours without food in a virgin wilderness, some of King Mukenge's followers happened accidentally to come across him, thus saving him from certain death—in fact, when he was already despairing of life, and preparing to die of starvation. Thankful to reach the

Lubilash (5 deg. 7 min.), they here met with the ill will of the King of Koto, an old and much-revered sorcerer called Katchitch, who rules over a medley of Luba tribes, and he refused point blank to provide boats for crossing the river, which is approximately of the width of the Elbe at Dresden. However, they intimidated him by shooting and firing rockets, and managed at last to carry their point, and to obtain the necessary craft, which landed them on the other bank, where Zappa, Zappa Zapp, and Kakesa, three powerful chiefs, rule over a beastly race, whom Lieutenant Wissmann describes not only as wild warriors, but as the cruellest anthropophagi he met with on his whole tour. Hurrying onwards, they entered the kingdom of the Benekis (singular Muneki), a populous agricultural country, inhabited by a thriving, orderly and well-to-do population, deserving high praise for their industry and peaceful habits. Indeed, the travellers speak of these villages as models in every respect, with well-built, clean houses surrounded by gardens and luxurious palm trees, and, though Dr Schweinfurt goes perhaps a little too far in comparing the realm of the Benekis to Flanders and Brabant, Lieutenant Wissmann has seen villages four and five miles long, with one, two, and three rows of houses, or streets, and estimates the population at some hundreds of thousands. From this oasis in the heart of Africa they passed through endless prairie districts, inhabited by the Bena Kalebue's and Milebue's, also densely-populated parts, which are bordered on the east by the Lomami, another tributary of the Congo.

Here they had to complain bitterly of perpetual rain, dampness and mosquitoes—in fact, they would not have been able to traverse these swamps had they not been mounted on oxen, bought at Loanda, and which are the only animals in use in these parts. It appears that they canter and trot—nay, Lieutenant Wissmann states that they are capital jumpers, almost as good as English hunters, and he much regrets having lost the last before reaching the east coast, but it appears they can only live in West and Central Africa. Turning from the Lomami to the north-east, they reached at last the Congo (called here Lualaba) and hastened at once to the capital of Sheikh Abed-Bin-Salim (son of Salim), as they had come to the end of their provisions. Having no money left, it is much to the credit of the Sheikh that he provided them spontaneously with all they required, contenting himself with their note of hand, payable at Zanzibar, though it must be said, on the other hand, that they were not the first white men who had visited Nyangwe, Sheikh Abed's capital, for Livingstone, Stanley and Cameron had all been there before them and left a favourable impression. After a short stay at Nyangwe, where they managed quickly to learn the local idiom, Mr Kissuali, Dr Pogge and Lieutenant Wissman determined to separate, Dr Pogge, with the main body of the carriers, and escorted by King Mukenge, retracing his steps towards the west coast, whilst Lieutenant Wissmann, with only three carriers and four rifles, undertook to make for the east coast. Finding it, however, impracticable to proceed

with such a paltry retinue, he borrowed twenty slaves and ten rifles from Sheikh Abed, but such were the depredations and such the lawless conduct of these fellows that he had to interrupt his journey and to send Abed word to recall them and to exchange them for others. Possibly the Sheikh had none to spare, for he replied that they must do, adding that Lieutenant Wissmann ought to look upon them as his own property, and to shoot the first who disobeyed his orders. After bringing this message to the knowledge of his body-guard, and acquainting them of his determination to act up to the Sheikh's bidding, the plucky traveller proclaimed martial law, and thus managed to awe them into something like discipline. Nevertheless, the undertaking was risky, and it was somewhat foolhardy to hazard entrance into most unsafe regions, surrounded by only notorious and savage robbers—the more so as he had actually to fight his way to the Tanganika, having, amongst a number of minor encounters, a pitched battle against vastly superior numbers, in order to recover one of his rifles stolen at night. But all's well that ends well, and Lieutenant Wissmann managed safely to reach Lake Tanganika, which it took him two days to cross to Plymouth Rock, where he met with a most kind and hospitable reception at the hands of the English missionary, the Rev. W. Griffith. It appears that he arrived there in a pitiful state, almost without clothes, and after a fortnight's rest he started again, newly-equipped, with a tent, provisions of all kinds, and deeply indebted to the kindest of hosts, in whose company he had, by-the-

bye, visited the Lakuga, the only known outlet of Lake Tanganika. The journey to Ujiji was accomplished without any difficulty, but fighting shy of this dangerous fever den, he only stopped the shortest time possible, hurrying on to Urambo, the capital of the great and powerful King Mirambo, where he was received in splendid style, and treated right royally. Yet, shortly before getting there, his expedition might have ended prematurely—indeed, fatally, for, resting at Uba, a large posse of savages surrounded his little camp at night, and threatened to murder him and his companions for having desecrated holy ground by pitching his tent under a sacred tree. Fortunately Lieutenant Wissmann had heard that these very people had been recently defeated by Mirambo, and remembering the magnetic charm of “blood brotherhood” common among savages, he turned up his shirt-sleeve, and pointing to an accidental but very timely wound, he bade them look at the bloodmark of his brotherhood with Mirambo, threatening them with the avenging wrath of the dreaded chieftain should they dare injure a hair of one who had “exchanged blood” with Mirambo. The stratagem had its effect. Still smarting under their late defeat, they dressed Mirambo’s “brother,” and allowed him and his companions to continue their journey at daybreak. After a short stay at Urambo, where he experienced much kindness from Mirambo, whom he describes as a well-meaning man, a good and just ruler, and a true friend, he set out for Tabora, and had the luck of meeting there Tibutip, the renowned Arab dealer, the friend of Livingstone. Tibutip

invited him to join his party eastwards, and as he had several thousand retainers with him, his offer was gladly accepted, and they started together for the English missionary station at Mpwawa, where Lieutenant Wissmann's journey ended. The tale of his achievements is told in a simple and unassuming way, and Lieutenant Wissmann bids fair to equal Livingstone both in heroic endurance and modesty only common to men who work not for their own fame but for the good of humanity.

BISMARCKIANA—"REJECTED LOVE."

It was in September, 1862, that Herr von Bismarck had to interrupt his trip to Southern France—Bordeaux and the paradise of Chateau Lafitte and La Rose—on a peremptory order to assume provisionally the functions of President of the Council, and to take the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs from the hands of Count Bernstorff, who had been appointed Ambassador at the Court of St James, and whose reign at the Wilhelmstrasse naughty *Kladderadatsch* had summarised in the *motto*: "I consider everything—to the stupidest I cling" (*Alles erwäg ich—das Dümme erwähl' ich!*") at the foot of a cartoon immortalising the Count in a meditative attitude, with his nose in one hand.

Herr von Bismarck's short tenure of the Prussian Embassy at Paris had given him opportunity for renewing acquaintance with the leading French statesmen, and for throwing out those tempting hints which so much contributed to mislead the Emperor and his advisers, and which were to kindle the French craving for territorial aggrandisement without firing a shot, and to maintain the Court of the Tuileries in its expectant policy, "*de pourboires*," as Bismarck styled it.

But though his stay at St Petersburg and Paris had satisfied him as to the part of "lookers-on" both Powers would preserve, in case of an impending Austro-Prussian conflict, he was less sure of the German Powers, and particularly anxious to deprive the minor states of their able leader, Baron Beust, the only real statesman—besides himself—Germany could boast of, and the one man he feared as the soul of the anti-Prussian agitation at Frankfort, as well as at the various Courts, where a leaning towards Austria was almost a kind of traditional creed. To win Beust over, and to leave the *Frondeurs* at the *Bund* without a head would indeed have proved a stroke of genius, and Bismarck spared no pains to conquer the Saxon Prime Minister by advances of every kind. But all his wooing had been in vain, until his own appointment as *Minister Präsident* offered him an opportunity for making Beust an offer worthy of his acceptance—it was the Portfolio of Prussian Foreign Affairs, held by himself, as we know. Inviting him to Berlin, he firmly relied on dazzling the Saxon statesman by so tempting and flattering an offer, whilst the King backed the endeavours of his Minister by conferring on Beust the Black Eagle, the highest honour in his gift, and never before given to a Minister of the Minor States.

But whether Beust gauged Bismarck's intentions at their true value, or whether he feared thus being shelved for good, or did not consider Prussia big enough for two men of their stamp; whether, again, it was gratitude to King John and the feeling that his past

and his own views did not allow of his adopting Bismarck's German programme; or whether, lastly and most probably, it were a combination of these various considerations—we know not. Yet he refused the flattering honour, on the plea that he could not desert his King and country at the eve of a possible German crisis.

I remember well the circumstances, for, after a big dinner in his honour, Beust accompanied his host to the Wallner Theatre, where Helmerding, the popular Berlin comic, was improvising some appropriate ditties on “the Prussian swain, who, captivated by the lovely feet of the political Cendrillon* went a-wooing the fair Saxon maid.” I thought the house was coming down, and the vociferous applause—all were standing and cheering—must have told Beust how popular the combination would have been. Unfortunately nothing came of it, the ovations were premature, and next day all Berlin learned that Bismarck's offer had been rejected. Heaven alone knows whether it was not an unfortunate move, and if his acceptance might not have prevented the events of 1866, or at least have modified the consequences, as Beust would have been a powerful counter weight in the political scales, especially with a king so imbued by the traditions and principles of Right Divine and kingship by the Grace

* An allusion to the cloud under which Baron Beust had been at Berlin, and to the renowned smallness of his feet, of which he used to be particularly proud, having all his boots and shoes made by the first Parisian *bottier pour dames*, and in later years by our famous lady's artists, Phipps & Barker, in Sloane Street.

of God. As matters came to pass, Herr von Bismarck found no one strong enough to oppose or to counter-balance him, and he had it all his own way, by ably manipulating his old master and blending the King's duties to himself and others, to Prussia and the doomed lands of his royal kinsmen.

Beust's *non possumus* had, moreover, the unfortunate consequence of irritating the Prussian Premier, and from that moment the Saxon statesman became Bismarck's *bête noir*.

"Rejected love," wittily remarked Herr von Savigny, one day on being questioned by a foreign diplomatist as to the reasons of Bismarck's violent dislike and antagonism to a man whom he had wanted to have as colleague—" *Verschmächte Liebe*," and I fancy he was not far wrong, as it is obvious that Beust's acceptance of a seat in the Prussian Cabinet would undoubtedly have cemented and consolidated their former friendship, and would have drawn closer together the only two politicians who knew what they wanted, the only German statesmen realising the urgent necessity of a reorganisation of the "*Bund*," of the tottering confederation, in order to prevent a collapse and total break-up of German unity and power.

Fate willed it otherwise, and the irate swain revenged himself cruelly for having been jilted, and not being of a forgiving nature did not fail to make Baron Beust and Saxony pay dearly for his "rejected love!"

HOW TO BECOME A MISTRESS OF THE ROBES.

A LONG time ago, in the twenty-fifth year of the glorious reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress of the Waves, a small party was celebrating, at the splendid seat of Lord X., the *otium cum dignitate* which an adverse parliamentary vote had granted to a popular Prime Minister.

The well-known leader of the ultra-aristocratic party seemed to enjoy his first days of freedom like a school-boy out for his holidays. He looked ten years younger, and was, more than ever, full of high spirits, fun and wit. A great admirer of the fair, of youth and beauty, he was flirting like a young Guardsman with the lovely representatives of the better half of creation, half-a-dozen of whom he had convened, at a day's notice, to console him for the loss of power, and to cheer the solitude of his princely retreat. A walk being suggested after breakfast, the festive company broke up in couples, and the lovely young Duchess of Z. fell to her host's share. It was a delightful *tête-à-tête*, for she was then in the prime of youth and beauty, the sweetest keepsake face ever admired in the book of beauties, truly bewitching, the queen of the season, and as fascinating as she was fond of admiration. Encouraged by the roguish look of a pair of beautiful eyes, perhaps intoxicated by

her languishing movements, and the unequalled fairness of her skin and youthful charms, old Lord X. asked laughingly for a kiss—"Only one, in all honour, *conspicuo omnium*, if you like."

The young Duchess blushed a little, but, quickly recovering, she replied with another killing look,—

"Why not? Certainly you may give me a kiss; indeed, I'll give you one back, but what am I to get in exchange?"

"Anything you wish, Duchess. Name your own price, though a kiss from you ought to be priceless."

She smiled, and collecting her thoughts for a moment, she replied, with a little nervous trembling in her voice,—

"I am to fix the price? Well, what would you say to appointing me Mistress of the Robes when next you come to power." Lord X. looked thunderstruck, and, not answering at once, the Duchess continued,— "Perhaps you think it too much for a priceless kiss from me?" and she underlined the priceless with a cunning, irresistible smile, showing two lovely rows of white, matchless pearls, set in the pinkest coral, a smile enough to turn any man's head.

"How could it be too much, Duchess?" exclaimed the enslaved old *beau*. "Too much for a kiss from your fair lips? Why, I'd give my crown if I were king or emperor, instead of an ex-Minister."

"So you promise?" whispered the little witch, leaning her head almost on poor Lord X.'s shoulder. "Is it a bargain—say?"

"Of course it is," replied the enamoured peer. "Of course—and now for my kiss!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, Lord X.," said the Duchess, with a triumphant look. "Your kiss won't run away, and I'm a business woman, you know. I like things done in a regular way, *donnant donnant*," and, taking his arm, she added,—“Let us go in, for I want you to sit down and write what I shall dictate.”

"Nonsense!" replied the old statesman. "Nonsense! don't you trust my word?" and he looked quite angry.

Taking no notice of this passing cloud, the Duchess said,—

"Of course I trust you; why should I not? only I'm fond of things black in white, a little weakness of mine, so don't be naughty; sit down and take a pen."

And down sat Lord X., whilst the Duchess, leaning over him, her hand familiarly on his shoulder, dictated as follows:—

"Promissory Note:

"I, ——, Earl of X., etc. etc., K.G., hereby solemnly promise and undertake to appoint Her Grace the Duchess of Z. Mistress of the Robes to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress of the Waves, the next time I shall be entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet, and this in exchange for a kiss, value received."

"And now sign and put your seal," said the Duchess.

"It's all right!" and Lord X., having complied

with this last request, handed laughingly the paper to the bewitching Shylock in petticoats, and said,—“ Well, are you satisfied? You are worse than a Jew,” and he tapped her gently on both cheeks.

The Duchess laughed, and having folded the precious document, she secreted it in her bosom; then, opening her arms, she called for witnesses to see that she was executing her part of the bargain. Indeed, those present pretend that Lord X. had quite a double allowance, so pleased was the young Duchess with her morning's work.

Well, some years passed on. Lord X. had long forgotten the kiss in the turmoil of party strife and social duties. New stars had overshadowed the sprightly Duchess of Z.; indeed, no one thought any more of the little kissing incident, and the curious bargain had long slipped out of the memory of those present, most certainly out of the Earl's, when, after a splendid battle in the House, and the fall of the Cabinet, he was called to the Castle and entrusted with the formation of a new Ministry. He had just come home, and, deeply engrossed with his task, had sent for some of his most important supporters, when a line from the Duchess of Z., enclosing a copy of their treaty, reminded him of his unfortunate promise.

He did not know whether to laugh or to be angry; however, receiving, half-an-hour later, a second reminder, he hurried to Strutting Street in order to pacify his impatient creditor.

Throwing herself almost into his arms, the Duchess exclaimed,—

“Here you are! well done! I knew you would not deceive me; a word’s a word!”

Holding both her hands, the new Premier gave a thoughtful look, and, shrugging his shoulders, he said,—

“I fear, dear Duchess, I must disappoint you, there is no earthly chance of giving you the post of Mistress of the Robes. The Queen-Empress herself couldn’t do it, and I would never dare to propose you; think of your youth, your origin; why, you are a foreigner, and all the old Duchesses would tear my eyes out. There are a hundred reasons against it, it’s an utter impossibility, and you must not think of it, my dear; besides, that bargain was a joke,” and trying to turn it into fun, he added laughingly, “you know I am quite ready to return you the kiss, even with interest, if you fancy that I have done you.”

The Duchess gave him a serious look and said in an angry voice,—

“This is neither the place nor the moment to indulge in fun, Lord X.; I am by no means joking, and simply ask you, yes or no, will you redeem your promise? I have quite made up my mind what to do in case you play me false.”

Using all his persuasive talents and the diplomacy of Talleyrand, Metternich and Gortschakoff combined, Lord X. did his best to talk her over and to calm her over-excited ambition. But to no avail; the Duchess stood firm like Shylock on his bond, so that, tired of wrangling and unable to waste any more time, as his

colleagues were waiting for him for their first Cabinet Council, Lord X. said at last, rather impatiently,—

“Well, I’ll tell you what, if you insist on getting a slice of the cake, I’ll make the Duke Master of Buckhounds, that’s the best I can do for you,” and already he was turning towards the door, convinced that the Duchess would be delighted with his offer.

But, holding him back by the hand, the beautiful Shylock exclaimed,—

“The Duke Master of Buckhounds! Good gracious me! make him what you like, I don’t care, I can assure you; but what I do care for is not to be done—you understand me? And, as true as my name is Loo, you will find this little document,” and she shook the promissory note with a trembling hand, “in all the Opposition papers, and that not later than this evening, unless I receive my nomination as Mistress of the Robes before you leave this room. If I am not to have my appointment, I shall at any rate have the satisfaction of seeing you lose yours before we are twenty-four hours older—that’s my last word!” and she sank exhausted into a arm-chair.

The poor old Earl was in despair. What was he to do? The fix was the greater as he could not hope to obtain the Queen-Empress’s consent to a nomination so utterly against all precedent and custom; yet he knew the Duchess well enough to be convinced that she would execute her threats, and he feared to be made ridiculous, and dreaded the malicious comments of the Opposition press—*il n’y a rien qui tue comme le ridi-*

cule. It was, indeed, for him a question of "to be or not to be," so that, driven to his wits' ends, he finally gave way; but by no means satisfied with a mere promise, the Duchess obliged him to drive at once to the Castle, giving him two hours to return with the coveted nomination. When at last he returned, and they had exchanged her patent, signed by Her Majesty, against the ominous promissory note, she said, with a fiendish smile,—

"Do you see now how right I was in stipulating that our bargain be in black and white? There's nothing like business, and women are sometimes as sharp as the lords of the creation!"

Lord X. gave a deep sigh, and tearing up the fatal paper, he said,—“Well, Duchess, you sell your kisses at a ruinous price, that's a dead certainty, and I don't know yet how I shall face my colleagues and, worst of all, the old Duchesses. I've paid dearly for a moment of—shall I say happiness or folly?”

“Never too dearly, my dear Lord, never too dearly, and to show you what a good chum I am, I'll throw in another kiss—gratis, this time,” and the Duchess rose to make good her word, but, making a deep bow, the courteous Premier said,—

“No, thank you very much, but at the risk of wanting in good taste and gratitude I must decline; the remembrance of the first gives me quite enough pangs of conscience—however, *le vin est tiré, il faut le boire*, and I trust we shall remain friends, but no more kisses, or I fear the Cabinet and the country would both come to grief.”

And thus it came to pass that a lovely young foreigner had the honour of filling the post of Mistress of the Robes to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress of the Waves, much to her own satisfaction and delight, but, rumour says, by no means to Her Royal Mistress's pleasure, whilst the old dowagers have never forgiven Lord X. for what they considered a scandalous mistake and an unwarranted slight of the first ladies of the land, and yet they little knew at what price Prime Ministers sell the highest honours in the gift of the Crown.

Honi soit qui mal y pense !

A ROYAL UNDERTAKER.

THE festivities for the 150th anniversary of the formation of the Prussian *Gardes du Corps* bring back to my memory similar rejoicings in celebration of the 120th anniversary—thirty years ago.

In honour of the day, King William had appointed his cousin, H.R.H. Prince Albert, father of the Prince Regent of Brunswick, and one of the most amiable and charming Princes, a General *à la suite* of the *Gardes du Corps*, a much-coveted honour, and the greater as the Prince had never served in this regiment, the first of the Prussian Horse Guards, the *élite* of the army, the Royal bodyguard *par excellence*.

Though in the Diplomatic Service, I had obtained permission to wear the uniform of my old regiment, the Hanoverian *Gardes du Corps*, and being the only foreign officer belonging to a similar regiment, H.R.H. Prince Albert and the officers of the *Gardes du Corps* had done me the honour of inviting me to their banquet, a most gorgeous and brilliant affair.

All the rich plate of the favourite regiment of the Prussian Monarchs was displayed on the tables. Much of it was gifts from the Kings of Prussia and the Electors

of Brandenburg, and the remainder reminiscences from former officers of the *Gardes du Corps*, it being the custom, as it likewise was in my own regiment, for all officers on joining to present a set of knives, spoons, forks, etc., and on exchanging to another regiment, or on leaving the service altogether, to offer a piece of plate in remembrance.

This explains the riches accumulated on tables and sideboards, whilst the walls of the magnificent mess-room and the ante-rooms were decorated with portraits of the Prussian Kings and Brandenburg Electors, and of many Princes of the Royal House, who had served in the white or red uniform of the *Gardes du Corps*. Between the portraits were military emblems, the old silver drums, helmets, cuirasses, etc., in artistic panoplies, the centre being formed by the old standards and flags of the *Gardes du Corps*, and by a number of captured ones, partly lent for the day.

On sitting down, my Royal host said laughingly to me,—“You know we are going to revenge to-day all the corpses of Prussian officers of the *Gardes du Corps* carried out of your hospitable messroom, so you’ll have to stand your man.” I bowed, inwardly dreading the unpleasant task of drinking above my thirst; however, trained in the old school of three and four bottles a head, chiefly sherry and old port, I made up my mind not to dishonour my dear old regiment, and to do my best.

Fortunately for me they seemed not to indulge in our cruel rule of having to empty a full glass with every

officer that asks for the honour of drinking with you ; they had the more rational custom of " fill what will, but drink what fill," and I felt quite happy on seeing how easily I was to get out of it. Of course, every single one of my hosts sent to welcome me with a bumper, and, though I took very little at a time, the number of sips made a respectable total.

The dinner, like all banquets, lasted a long time, according to German fashion, speeches and toasts being aired during the repast. Curiously enough the King's health came last, whilst at the roast the chief steward put a fork into the turkey or pheasant—I forget which—and the President—on that day the Colonel commanding—touched the table with a silver hammer, giving " the ladies," or, as we used to say, "*was wir lieben*" (what we love), a charming old fashion, never omitted in a German mess, and frequently the custom in old country houses, certainly amongst my people, my dear old father never failing to propose this toast, whether ladies were present or not.

The health of the King and that of the ladies had invariably to be drunk with full glasses—a bumper toast.

The famous band of the *Garde du Corps* playing a selection of martial airs during dinner, gave us, of course, "*Heil dir im Sieges Kranze*," when under a thunder of hurrahs, the health of King William, the Royal Chief, was drunk with right kingly honours.

I felt much relieved, for this was the sign for removing the cloth—for the appearance of coffee and cigars,

and inwardly I thought the Prussians “duffers” at having boasted of revenging “their corpses” and not even succeeding in making one a little “gay.” My delight was great, and I now enjoyed my cigar and my coffee all the better.

To my astonishment, liqueurs were served in big wine glasses, but as I never used to touch brandy and the like, it didn’t affect me much, yet I wondered how some of the youngsters could drink two and three big glasses of curaçao or marasquino, a dreadful idea!

Noticing that I had refused liqueurs, the Prince said,—“You don’t like fire-water; never mind, we shall have some champagne in a minute, and *then* we will *begin* drinking,” and throwing at me a smiling look, His Royal Highness said,—“Up to now it has been child’s play; wait till we settle down in earnest.”

I felt very awkward. They were only going to begin! I could hardly believe my ears; in fact, I had been so proud of my doings, but what now? I felt the less inclined to drink any more, because I had been inviting half-a-dozen friends to a special glass before the cloth had been removed, in order to show them how little I felt affected by all I had taken, a stupid *bravado*, which I now bitterly regretted. My heart was beating on seeing two or three large buckets brought in, filled with blocks of ice and open bottles of champagne, and we were to drink it not out of champagne classes, but out of “regular beer tumblers,” what the French call “bocks.” I was horrified, yet what was I to do? I had to make “*bonne mine à mauvais*

jeu," which a lady once translated into "smiling at a nasty Jew;" indeed, I should have preferred to smile on all the nasty Jewesses of Berlin, rather than face this ordeal of champagne in beer tumblers.

"Fill your tumblers, gentlemen," exclaimed the Prince, "and a toast to the foreign *Gardes du Corps*." How could I refuse drinking the health of my old regiment? and, grateful for the honour, I emptied my tumbler. "Well done!" said His Royal Highness, "but listen, I am an old man, and though, according to rule, I ought, as your host, to empty my glass, and drink when and what you do, you can't expect it from me. You must excuse old age, and I shall appoint, each time, one of my friends round us to take my place, and now for another toast." And in succession toasts innumerable were honoured; of course, my King, my Queen, the Royal Family of Hanover, the whole available list of Royalties seemed exhausted more than once, and though I carefully avoided filling my tumbler, I felt that the moment was approaching when I should not be able to continue. The Prince saw it, and to encourage me, or to bring matters to a climax, he proposed the health of my own people, finishing up with that of my beloved mother, the pearl of beauty, as His Royal Highness called her. I could not say no, and yet I felt indescribably miserable, utterly done for! It was too much, and, afraid that the Prince would invent some more irresistible toasts, I filled my glass once more, and, rising, I said, "Before leaving this jolly world, I beg leave to drink a last bumper to the health of His Royal Highness, to 'a

Royal undertaker,' " and, having emptied the tumbler, I fainted away.

From that moment I remembered nothing, and when I woke up I found myself on a billiard table, my faithful valet watching by my side. Somewhat giddy, I could at first not realise my position ; however, *Silence* (my servant) soon explained the mystery. Having broken down, the young officers carried me into the billiard-room, and, sending for my servant, left me to his care, whilst they went in a body to turn Potsdam topsy-turvy, Prince Albert, the Generals and Field Officers, of course, not joining in the fray. But most of the young officers—those, at least, who were able to use their legs—amused themselves with changing the sign boards of the royal and princely purveyors, so that a jeweller found next morning a tailor's shield over his door, a dentist that of a Court milliner, and so on ; a dreadful medley, and no end of uproar and hullabaloo amongst the loyal bürgerers of the second Capital.

But I must not anticipate events. Asking *Silence*—my servant—what time it was, I found that I had been four hours on that hospitable billiard-table ; it was past four o'clock, and walking home to the hotel, not without my servant's assistance, I am sorry to say, I got him to prepare a cold tub, to ask for some black coffee, and to have my horse saddled for five o'clock—for I had been obliged to bring a horse from Berlin to assist at the great review of the *Gardes du Corps*, which the King intended holding that very morning at nine.

A cold bath, some hot coffee and a good canter soon

shook off the last remnant of my night's debauch; indeed, I felt so well in the fresh, morning air, and thought a regular shake-down so delightful, that I stopped till eight o'clock in the saddle; then another cold tub, and some breakfast, and I felt as well as possible, and, what is more, I looked it too.

Shortly before nine I was on the review ground in full uniform, as smart and blooming as possible, whilst most of my young Prussian comrades looked pale and seedy, having been turned out of bed in a hurry, and showing all the signs of a wildly-spent night, not one having taken my precaution of a good canter. His Majesty, who was always most gracious to all foreign officers, and never missed sending for us to shake hands and to say a few kind words, smiled in an astonished way when my turn came to pay my respects, and, giving me his hand, His Majesty said,—“You here? but my cousin told me you were amongst the dead—the victims of last night!”

Making a military salute, I replied,—“And so I was, sire, but there is a resurrection.”

“Bravo!” remarked the King; “and I compliment you; you certainly don't look like a man who has passed his night tippling.” And, giving me one of his winning and gracious nods, the King passed on to another, the true personification of chivalrous majesty!

The review was what all Prussian reviews are—a grand spectacle and an unrivalled display of well-trained men and horses, but the *Gardes du Corps* overshadowed all I had seen before, not excluding the Russian *Che-*

valiers gardes, the French *Cent gardes* and the Austrian *Arcièren* or Hungarian *Trabanten guard*, all splendid bodies, gorgeously dressed, and mounted on the best horseflesh money can procure. To my mind, the Prussian *Gardes du Corps* carried the palm. The King himself, in the uniform of his favourite regiment, which was led past by H.R.H. Prince Albert, presented a sight never to be forgotten.

After the review was over, there was a great luncheon given by His Majesty, to which I had also received a command, and I confess that I was highly amused on seeing most of my friends—last night's hosts—unable to touch anything, whilst I enjoyed my luncheon as well as ever, very proud to have upheld the honour of my old regiment by turning out the freshest of all and as fit as a fiddle; indeed, I teased my neighbours by asking them to drink the health of their families, mothers, fathers, sisters, thus plagiarising their doings of last night—however, with reversed parts, I being this time the tormentor and they the victims.

Thus finished one of the most enjoyable days of my stay in Berlin and Potsdam, and, considering the unpleasant consequences for those concerned—they were all put under arrest—I felt, after all, truly grateful to H.R.H. Prince Albert for having been the means of preventing my joining in the freak of removing signboards. Some of the most prominent general officers of the present Prussian, or, rather, German Army, were among the jolly subalterns implicated in the row; indeed, several members of princely houses had been the ring-

leaders, and I am not sure whether H.M. the King of Roumania was not one of them ; at any rate, His Majesty was one of the guests of the evening, and I had even the honour of being His Majesty's neighbour, and have not forgotten the charming, unassuming princely cornet of the Dragoons of the Guard, as highly gifted as he was popular amongst his comrades.

It is thirty years ago, and now another generation has taken our place. Many of those present at the last Jubilee in 1861 have found a heroic end on the glorious battle-fields of 1866 and 1870, and but few of the survivors will be gathered around the festive board of their old regiment on the 150th anniversary of its creation—few, indeed, and these few grown old in the service, all long ago general officers, yet proud of having served in the *Gardes du Corps*, for, though the men change, the spirit remains, and the *Gardes du Corps* of to-day continue the grand traditions of the past, keeping up the name, the honour and glory—and, harvesting new laurels, they remain an example for future generations, and are justly the pride of the army and of their King, the hereditary, illustrious Chief of the *Gardes du Corps*.

HOW TO UNHOOK A GRAND CORDON.

I HAD a cousin, wealthy and vain; he had a wife, beautiful and as ambitious as clever, and both had one weakness—"Royalty" and swagger. They inhabited a princely country place, the gift of a grateful nation to one of the owners' illustrious ancestors; they had a stable full of horses, a capital *chef*, and some of the best shooting in Germany. With such a combination of attractive advantages, the fortunate couple had no difficulty in filling their hospitable house with any number of great people—serene and other highnesses—in short, with all the august Nimrods fond of good shooting and excellent table; and there was, moreover, the rare facility for invalid or lazy royalties, of being able to shoot wild ducks from their bedroom window; nay, occasionally even a wild boar from the balcony of the State apartments. To give guests such an unusual treat, a strict watch had, of course, to be kept on the game in the castle grounds, and not a shot was allowed to be fired in the preserves, except by some royal guest, or a privileged foreign swell lodged in the State rooms. In fact, all was done to prevent the happy occupants of the little lake, and the inmates of the dense underwood of the home park from being disturbed by man

or beast, the keepers being even forbidden to take a dog on their rounds. It was a true game paradise, and was the delight of royal and princely sportswomen, who happened to be of the party, and could indulge to their hearts' content in making bags without fatigue.

However, royal visits, hunting and shooting, and the gratification afforded to a great country magnate of playing the emperor *in partibus rusticorum*, did not satisfy the exigencies of the lordly owner. His wife, like all pretty women, wanted the distractions, adulation and admiration of a great capital—he, the intoxicating satisfactions of *amour propre*, the swagger, honours and tinsel inseparable from diplomatic functions; in short, he was longing to be a statesman or an ambassador.

Now it so happened that the limited funds at the disposal of the F.O. of most of the minor States, obliged the Government either to club together with several other countries in a common co-operative representative—as done, for instance, by the various Saxon Duchies and the Free Towns at Berlin, and in days past at Frankfort—or else to appoint as envoys, and occasionally even as special ambassadors, any young man of good family willing and rich enough to represent his country without pay. This was a great hardship for the less fortunate members of the diplomatic profession, who thus, after long years of honourable toil, saw frequently some sprightly, monied nobody, some young cavalry lieutenant, or lucky son of a well-to-do father, pass over their heads as Envoy-Extraordinary; so

extraordinary, in fact, that, not knowing the ABC of the profession, and incapable of inditing a dispatch or report, they were either obliged to apply to some colleague for assistance, or else were at the mercy of their staff, *i.e.*, some scheming, subordinate clerk, as most legations were without secretaries and *attachés*, unless *amateurs*, like their chief.

Needless to say that my cousin availed himself of these lucky circumstances to obtain the appointment of unpaid Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary at one of the leading European Courts, with permission to reside only during "the season" at his post, so as not to interfere with that part of the year given up to his shooting and hunting propensities. Yet, delighted as both he and his wife were at the prospect of indulging in their taste for hospitality and show, one thing marred their happiness, they thought it *infra dig.* to appear at a foreign court, amongst a host of be-tinselled colleagues and courtiers, without some adequate display of broad ribbons, stars, a chiffre, or portrait.*

The "*Chiffre*" was, of course, easily obtained, their Majesties being only too proud to have so great a lady amongst the female dignitaries of their little Court. It was different with the Grand Cordon; nay, it was out of the question to think of it, the monarch, having but

* A chiffre, *i.e.*, the initials of the name of the Sovereign, and more commonly of his august consort, worn on a bow on the left shoulder by ladies-in-waiting, and at some Courts by the maids-of-honour, whilst the portrait of the Sovereign, set in diamonds, is a distinction granted in some countries—Russia, for example—to ladies of the highest rank, in *lieu* of a decoration.

this one order, and being most particular about conferring it on any but princely or royal candidates,* and besides an old General, who had fought at Waterloo, there was but one of the ministers who possessed this high distinction. My cousin, therefore, bethought himself of one of his Royal or Grand Ducal shooting guests, and organising in his honour a grand farewell meet, he convened some of the most distinguished sportsmen to meet His Royal Highness. The list might have filled two or three pages of the *Almanac of Gotha*, for there was no one invited without some aristocratic handle, and the Countess presided herself at the filling up of invitations. It was a grand affair, equalling almost in magnificence the far-famed shooting parties of Prince Plessor, Count (now Prince) Stolberg-Wernigerode, and everything was done to make it pleasant and a success. The noble "Châtelaine" had undertaken to catch for her husband the White Canary, the Grand Ducal House Order, and with her to try was to succeed. On the second evening, seeing His Royal Highness in high spirits, indeed, somewhat elated, she broached the subject in a jocose way, and felt rather surprised at the Grand Duke's delight at being able to give his amiable host, as he said, this feeble proof of esteem and friendship in remembrance of the pleasant days spent under his hospitable roof. The

* Indeed, I remember two of the King's nephews—one the late reigning Prince of Schwarzburg—bothering me to get my father's brother, who was Chancellor of the Order, to prevail on the King to give them the Grand Cordon, but they never obtained more than the second class, His Majesty remaining firm.

Countess was all gratitude and smiles, and making her husband a sign to come, she told him to thank His Royal Highness for this "unexpected honour"—she thought thus to pin the Grand Duke down to his word, in case his promise should only be a *façon de parler*.

The future Envoy was beaming. He was now at least spared the humiliation of having to appear without a broad ribbon and even a star—his only decoration being a commandership of his country's sparsely and rarely given order of the Pink Butterfly. But there is many a slip between cup and lip, and one may imagine the Count's disappointment, on receiving next morning a visit from the Grand Duke's A.-D.-C., to find that he had not come to bring him the so much coveted *insignia* of the White Canary, but to tell him that His Royal Highness had only learned that morning that his host had not the star of his own country's order, and that it would therefore be impossible for His Royal Highness to give his Grand Cordon unless the Count received previously the star of the "Pink Butterfly," renewing, however, his promise to send him the Grand Cordon of the White Canary as soon as he should be informed that the Count's august master had repaired what could only be an oversight, men of the Count's position being entitled to at least a Grand Commandership, with star.

The poor Grand Cordon, *in spe*, hurried to impart the *contretemps* to his better half, whose diplomatic talents for intrigue and expedients were likely to help him out of the difficulty.

She shook her handsome head, and whispered *rien*

à faire—"You'll have to get the Star of the Butterfly first; I know the Grand Duke's obstinacy. To-morrow, after they have all left, we must go up to town and get your kinsman, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to give you a lift; the King can't refuse him, for they have great difficulties in finding anyone willing to represent them *gratis*. Most of our noblemen are, as you know, as poor as church mice, so don't fret, it will be all right in forty-eight hours, rely upon me!" And, kissing a lovely and aristocratic hand, the Count left his wife's dressing-room a happier man than he came.

The Grand Duke, after some capital sport, left next evening by the night express, but not without renewing once more his promise as to the Grand Cordon of the White Canary.

The remainder of the company breaking up on the following morning, the Count and Countess arrived in the capital in time to witness the opera, where the Minister of Foreign Affairs used to spend all his evenings. The Countess loathed procrastination—liked to settle matters quickly—indecision and uncertainty being to her simply unbearable, and she by far preferred a stern *no* to a soapy and deceitful *perhaps*.

Noticing his beautiful cousin in a box opposite to that of his brother—the Intendant-General of Royal Theatres—where the "careful" Secretary of Foreign Affairs had a "free seat," he went during an *entr'acte* to pay her a visit and indulge in one of the delightful chats, of which she had the secret, for, being both *mauvaises langues par excellence*, they never failed

to give their *foible* for scandal-mongering and gossip a good fling all round, sparing neither dearest nor nearest.

Having managed to put her visitor in a state of high glee by some extra spiteful and amusing anecdotes, the Countess thought the moment propitious for approaching the ticklish subject of the Star of the Butterfly. The Minister made a long face, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied,—“My dear child, how can you ask me to submit your husband’s name to His Majesty for the star, when I, his Chief, do not even possess it? It would be ludicrous, and surely you can’t expect me to do for him what I have not been able to obtain for myself. No, dear; it can’t be done!”

“I see,” said the Countess, with a haughty smile, and curling her rosy lips in a pout full of pity and contempt, “I see you are not much of a diplomatist. You say the King raises difficulties in giving you the star? Isn’t it a greater reason that you should get it for my husband?”

“I don’t follow your reasoning,” exclaimed His Excellency; “quite a woman’s logic!”

“And so it is, *mon ami*, for unless you are the most stupid of mortals, instead of being the cleverest of the family, your perspicacity ought to tell you that, having given the star to one of his Envoys, the King is naturally bound to give to the Chief, if not at once the Grand Cordon, at least the same class he has conferred on one of your subordinates, as you call it. *Capite?*” The minister brightened up; this very simple view had not struck him before; of course he

would have a right to demand that he, the head of the Foreign Office, should not be placed in a position of inferiority to a member of the *Corps Diplomatique*, or to anyone under him.

He consequently promised to do his best, and to urge the desirability of the King's Envoy having at least a star at a foreign Court, where everybody was bedecked with broad ribbons.

Naturally the Countess had not breathed a word about the Grand Duke's conditional promise—and, with a cunning smile, the minister added,—“If needs be, I shall tell our august master that your husband prefers absence, rather than inability to represent his Sovereign in a manner befitting the dignity and importance of the country.”

Needless to mention, the next *Gazette* published the gratifying fact that His Majesty the King had most graciously been pleased to confer the Second Class, or Grand Commander, with Star of the Pink Butterfly, on H.E. Count X., His Majesty's Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Polar Regions, whilst a few days later a supplement to the *Gazette* announced the same honour for the eminent Chief of the Foreign Office. This announcement being followed by the arrival of a special messenger from the Grand Ducal Court, with the insignia of the Grand Cordon of the White Canary for the Count, bearing likewise an autograph letter from His Royal Highness, congratulating his amiable host on the distinction conferred upon him by his august master.

It only remains to tell that my cousin and his charming wife started soon after for their new destination, where the White Canary did not fail to draw other birds of the same ilk into the diplomatic aviary of His Excellency—*il n'y a qui le premier pas qui coute*—and he had not been two years accredited at the splendour-loving Court of the Polar Regions, when already space was wanting on his embroidered ministerial bosom for the many stars showered upon the eminent representative of one of the leading minor Courts.

Many years have elapsed, the Envoy has long ago blossomed into a full-blown Ambassador, and to-day there is hardly a decoration wanting in the collection, of which the White Canary was number one, thanks to the Pink Butterfly and a clever wife as his diplomatic pilots.

OSCAR.

DEAR old Oscar Clayton, the favourite of royalty and the fair, the spoilt child of fortune, and withal an eminent member of his profession, and the kindest of men, had been honoured by H.M. the King of the Belgians with the Fifth Class of the Order of Leopold—a K.L. Full of pride and joy, he went the round of all his lady friends, and they were legion, beginning with Grosvenor Place, Belgrave Square and May Fair, skirting Blessington Grove, Piccadilly and Park Lane, to convey the proud news of his admittance to “the” Family Order, as he called it.

High in his favour at the time, he did not pass our modest little house at Albert Gate, its real attraction being, I fear, a capital *cordons bleus*, whom the death of poor Admiral Rous had allowed us to appropriate. But never mind the cause—the effect was frequent visits, which saved us the tedious perusal of the latest society news, for Oscar was an ambulating “Court Gazette,” a regular ladies’ paper, and, what is more, a chronicler *de visu*, for there was hardly a family event—good, bad or indifferent—amongst the so-called upper crust, but Oscar had his fingers in the pie. In some way or other

he was sure to be mixed up with every fashionable function. *Confidant* and adviser of the fair, he was the ever-ready matrimonial go-between; he smoothed the ruffled feathers of a suspicious husband, he calmed the amorous frenzy of a darling "cousin," he bamboozled stern fathers and talked unwilling mothers over in favour of a girl's "fancy man"; in short, Oscar was the beloved love-doctor and match-maker *par excellence*, and as inflammable as his love-sick matches.

"You have heard, of course," were his first words on entering the room, "that *the* King has given me *the* Family Order—a great honour, I can tell you. You wear it on a red ribbon here" (and he indicated with his finger the spot, as if we had never seen a decoration in our lives), "on the left side. I had to wear it at yesterday's levee, the Prince particularly insisting on my doing so. He always likes *us* to wear *the* Family Orders. On a dress coat you wear it without a ribbon, a diminutive star on a gold chain, something like the Collar of the Garter or Bath, but smaller.

"I confess I felt a good deal flattered, for, besides the Royal Princes, *we* were only four or five to wear *the* Family Order amongst all those hundreds of howling swells—it *is* something to be proud of!" and having manufactured a cocked hat out of a *Morning Post*, which he swung gracefully under his left arm, he seized a poker to represent a Court sword, and advancing with solemn dignity a few steps, he made a deep obeisance to my wife, saying,—“That’s how it is done; of course, you are the Prince, and you ought to be standing and

give me your hand—a favour reserved for His Royal Highness's personal friends. Of course, were he King, one would have to kiss His Majesty's hand, but it is not the custom with the heir to the throne, at least not in public, and His Royal Highness would not even allow it in private—he hates all these antiquated fashions, you know. In fact, I tried it once, after a great kindness the Prince had done me, when he gave me a tap on the back, saying,—‘*Don't be an idiot, Oscar!*’ and as I don't wish to be one, I have never attempted it again. Hand-kissing must be confined to ladies; that I understand,” and giving my wife a bewitching smile, as he thought, dear Oscar added,—“and I like to kiss a lovely hand.” As if others didn't too!

Sitting down after the exertions of this dress rehearsal, he pulled out of his pocket the usual little red morocco case, saying,—“I was sure you would like to see ‘*the*’ Family Order, so I brought it to show you.”

Having duly admired it, my wife said, most innocently,—“It's exactly like my husband's, only his, I think, is in gold, not silver.”

Poor Oscar looked daggers, and, shrugging his shoulders, he replied,—“My good lady, what do you know about these things? and how could your husband have ‘*the*’ Family Order? You are making a mistake, to be sure; as I told you, ‘*we*’ are not five of *us* about the Court to have it; it is something quite exceptional, believe me, and your husband could no more have it than I could have the Garter; he doesn't belong to any of the royal households.”

I smiled, saying nothing, but my wife, like a true woman, felt that his rebuke was intended to slight her husband, and she exclaimed,—“I beg your pardon, Mr Clayton, my husband has been an officer of the Order of Leopold for many years, and he can show you the decoration, when you will see that it is like yours, but in gold.”

Oscar looked at me—an angry, scrutinising look, foreboding no good—and asked,—“What does the Baroness mean by saying that *you* have ‘*the*’ Family Order? I have never seen you wearing a decoration at Court.”

Not wishing to spoil an old friend’s pleasure, I made my wife a sign to drop the subject, and returning him his precious case, she generously said,—“What an old stupid you are? Couldn’t you see that I was teasing you?” and to give him the victory altogether, she added,—“You are perfectly right, M. has never worn a decoration at our Court, not since he has been naturalised, for he would require the Queen’s permission, and you know how stringent the rules are for all foreign decorations!”

Oscar quite brightened up—I wasn’t a rival after all! And looking as happy as a sandboy at this discovery and my wife’s explanation, he whispered,—“Well, well, my dear, I see it’s all right, and pray don’t think that I was cross. I only considered it my duty, as an old friend, to warn you, for, you see, you might get your husband into terrible difficulties by pretending—even in fun—that he was a member of ‘*the* Family Order.’ Royalties are awfully particular about these

matters, and it wouldn't do to have the Lord Chamberlain down upon M. You might get him into hot water before you know where you are," and he added in a fatherly tone,—“Don't do it again, dear, do promise, to please me,” and as she didn't answer, he turned round to me, and said in a kind of patronising way,—“You know, if you happen to have a medal you should particularly like to wear at Court, I shall be happy to speak to the Prince; His Royal Highness is so kind, that he will perhaps get you the permission. I know he has done so in several instances for German noblemen, naturalised in England, and anxious to continue wearing their war medals.”

H.M. the late King of Hanover, had graciously mentioned the matter to His Royal Highness at the time of my naturalisation, and less confident than the great Oscar, had advised me not to try, as the Prince had told him that we might wear our decorations anywhere, except in Her Majesty's presence. I declined Oscar's offer with many thanks, and the happy member of *the* Family Order left us, beaming with self-complacent pride at not having to share the honour with a mortal neither royal nor courtier, and he little thought that my wife had been too good-natured to spoil his childish pleasure by producing my Belgian decoration. She had remembered his kindness as friend and doctor in sad hours of illness, and had smiled at the little weakness—not to call it snobbish pretension—of the dear old coxcomb. Her generosity was, however, not to be of much avail, for shortly after

this—his last—visit, fate willed it that we met at a party at the Belgian Minister's house, to celebrate King Leopold's birthday. Oscar was, of course, wearing *the* Family Order, and in honour of the day, and out of regard to our host, I had also adorned my button-hole with the Leopold.

Finding ourselves—my wife and I—face to face with our old friend, Oscar stared at my decoration, and, discovering what it was—nay, even a superior class to his own—he turned purple in the face, and, unable to find a word, he turned on his heels without even bowing to my wife, leaving us to muse over the fickleness of friendship and the petty sides of human nature, almost incredible in a man with so many rare qualities as Oscar. But such was his jealousy that we were in his black books from that unfortunate evening; indeed, he never came to see us again, and avoided speaking to us wherever we met. His vanity could not digest the humiliation, as he fancied, of having to share with me, and many hundreds more, a distinction he wanted to monopolise for Royalty and a few selected—if not select—favourites like himself. He could not bear the idea that we knew the truth, and that we might at any moment explode his inflated bubble myth of *the* Family Order, with which he managed to dazzle the simple mind of fair admirers—English people, as a rule, knowing little or nothing about decorations in general and foreign ones in particular, therefore being easily bamboozled into a reverend belief that every decoration is a kind of Bath or Garter—*excusez du peu!*

Must I add how grieved I felt that this unfortunate incident should have lost us an old and valued friend, who, with "the Flea," and his Ducal "chum" Douro, formed such a pleasant, ever-welcome *trio*. The last representatives of another age, another society, other manners, of a time when people still knew how to talk—*l'on ne sait plus causer*—and men used to treat women with that courtly deference and charm of good breeding one misses so much in our days; three *viveurs* of the old school, having only two points in common with the present generation—"love of dear self," and "slandering gossip." Indeed, in both, the three were past masters, sparing neither dearest nor nearest, and, as becomes true, heartless men of the world, having not even a kind thought for each other. For when a bad cold, caught at a *levee*, carried off the poor old "Flea" in less than forty-eight hours, and his Ducal "chum" came to apprise us of the sad event, all he found to say—and that after over thirty years of daily, not to say hourly, intercourse and intimacy—was, "Serve him right. What business had he to air his old uniform at an icy March *levee*? Who the Dickens would have noticed his absence, or said thank'ee for coming? It's all "that Family Order, and he wasn't happy unless he could trot it out on all occasions. If people are such asses and will make fools of themselves, they must take the consequences. He was old enough to know better, and I don't pity him. At any rate, he can't expect people to go to his funeral in this beastly cold weather. When one wants one's friends to be present at this ghastly plunge into the

realm of worms, one should have the decency not to die before May; that's my view of it! and, by-the-by, have you been to the Caledonian Ball? I hear there has been a capital sword dance, led by His Grace of Athole," etc., etc.—not a kind word or another thought for the departed. A queer *oraison funèbre* for the boon companion and inseparable "chum" of half a lifetime—and yet I strongly doubt that Oscar's sentiments were more feeling or tender than the Duke's. Both probably reproached "the Flea" with having been so inconsiderate as to sneak out of this world without the slightest regard for their daily habits, and without providing an acceptable *remplaçant* to take his place in their walks and talks, in the Row, at table, the opera and the traditional rubber. Poor "Flea!"

However, they are now all three united once more, and I trust the Duke will not have to complain of too much heat; he who took the cold weather as pretext for sending an empty state carriage to render his old friend the last honours.

Such is the world, and it is to be feared that we are all, more or less, of the same unfeeling mould, whilst the few rare exceptions who are not, are sure to be labelled "sentimental idiots."

PARISIANA—A WELL-DESERVED LESSON.

LITTLE XX., the well-known Russian millionaire, one of the most impertinent *roublards*, purse-proud, conceited snobs I have ever met, finding no room at the *première* of the Perichole, had coolly taken the stall of one of my friends, a charming young officer, though penniless, like most younger sons. He politely requested XX. to let him have his seat, but the nabob laughed, without taking the slightest notice of the lawful owner of the place. Justly annoyed at such wanton impertinence, my friend renewed his demand, but crossing his spindle legs, the Muscovite replied mockingly,—“*Qui va à la chasse perd sa place.*” Indignant at such unheard-of behaviour, the officer threw his card at XX.’s head, saying,—“Two friends will have the pleasure of waiting on you to-morrow morning; for the present, I shall have you removed by the stall-keepers, as I cannot well give you, before ladies, the lesson you deserve.” And going to the manager’s office, he claimed his numbered seat, and as XX. had nothing to show his right to it, he had, notwithstanding all his millions, to get up and allow the legitimate owner to take possession of his *fauteuil*.

Needless to say that he did so with the worst

possible grace, nay, passing my friend, he said, loud enough to be heard,—“*Malôtru !* I’ll have you horse-whipped for this,” and having found room in the box of one of the leading stars of the *demi monde*, which overlooked the disputed stall, he made the ladies (?) throw sweets on his antagonist, whilst he could be heard saying,—“Give the beggar another handful; he had most likely to go without his dinner to pay for the extravagant luxury of a stall.” They all laughed, and indulged in loud remarks on impecunious officers, penniless mercenaries, speaking of him as *Monsieur le Capitaine sans le sou*; in short, they attracted the attention of the whole house to the object of their vulgar jokes, who was too much of a gentleman to pay the slightest attention to such behaviour, and only smiled on hearing XX. say in his shrill, boastful voice, —“The *beau capitaine sans le sou* will have to go to the pit to-morrow, for I intend taking all the stalls for my servants, to give him a hot reception if he ventures back into this place; *nous rirons je vous le promets !*” It never entered his head that possibly by next evening he, the arch-millionaire, might no longer be there to make fun of an honourable man, and evidently made light of my friend’s challenge, who was known to be a capital shot and one of the best *épées* of the capital.

The behaviour of XX. and his lady friends become at last so riotous, noisy and indecorous, that the audience began hissing, stampeding and shouting *À la porte—à la porte les gêneurs*, so that the manager had to request the party either to behave themselves, or to leave the

theatre. On this little XX. put himself into a towering rage, slanged the manager, ordered the ladies to put on their things, and leave this *sale boutique* and threatened to have his revenge on the whole concern, much to the amusement of the pit, which wildly shouted *À la porte, à la porte*. This so exasperated the pompous nabob, that he threw the whole remnants of a sack of sweets into the lap of his antagonist with the insulting remark,—“*De quoi souper de la part de ces dames!*” and hastily left with the trembling beauties, who seemed not unjustly afraid that the young officer might follow and give their *cavalier* a well-deserved chastisement. And so he would had not friends kept him back, with the assurance that a creature like XX. was beneath contempt, *que ce serait salir ses mains que de le souffleter*, and that it would be more dignified to teach him next day a lesson, sword in hand.

However, when my friend's two brother officers called the next morning on XX. to demand a reparation, and requested the names of his seconds, the impertinent fellow cynically replied,—“Thank you! do you take me for a fool? If your man kills me I lose not only my life but the enjoyment of millions; if I kill him he loses nothing but a wretched, penniless existence! The chances are too unequal, and I shall never fight with a pauper as long as I have a balance at my bankers. You may tell that to your friend! The day I can no longer write a cheque, I shall blow out my brains and not trouble others to do so.”

The two officers could hardly believe their ears; the

Russian's cynicism passed all limits, and they restrained with difficulty their indignation, which prompted them to give the cad then and there a sound correction; but remembering their representative character, they mastered their contempt, and retiring, simply said,—“You will, of course, have to take the consequences of your monstrous refusal, and no amount of millions will shield you against the horse-whipping a creature like you deserves,” and they left the room.

All Paris was in a flutter; the incident of the night before, magnified to ludicrous dimensions, was the talk of all the clubs, drawing-rooms and *cafés*. Vague rumours of XX.'s refusal to fight were current, people spoke openly of a public punishment, of a horse-whipping, a dip in the fountain of the *Place de la Concorde*; in fact, every possible chastisement was eagerly debated. Never had there been so many people at luncheon at the Petit Club;* whilst the Prince de Sagan's windows, overlooking the place, were crammed with gay and festive toilets, men and women being eager to witness what would happen.

With his undaunted cheek and self-assurance, little XX. had come as usual to luncheon at the club, and was allowed to enter without being molested, but on coming out he was met by the insulted officer, attended by his two seconds. Without a word, the former hit the

* The same where Baron Hirsch was black-balled, notwithstanding all the influences he brought to bear. To revenge himself, he bought the premises, and threatened not to renew the lease unless elected a member; but, *mirabile dictu*, the members have remained firm, as far as I know.

Russian with a whip twice across the face, leaving a red mark in the shape of crossed swords, and ere little XX. had time to recover from his surprise and the shock to his nerves, my friend had taken him in his arms, carried the struggling nabob to the fountain in the middle of the *Place de la Concorde*, and dipped him slowly three times,* quietly remarking,—“As your millions prevent your fighting, this will wash the insult.” Dipping him once more, head foremost, he left the infuriated nabob struggling in the water, much to the amusement of a large crowd of bystanders, and of the distinguished company crowding the windows of the club building.

Little XX. paid with a bad cold and a week in bed for the icy plunge; and having become the laughing-stock of all Paris, he left for Nice and Monaco, and we did not see him again for a couple of seasons.

As to the young officer, he had never again to complain of XX.'s impertinence, for, whenever the Russian noticed him at a distance, he carefully crept out of his way, and it became a standing joke to call out the officer's name when XX. was reading the papers or playing *écarté*, for the gallant nabob used to jump up, as soon as he heard the hateful name, vanish from the club by the servants' staircase, and I have never been able to understand how the club regulations could

* A similar fate befell soon after an equally objectionable foreigner, for reasons impossible to relate—it may suffice to say that there was no lady mixed up with the matter, and that the punishment was far too lenient in that particular case.

prevent the committee from getting rid of such an objectionable and universally-disliked creature as XX. ; but so it was, and it was death alone that—without the slightest regards for his millions—did rid the Club of this stain on Society !

PRINCESS METTERNICH'S MADMAN.

ONE of the Viennese princes of finance, a *habitué* of Princess Metternich's salon, happened to have an audience of H.I.H. the Archduke Charles Louis on January 31st, 1889, at ten o'clock in the morning.

Attired in evening dress, and with all his decorations—as is the custom in most continental countries—Baron R. had presented himself at the appointed time at the archducal palace, when, to his horror, the porter informed him that His Imperial Highness did not receive on account of the sudden death of the Crown Prince Rodolphe.

It was the first the great banker—generally so quickly informed—had heard of the awful catastrophe; in fact, up to that hour, no one knew in Vienna that anything abnormal had happened, and nothing had as yet transpired of the terrible misfortune that had befallen the Imperial Family and the country. Indeed, the porter had to repeat it twice ere Baron R. could grasp the awful news, it seemed so incredible, so impossible to realise; and yet there could be no doubt left, the lugubrious and tragical details were too precise, the grief and the tears of the man too eloquent, whilst the

mourning liveries of the porter and footman confirmed only too plainly the sad truth. Half bewildered, the Baron re-entered his brougham, and ordered his coachman to drive as quick as possible to the Metternich Palace.

Neither the Prince nor Princess Pauline being yet visible, he insisted on being announced, scribbling with a trembling hand on his card,—“Dear Princess, I must see you a moment on a matter of the highest importance,” and, sending it up, he was shown into the Princess’s boudoir and requested to excuse her for a few minutes—the time to finish her toilet.

Shortly after, the *portières* were drawn back, and Princess Pauline entered with that charming smile we all know ; but ere she had time to utter a word, her visitor rushed forward, grasping nervously both her hands, and exclaiming in a hoarse and agitated voice,—

“The Crown Prince is dead. He has shot himself ; it’s too awful ! A deliberate suicide ! Oh, the poor Emperor, the poor Empress !”

Seeing before her the usually calm and unemotional Baron, haggard, trembling with excitement, and crying like a child, noticing, moreover, his strange attire—evening dress and no end of stars and ribbons—at this early hour of the day, she freed herself from his grasp, and rushing to the door, begged him to excuse her a moment in order to tell her husband the terrible news. Once outside, she quickly turned the key, for fear that the Baron might follow her, for she was firmly convinced that he was out of his mind and that she had to deal with a madman. Trembling all over, she

rang the bell violently, and, at the same time, called for assistance, when half-a-dozen servants hurried from all sides to see what was the matter. Without entering into any details, the Princess ordered one or two of them to go at once for her own medical attendant, and any other doctor they could lay hands on, recommending them to take cabs and to bring the doctors back with them as quickly as possible. She then entered Prince Richard's study, exclaiming in a voice choked with emotion,—

“Quick, quick! do come, I implore you, the Jew is out of his mind,* and as mad as a hatter. I have locked him up in my boudoir; quick, I beg you!” And accompanied by her husband, who was at a loss to understand what it all meant, Princess Pauline hastened back to her prisoner, who, more excited than before, repeated to the Prince, in broken sentences, the details of the dreadful catastrophe, such as he had gathered them from the Archduke's servants. Like his wife, Prince Richard felt convinced that their matutinal visitor was out of his mind. Yet, afraid of increasing his over-excited state, both he and the Princess pretended to take his news *au sérieux* and they joined in his despair and lamentations whilst waiting anxiously for the arrival of the doctors. At last footsteps were heard, and their usual medical attendant was ushered into the room, exclaiming, with tears in his eyes,—

“What do you say to the awful misfortune that has befallen the poor Emperor and Empress and us all?”

* *Der Jude ist verrückt.*

Prince and Princess Metternich stared—was there another lunatic? What did the doctor mean? It flashed across their minds that they must either themselves be crazy, or that both their visitors must labour under painful delusions, for neither of them could yet believe in the truth of the awful tragedy. The enigma, however, was soon to be solved, for, having recovered a little, the doctor explained that he had just returned from Maierling—being one of the medical men sent down by order of the Emperor—and that unfortunately the sad tale was but too true—the Crown Prince was dead! And he related the tragical circumstances, with minute details of the occurrence. Broken down by grief, Princess Pauline sank into an arm-chair, and for some time one heard nothing but the sobs of the crying and deeply-affected audience, and an occasional,—“Too dreadful—it can’t be true!” the doctor having to repeat over and over again the details of the catastrophe.

Bathed in tears, the Princess told the Baron how she had been frightened, believing him to be out of his mind on hearing him announce the tragical end of the Crown Prince, and seeing his over-excitement and unusual attire at that hour of the day. Notwithstanding their deep and genuine grief, the three men could not help smiling at Princess Pauline’s *présence d’esprit* in turning the key and sending for a doctor. “I confess,” said the Baron, “that I thought, on hearing you do so, the sudden shock might have been too much for your nerves, and I reproached myself bitterly with having

told you the sad news without any *ménagements* ; indeed, your manners were so strange, that I seriously feared for a little *dérangement de cerveau*. You see, dear Princess, we are quits !”

Under other circumstances this queer medley of cross purposes—for both the Prince and Princess avowed that at the first moment they had thought the doctor also to be out of his wits—would probably have convulsed them all with homeric merriment, but they were so overcome with grief that no one grasped the comical side of the situation, and it was only in later days, weeks after, that these incidents came back to the memory of the chief actors—that morning they could find only tears, and it was pitiful to see poor Princess Pauline’s despair and sorrow.

However, the stern reality had to be faced, and, her face swollen from crying, the Princess begged the two messengers of woe to excuse her and the Prince, as she thought it right to drive at once to the *Hofburg* to inscribe their names, the doctor remarking that thousands of men, women and children, of all classes of the population, were thronging the approaches to the imperial residence, and that he had been deeply impressed by the grief of this crowd in tears, lamenting the death of their favourite, the popular young Crown Prince, and he added, that if anything could alleviate the distress of the unfortunate parents, it must be the love and devotion of their people, and the part taken by the whole mourning nation in this dreadful loss, and the bereavement of a beloved master and his idolised consort.

Ten minutes later, the Prince and Princess were on their way to the *Hofburg*; the doctor had been right, the crowd was so enormous that carriages could only advance at a foot pace. On being recognised by the crowd, men and women wrangled to get a glimpse of Vienna's popular favourite, and pour out their lamentations; shrivelled-up old women tried to get near, asking for details, and many a workman's horny paw grasped the Princess's little hand to deposit a tear on the black kid, and there was but one sentence echoed all round,—“ May God help and bless our poor, poor Emperor and Empress in their distress !”

In thus slowly passing through the crowds of sympathising Viennese, Princess Pauline little guessed how soon her own mother's heart would have to bleed and mourn over a dearly-beloved child—the lovely and lovable Princess Pasqualine, married to Count Waldstein, and whose sudden and premature death came down like a thunderbolt upon the serene affections and happiness of her surroundings, whilst hardly a year later Vienna was equally to be startled by the death of her husband, carried away after only a few days' illness, at his princely seat, Dux, from where all sunshine had vanished since the demise of his charming and universally-beloved consort. It seems almost as if Dux were to be as fatal to most of its lovely owners as it had been to its original builder. This was the great Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, whose generals, full of envy and unsatisfied greed, were craving for the places, honours and riches of him to whom they owed all, that benefactor treacher-

ously murdered at the behest of a weak master, who, nervous for his own imperial power, was induced to give his tacit consent to the abominable crime of Eger. A dark page in Austrian history, otherwise so rich in noble and chivalrous recollections!

But to return to Princess Metternich and the mournful pilgrimage to the *Hofburg*, on that sad, never-to-be-forgotten morning, it was like a foretaste of the sympathising demonstrations of the kind and tender-hearted Viennese, when, a few months later, she was herself struck down by unspeakable grief and despair, and all Vienna, high and low, flocked to her palace to join in her sorrow and bereavement.

The soul of all gaieties and festivities in Vienna, as she had been in Paris during the Empire—with this difference, however, that in Paris only the upper few seemed to monopolise her attention, whilst she catered in Vienna as much and more for the popular amusements of the masses, than for the enjoyment of her own set, Princess Pauline did not limit her energies to mere pleasure-seeking and giving; she was likewise the head of every good deed and philanthropic movement. Indeed, no calamity or misfortune—private or public—took place without finding her untiring in endeavours to help and assist the sufferers, organising charity balls, concerts, theatricals, popular shows, races or lotteries, in short, anything likely to bring money and relief to the needy.

Associating herself with the joys and tears of high and low, she was never found wanting when appealed

to, and was justly a great favourite with the people. The gay and pleasure-loving population of the Austrian capital fully realises what it owes to the initiation of Princess Pauline. Always ready to minister to the wants of the many, whether in catering for their amusements and pleasure, or in relieving sorrow and misfortune, Vienna's good fairy at the time of general calamities or national catastrophes. Her inventive genius, wit, genial disposition and untiring efforts in doing good never failed the people, and every appeal to her heart was generously responded to by prompt and effective help, whilst everything taken in hand by her was always brought to a good end and crowned by success, financially and otherwise. She never allowed herself to be defeated, and possesses, in the highest degree, the secret art of loosening the tightest purse-strings for a good work, whilst in addition to the help and good done, she manages, likewise, to amuse the people and to make them happy. No wonder, therefore, that the Viennese idolise "their" Princess, the "people's Princess." Queen of the festivities of the great, the upper few, she is, above all, the ministering angel of the poor, the helpless, the disinherited of this world's goods and blessings, and all know it; hence the genuine proofs of grief and loving sympathy vouchsafed her by old and young in her great misfortune and bereavement—the tears of the whole town mingling with hers at the death-bed of her beloved daughter, the Princess Pasqualine. Indeed, if there could be a consolation for a mother smitten in her dearest affections, it must have been the spectacle of